Liberty

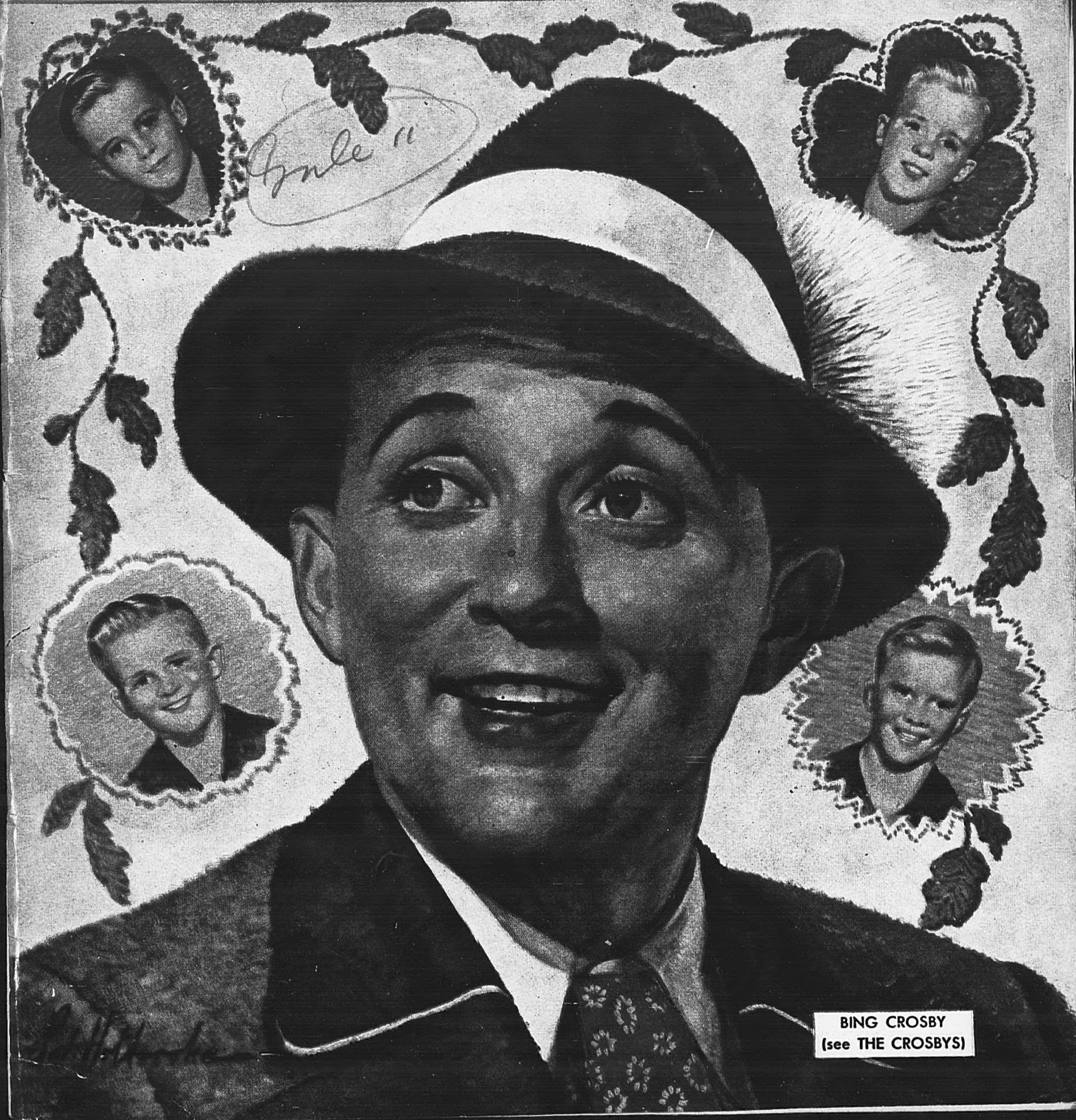
Book: THE WALL BETWEEN

The Story of the Gay Wife of a Minister

HOW WE CAN GET MORE MONEY FOR EVERYONE by William Green

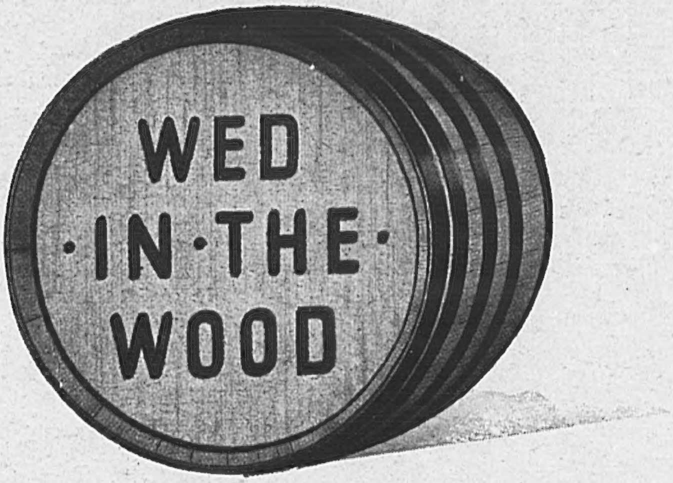
MAR. 15, 1947

10c

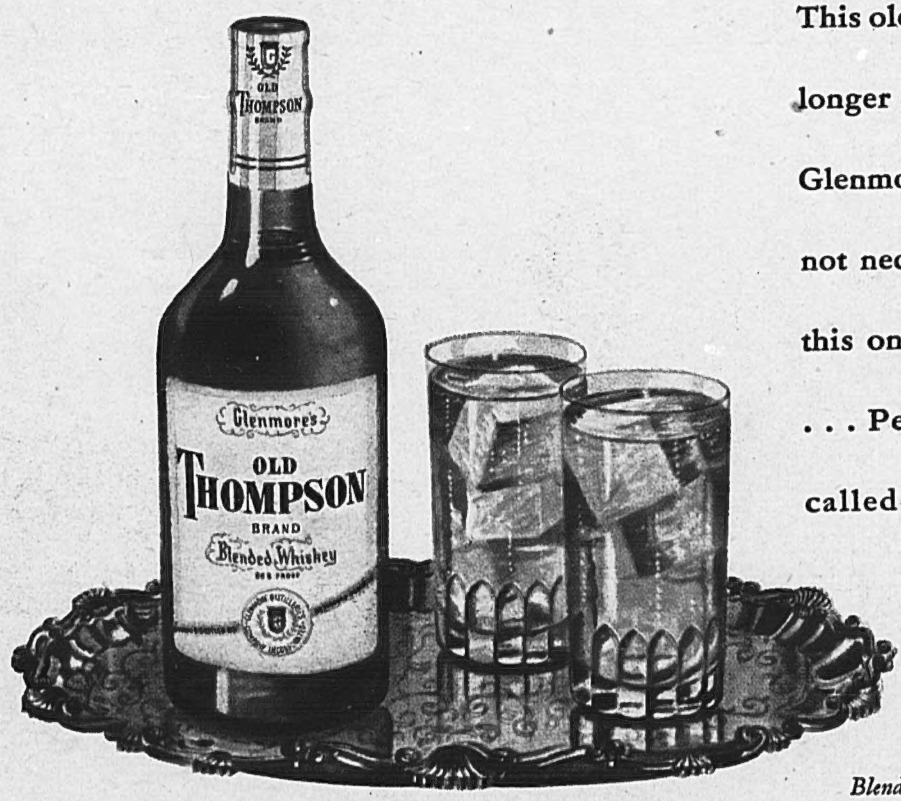


Gale 11

BING CROSBY
(see THE CROSBYS)



Fine old Glenmore whiskies are blended with the choicest grain neutral spirits and then *WED · IN · THE · WOOD . . . put back into barrels to assure a perfect union* of these famous distillations. That's what makes Old Thompson smoother . . . taste better.



This old-time method of perfecting a blend takes longer and costs more. But there's no rush at Glenmore where the making of the best whiskey not necessarily the most, has been the goal of this one-family distillery for three generations. . . . Perhaps that's why Old Thompson is called "A Better Blend for Better Drinks."

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—32½% Straight Whiskies—67½% Grain Neutral Spirits. The Straight Whiskies in this product are five years or more old.

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY • LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Handsome lifeguard in daring rescue. Every day, almost, Junior (very) Lifeguard Georgie rescues his "model" mother. It's good fun and exercise. Fortunately, Virginia knows that gums, too, need exercise. Because today's soft, creamy foods often tend to make them tender and flabby. So the Swensens use Ipana Tooth Paste—specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

This Mother never dreamed of becoming a Model

...until her lovely figure and winning smile won Virginia Swensen a Florida beauty contest

It's possible that if she hadn't won a beauty contest, Virginia Swensen of Miami Springs might still be modeling aprons in her kitchen ... instead of fashions in a model agency.

It's possible—but not probable. With her figure, her sparkling smile, she couldn't miss becoming a hit. Today this lovely mother knows more than ever the importance of a smile. So she's teaching 4-year-old Georgie her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana—then gentle gum massage.*

Mrs. Swensen knows what thousands of dentists and schools teach—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for healthy gums.

Giddyap Napoleon! A few more riding lessons and Georgie will go tearing off in a cloud of dust. But he needs no lessons in care of teeth and gums. "When you brush your teeth, massage your gums gently," Virginia has taught him. This brief workout with Ipana helps speed up circulation within the gums.

"A lifeguard must be strong," Virginia reminds ambitious Georgie, "with sound teeth and gums." Sensitive gums often herald their warning with "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Many parents could learn from youngsters the importance of gum massage, taught in thousands of schools. Also, 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, national survey shows. *(And dentists, 2 to 1, prefer Ipana for their own use!)* But let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.

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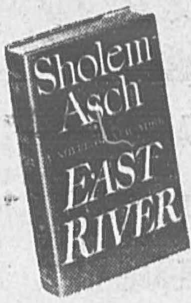

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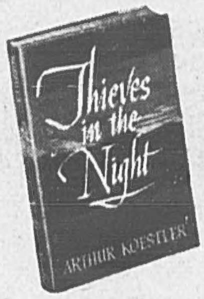

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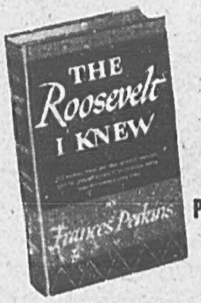

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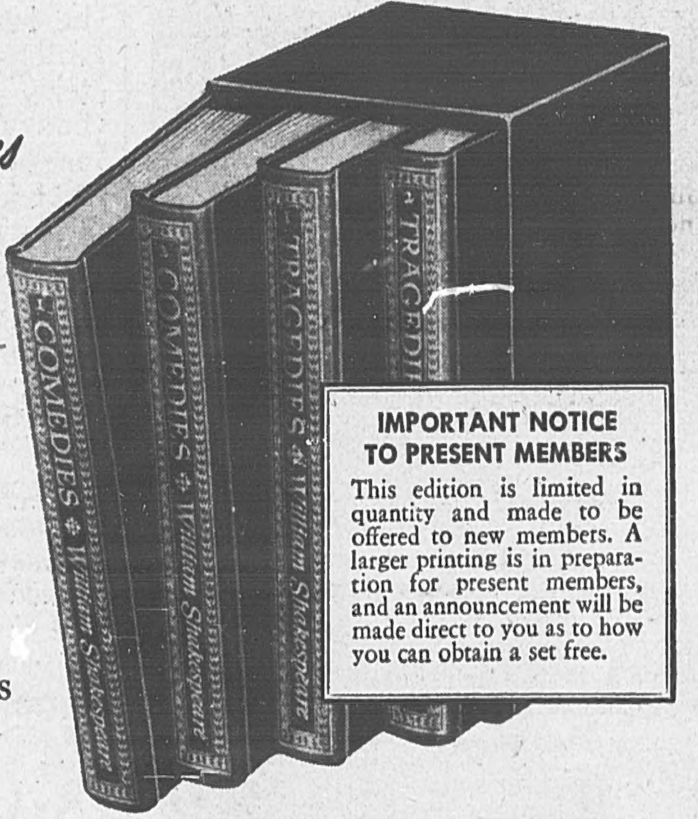

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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

THANKS ACROSS THE SEA

Liverpool, England—Good friend and worthy brother, please permit me to thank you for the article and pictures which appeared in your valuable journal (December 7) regarding the illegitimate children of Anglo-American parentage. We are at present faced with the problem of founding a suitable home to accommodate as many hundreds of these kiddies as possible.

You may be delighted to know that since the publication of the article, many sympathizers have sent us donations.—*Rev. G. Daniels Ekarte.*

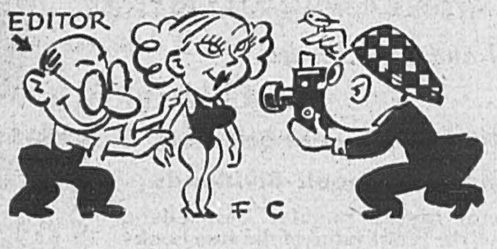
GIRL WITH A GRIPE

New York, N. Y.—I'm so mad I could chew nails. Gerald Okrant (Vox Pop, January 4), commenting on the story, Swords of Grass, states he has yet to meet a "girl who is willing to go through the old pattern," etc. Listen, pal, you'll only find what you're looking for, so come on up out of the gutter and look around.

His letter surely is an indication of how much good it actually does for a girl to be decent.—*S. E.*

VERTICAL APPEAL

Allentown, Pa.—Regarding picture of buxom lass (Camera Eye, January 18, 1947), it would be interesting to have you publish or submit to writer picture of same lass in standing position with a view of determining if public "eye appeal" remains constant.—*Richard Miller.*



Take our word for it, it does!—Vox Pop Editor.

THE NEW LIBERTY

Delawanna, N. J.—The new Liberty is swell.—*Tom Zingarelli.*

Allentown, Pa.—Received my Liberty today. Congratulations on the increase in size and improvement in style. It's the best magazine on the market and all for a dime.—*Mrs. M. Boyer.*

THE NEW Liberty
PIN MEDALS ON DOTTED LINE.
OK
F C

Bridgeport, Conn.—Bouquets to the lovely new Liberty! It looks expensive—it feels expensive—(but remains one dime).

I repeat, bouquets to Liberty and its new face!—*Jean Wade.*

CONTENTED READER

Corona, Calif.—I have read your magazine and I am reminded of an old proverb: "Blessed are they who do not expect anything, for they shall not be disappointed."—*Olaf Havdal.*

PAY-OFF ON WALLACE

Nashville, Tenn.—It's a certain bet if Henry Wallace's enemies could buy off his firm convictions, the amount would pay off a year's interest on the national debt.—*R. G. Stuart.*

THE TROUBLE WITH LIBERTY

Portland, Oreg.—The trouble with Liberty is that it features no regular stuff such as Current Capers—The American Scene in Brief, or Jubilant Jokes from Jubilant Jerks, or Bright Sayings of Old Fogies. —*Victor Bagley.*

SHANE SUPPORTER

Camp Lejeune, N. C.—This is an open letter to Walter M. Setzer (Vox Pop, January 18).

My dear Mr. Setzer:

Taking such drastic steps as breaking others' arms to make them see things our way doesn't seem to me the wisest thing to do.

Keeping your "gripe" in mind, may I make a few suggestions?

1. Don't buy the magazine. The

(*Continued on page 8*)

"Frankly, this was written for lazy people

who *want* to get slim
who *don't* like to exercise
who *do* like to eat!"

Here is the "10-DAY MIRACLE DIET"

Average Overweight Person May Expect to

Lose 5 to 10 Pounds in 10 Days, Yet Enjoy Better Health, Delicious Meals Every Day—No Exercise or Drugs!

HERE is the pleasant, sensible, scientific way to REDUCE. To see those unattractive bulges "smooth out" and disappear as if by magic. To enjoy the frankly admiring glances that a slim figure always attracts. This slenderizing miracle can be accomplished for the overweight quickly and safely. And, best of all—

WITHOUT starving yourself! (You'll eat delicious, satisfying meals every day, including a tasty breakfast.)

WITHOUT the drudgery of exercise! (You can be as lazy as you please.)

WITHOUT drugs, pills, or compounds! (They can definitely hurt your health and appearance.)

WITHOUT steam baths or massage! (So *often* they don't work—and they are usually terribly expensive.)

How then? *By simply knowing certain up-to-date scientific facts about food-selection!*

"Oh, of course," you may reply, "it's just a matter of calories." But IS it? Suppose you had to choose between a large glass of orange juice and half a sirloin steak? You would probably reach for the orange juice. Actually, *the steak would give you 15 times as many precious ENERGY-stimulating calories.* Yet the total *number* of calories in each is roughly the same!

So you see, it ISN'T "just a matter of calories." It's the KIND of calories that makes the big difference!

Calories, Yes—But Which KIND?

Some foods are high in *fat* calories. Others are high in *energy-stimulating* calories. Science has discovered that if you eat the first kind of foods, your body burns LESS ENERGY and stores MORE FAT. But if you eat the second kind your body burns MORE ENERGY and stores LESS FAT!

This simple scientific fact explains why most ordinary "dieting" fails . . . and why *"The New Way To Eat and Get Slim"* (as explained by Donald G. Cooley in his book) produces such amazing results.

How Much Do You WANT to Lose?

Since no two persons are exactly alike, it is impossible to predict the exact number of pounds *you* will lose on the "10-DAY MIRACLE DIET" given in this book. But the average overweight person can expect to lose 5 to 10 pounds in 10 days—even though the diet provides as much bulk as the average diet!

Then the book also gives you a diet for losing 10 pounds a month; and a "stay-slim" diet, so when you *reach* alluring slenderness, you can *stay* there. You don't have to stick to each day's menu, either. Substitution Table gives you dozens of other meats and foods you may eat instead.

Examine it 5 Days FREE

It costs only a stamp to get this book for FREE EXAMINATION. No money need be sent now. *"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" (in a plain wrapper)* will be sent with the understanding that you may keep it for five days.

Leading medical authorities have approved this book. We believe that *your* doctor will, too. Show it to him. Unless you are convinced that this book offers you the quick, safe, pleasant "lazy-way" to reduce, return it without obligation. Otherwise it is yours to keep for only $2.00 plus few cents postage. Mail FREE Examination Coupon at once. WILFRED FUNK, INC., Dept. R-93, 227 East 44 St., New York 17, N. Y.

What This Book Is Doing for Others

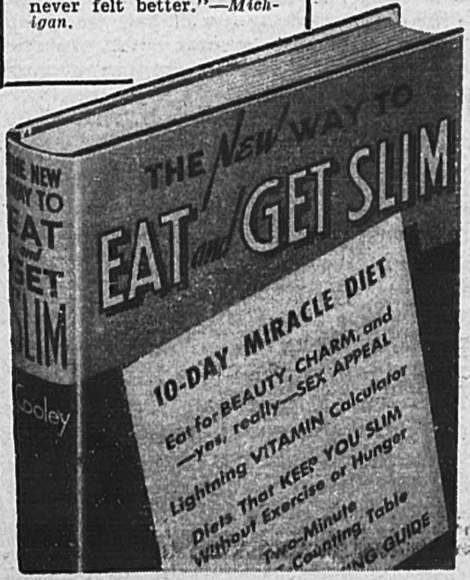
"Lost 10 lbs. in 10 days. Feel better than I have in years."—*Wisconsin.*

"My sister is very short, weighed 156. Was so thrilled to be losing weight, would even get up in the night to weigh herself. Now weighs 120, is healthier, happier."—*Michigan.*

"Kindly forward me the book. Have a friend who lost 34 lbs., is now ever so much better in health, appearance."—*California.*

"Most sensible way to reduce I have seen yet. I'm a registered nurse and can fully appreciate sensibility of this means."—*Massachusetts.*

"Have lost 44 lbs. and have never felt better."—*Michigan.*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NG GUIDE

PARTIAL CONTENTS

Showing HOW This Book Takes Off the Pounds and the Bulges

I. The Sure Way to Reduce

The "Lazy Way" to Lose Weight. How you can reduce quickly and safely—no exercise, no hunger pangs, no drugs, girdles or gadgets.

How Much Do You Want to Reduce—How Fast? Your choice of diets that reduce you rapidly or gradually, as you wish.

Counting Calories Isn't Enough. How to pick "galloping calories" that slim you faster.

Exercise Is a Practical Joker. Why exercise alone is a poor way to reduce.

No Drugs, No Sweat. Why you can ignore costly sweat baths, reducing drugs, dangerous fasting, etc.

II. Why You Don't Get Slim

Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Milk, Water, Soft Drinks. How beverages affect weight control—with some surprises.

Cocktail Calories. The strange role of alcohol in building fat.

III. You Crack Down on Calories

How Proteins Help You Get Slim. One secret of reducing without feeling hunger pangs or sacrificing vitality.

The Simple Arithmetic of Reducing. Easy way to set your calorie quota whether you're a housewife, factory worker, stenographer, etc.

These Diets Will Reduce You Safely. Best proportions of food elements assured by the new way of calorie-counting.

The Fastest SAFE Slimming Program. Diet safeguards that make speedy weight reduction safe.

10-Day Miracle Diet. Safe way for average overweight person to lose 5 to 10 pounds in 10 days. Daily menus for 10 days.

Heartier Diets. 3 diets for losing 10 pounds a month. How to substitute other foods you like better. 2 "STAY Slim" diets.

Two-Minute Calorie-Counting Table. At-a-glance chart showing kinds of calories in 26 meat dishes, 4 kinds of milk, 13 fish, 10 kinds of cheese and egg servings, 41 vegetables, 29 pies, pastries, 17 fats, sugars, syrups, 7 nuts, 11 soups, 18 "little things," 15 beverages.

Split Your Quota Any Way You Like. Exploding the no-food between meals myth and the nothing but-coffee-for-breakfast error.

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You Needn't Pay Extra for Vitamins. How to get all you normally need from foods alone.

Your Daily Vitamin Needs. Complete table showing units of A, B1, C, G and D needed daily for Adults, Adolescents, Children, Infants and Pregnant Women.

Lightning Vitamin Calculator. Vitamin units in 78 common foods, in handy chart.

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(*Continued from page 6*)

Liberty staff can survive without your ten cents.

2. If you *do* buy the magazine, turn to the table of contents (you'll find it on page 4), see which page the crossword puzzle is on (Crossword Puzzle will be listed under Features), then turn to the page and tear it out. By so doing, you'll be able to look through the magazine without the puzzle annoying you, which it apparently does.

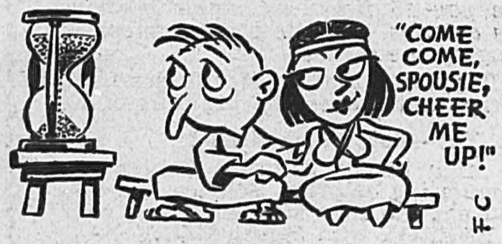
3. Take a few minutes of your time and create a *good* puzzle and send it to Ted Shane. If his are as bad as you would have us believe, I'm sure he'll buy your good one.

4. Quoting you on the following: "Is he the moronic relative of the editor or do you really pay good money for his drivel?" may I be so bold as to ask whether you're just the inquisitive type, or are you applying for a job?

5. As for breaking arms or "something," I suggest that you try the "something"—like breaking *your* arm, and then see if you can wish this unmerciful thing upon Mr. Shane.—*Jere M. Thomas, Jr.*

THE $64 ANSWER

FORT WORTH, TEX.—You will find the answer to Mrs. Ann Oberg's question (Vox Pop, January 18), "'Where in the Bible is it stated that a man should not work for one year,' but stay home with his wife?" in Deuteronomy 24: 5.—*Mrs. V. R. Parker.*


"COME COME, SPOUSIE, CHEER ME UP!"
FC
H

To the hundreds of other readers who volunteered the same information, thanks!—VOX POP EDITOR.

WHITTIER FANS

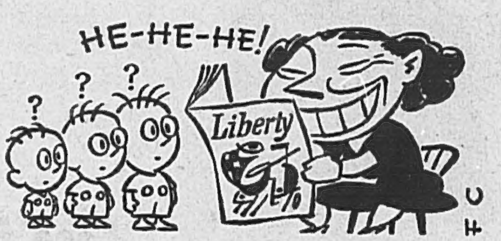
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. — Sincere congratulations to author Roy Whittier for his story (January 11). It is wholesome and intelligent reading. I hope he is a new author, as we may not know from the name. His story, Mr. MacAfee Returns, is a composition of good humor and cheerful living in the fiction of the day.

Any story that any editor accepts that contains the modern "bar-bum" angle is usually an obnoxious piece of tripe. Mr. Whittier has entertained me grandly. May he do it often.—ALBERT R. NEPPER.

Mr. Whittier *is* a new author.—VOX POP EDITOR.

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have had many good laughs from stories in Liberty, but the one that really takes the cake is Roy Whittier's Mr. MacAfee Returns.

Mr. Whittier must have a very good sense of humor and also a vivid imagination. I have three small children, so it has taken me a long time to write this. I just want to make sure that his story will not go unnoticed.—*Mrs. James Trotter.*


HE-HE-HE!
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BRAVO!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Bravo! That crack at Time (January 11 editorial) was well deserved; but you should also have added Life and Fortune.—*H. A. Tarantous.*

LONDON, KY.—I wish to thank you for your splendid editorial in the January 11 issue. It was fine.

The country has needed the exposure of the Luce publications along the lines indicated in the editorial. It is unbelievable that a magazine like Time could possibly make so many honest mistakes, so most of them are due to biased and prejudiced writers and reporters, as you pointed out.—*(Prof.) H. M. Going.*

OAKLAND, CALIF.—I've always believed that the only publications that dared to criticize the Luce Empire of magazines were the college periodicals (like the Pelican of our own University of California). The fact is, until I read your terrific editorial, I had given up that "freedom of the press" heritage as a lost phrase. However, when a big-time magazine like Liberty does put into printed word what most of America already knows about the "Emperor Luce and his Bright Young Men," well, I find all is not lost.—*Edward W. Chew.*

OUT OF THIS WORLD

COATESVILLE, PA.—The January 11 issue was out of this world, what with three star features: Franklin D. Roosevelt's Unfinished Portrait; F. D. R.'s Biggest Fight, by Alden Hatch; and Paul Hunter's editorial, Time Wisecracks On! It constitutes the outstanding scoop of the new year. The ever increasing number of articles and biographies about our late President proves again that a good man's deeds are never recognized until he dons a wooden overcoat.—*Chester A. Johnson.*

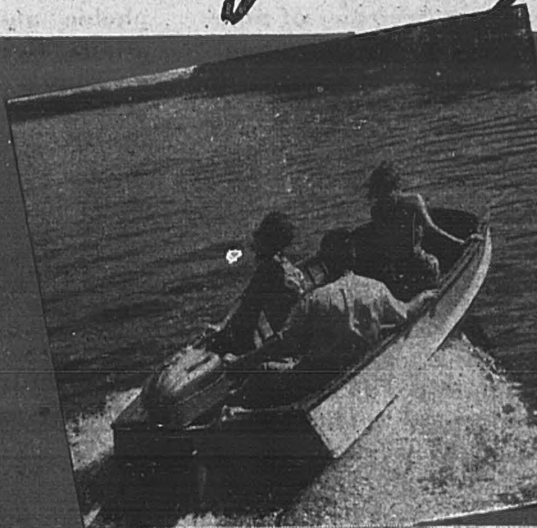
Just Between Ourselves

PAT HOLBROOKE, who painted the cover portrait of Bing Crosby and the four little groaners, is a numerologist as well as one of the country's outstanding magazine artists. In executing his cover assignment for Liberty, he could not resist giving the Crosby kids a numerologist's going-over. We record—for your and Mr. Crosby's edification—Mr. Holbrooke's analysis of each of them. "Gary, the lad on the lower left of the cover," reports Mr. Holbrooke, "typifies the One type, the Seer. He is in the spring of nature, ever a child, with a direct, candid approach to life. His credo is NOW. Lindsay, the little boy on the top left, is a Three type. He is the Healer. He puts life into things. He is nervous, argumentative—an agitator. He will nag the devil out of anything and everything. He hates inaction. Philip, the lad at the top right, is a Two type. He is a planner, a blueprint maker, a one-dimensional analyzer. Dennis, the little fellow at the bottom right, is the Four type. He will always let you come to him. The Four is never a leader. He is an organizer. Since the psychiatrists, psychologists, anthropologists have all taken a whirl at explaining children, it seemed only fair to give a numerologist a hearing. If you want to take the young Crosbys as they look to the camera, look at pages 48 and 49.

The one department Liberty's readers write is VOX POP (Voice of the People). Vox Pop is the oldest and (of course!) the best of the letters-to-the-editor departments appearing in magazines. The number of letters received varies from a hundred or so a week to more than a thousand—depending on what we've done wrong or how many persons we've angered. Vox Pop readers obviously scan every line published. They are authorities on the Bible, cooking, etiquette, child psychology, morals, marriage, and virtually any other subject that comes up. They are quick to anger. Let some writer-reader cast aspersions on the virtue of the modern girl, as one did recently, and he and we will wish he had never set pen to paper. Some Vox Pop letters are better remembered than stories by famous authors. Recently a request was received to reprint a Vox Pop letter originally published in 1931.

The March 29 issue brings another bigger, better Liberty. In it, the New York Times' veteran Washington correspondent James Reston reveals why HORSE-AND-BUGGY DIPLOMACY IS HURTING US.... You'll also find an enthralling word-picture of James Mason, Britain's gift to American womankind. . . . Margaret Culkin Banning offers you BEAUTIFUL DEPENDENT, a great story of love and intrigue in occupied Germany. . . . The Book Condensation is OUR OWN KIND by Edward McSorley, an absorbing novel of life on the wrong side of the tracks. . . . There's also Liberty's exciting new picture section, EYE-WITNESS, with an important picture story on Dwight D. Eisenhower.

It is Johnson that gives you...



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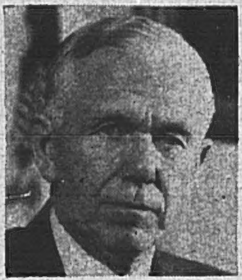
WASHINGTON UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

MARSHALL'S Secret Weapon • Secretary of State George Marshall will take a "secret weapon" with him to the Moscow Big Four Conference. It is his own tried and tested technique on how to do business with Russians.

Marshall is counting on this secret to make a success of the momentous parley.


MARSHALL

The former Army Chief of Staff revealed his secret technique at an intimate gathering in the home of Roy Roberts, high-powered editor of the Kansas City Star. Present were Alf Landon, 1936 G.O.P. Presidential candidate, and General Evangeline Booth, former head of the Salvation Army. This is what Marshall told them:

"From firsthand contacts with them during the war, I learned this salient fact about Soviet leaders: They talk tough and act tough. But if you hammer the table right back at them and shove decisions down their throats, they change their tune. They respect you and get along reasonably with you."

Perón's Coup • Inside fact about that Argentine-Chile trade deal: It was a strongly anti-U. S. coup that Perón, Argentine's strutting "Kingfish," hung on our State Department.

Under the deal, Argentina in effect becomes virtual dictator of Chile's shaky economy and finances.

Behind the scenes the State Department was vigorously opposed to such a deal on several counts. It immensely enhances Perón's ambitious prestige at U. S. expense. And it throws a heavy fog of uncertainty over the nearly $100,000,000 that Chile owes this country.

PERÓN

Sixty million is held by the Export-Import Bank. The remainder by U. S. investors and banks in Chilean bonds bought during the 1920s. With Perón controlling Chile's purse strings, the outlook is pretty dim on these huge holdings.

Reason for the State Department's discomfiture was some strange antics on the part of U. S. officials in Argentina and Chile. They sent repeated assurances Perón could not put the deal over. But several days after the receipt of one of these disarming cables, Perón's anti-U. S. coup was jubilantly announced.

Note: U. S. Ambassador in Argentina at the time was George Messersmith, bulky, pro-Perón, career diplomat.

Around the Circuit • **Former Major General William Donovan, wartime OSS chief, is high on the White House list as a possible choice for Secretary of National Defense if and when Congress approves the new Cabinet post. . . . One of every eight claims for G.I. terminal-leave pay has had to be returned because of faulty preparation. . . . Although a veteran newsman, White House Press Secretary Charles Ross has developed a phobia about reporters "prying into" Presidential affairs. Result: Ross's old news friends are very sour on him. . . . Despite all the high-sounding palaver about de-Nazifying Germany, the first textbook published for children under the auspices of the U. S. Military Government contains both text and pictures glorifying war and the German soldier.**

Slapped Down • It takes guts to talk back to a Supreme Court Justice, especially one as wordy as Justice Felix Frankfurter. But that's exactly what a small-town Florida lawyer did.

Frankfurter is notorious for his pernicious practice of constantly and lengthily interrupting attorneys. On this occasion, Frankfurter did more talking than the Cracker lawyer. Finally, with only ten minutes left to finish his argument, the Floridian was again stopped by a long "question" from Frankfurter. Actually, the question was an argument in interrogatory form.

FRANKFURTER

When Frankfurter finally finished, the harassed lawyer looked at him silently for a long moment, then said quietly:

"If the Court pleases, I will not answer that question for this reason. With all due respect, I would like to call the Court's attention to the fact that time on my side of the bench apparently runs a lot faster than on Justice Frankfurter's side."

While the other eight Justices grinned approvingly, the lawyer finished his argument in peace.

Cheaper Beef • **4-H Club leaders are quietly clamping down on fantastic prices for champion steers at this year's livestock shows. They feel that such prices are hurting the idealistic objectives of their organization.**

Prize steer of Jack Hoffman, fifteen-year-old Ida Grove, Iowa, farm boy, brought the all-time record price of $43,000—$33.50 a pound—at the 1946 Kansas City show.

Touché • Handsome, white-crested Senator John Bricker got off to a bad start as an after-dinner speaker in Washington.

He was honor guest at a dinner staged by Washington alumni of Ohio State University, Bricker's alma mater. He wound up his peroration with a ringing demand that Communists be rooted out of the university.

BRICKER

"Subversive elements are probably the most important thing we have to fight in our country today," thundered Bricker. "Let Ohio State be the first to cleanse itself."

To which Democratic ex-Governor Lausche retorted dryly, "I am in complete accord with those views. But I would like to call Senator Bricker's attention to the fact that five of the seven members of the university's Board of

UNDERCURRENT

Trustees were appointed by him."

Bricker made no reply.

Out on a Limb • **There will be a meeting of the Big Three in Europe later this year.**

Commissioner of Internal Revenue Joseph D. Nunan, Jr., will resign this spring.

Farm prices will decline 15 to 20 per cent after July 1.

The Senate War Investigating Committee will implicate a number of Army officers in black-market and other illegal operations in Germany.

The Italian Fiat automobile will enter the U. S. market on a considerable scale through a deal with Henry J. Kaiser.

W. Stuart Symington, Assistant Secretary of War for Air, will be appointed civilian head of the independent air force, when it is approved by Congress.

Lorelei • There is an old saying in Washington, "Many come, but few leave."

The imposing capital on the Potomac is full of big-name figures of bygone days, some still hoping for a comeback, most just unwilling to go back to their old home towns.

To maintain themselves they resort to all sorts of stratagems, occupations, and jobs. Many become lobbyists. Some sell real estate and insurance. Miss Frances Perkins, Labor Secretary under Roosevelt, syndicated a weekly column to union papers until named to the Civil Service Commission.

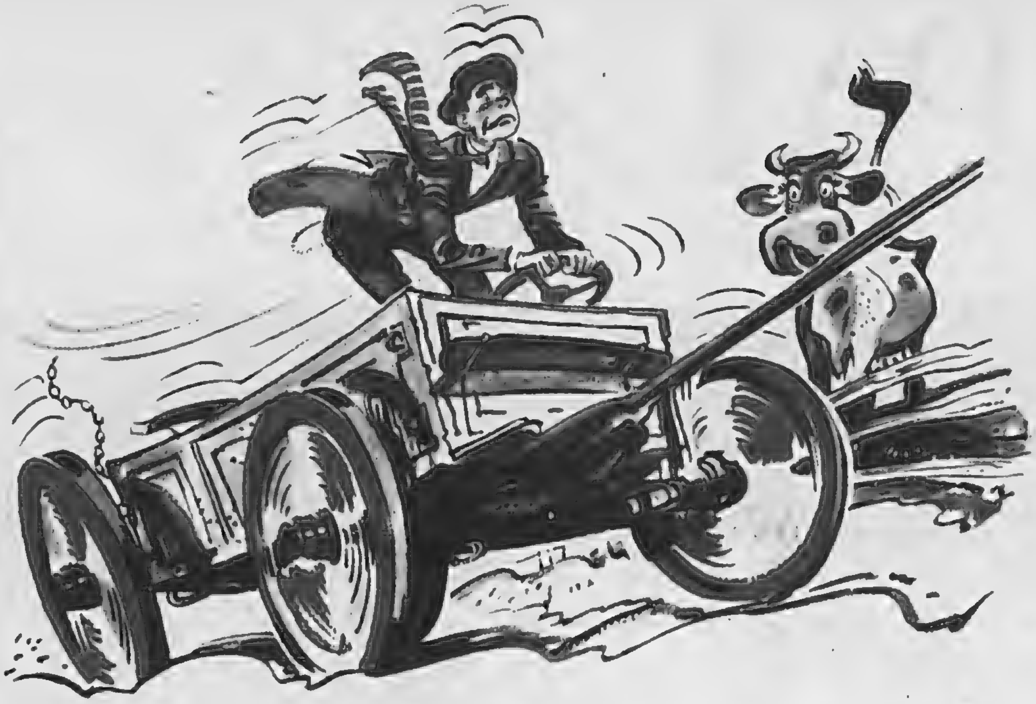
Strangest livelihood is that of eighty-one-year-old ex-Congressman Charles R. Evans. A prospector, he was elected in 1918 from Goldfield, Nev. After his defeat, Evans had no stomach for more mining. He stayed in Washington.

So today he still can be seen in his old haunts on Capitol Hill—as a tourist guide. At twenty-five cents a head, he shows them through Statuary Hall, filled with effigies of the great and not-so-great.

Great Satisfaction • **Lieutenant General Joseph L. Collins, War Department press chief, and a number of other generals were at a big banquet. After several speeches, State Senator Duane Dewel of Iowa suggested a brief stretch.**

The crowd responded enthusiastically; gave Dewel a big hand. After they were seated again, he said grinningly:

"I feel good for two reasons—the stretch and the fact that I, a former sergeant, caused eight generals to get up and to sit down when I told them to."



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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

How We Can Get More Money for Everyone

Higher wages, higher profits, lower prices — they're all attainable, declares the A. F. of L. chief, if worker and boss will stay on the job

By William Green

President,
American Federation of Labor

ACME PHOTO

This welder spectacularly demonstrates the value of modern industrial techniques. Processes like welding make it possible for workers to earn more by producing more.

READING TIME● 13 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IN the 1880s my father's cash earnings were less than $1.50 a day. It is no wonder that our little cottage in the mining town of Coshocton, Ohio, was not only bare of luxuries but lacked some of the necessities of life. Like the children of many another American workingman's family, we youngsters often did not have enough to eat.

Today's pay envelopes are much fatter and today's working hours are much shorter than my father's were. For the workers of 1946 produce vastly more than he and his contemporaries could with the tools and skills of their day. Workingmen have paid for steadily rising wages and improved working conditions by steadily increasing their output.

American industry can afford to pay its workers nowadays more than workers get in any other country of the world, because they create more.

This progressive improvement, which I have watched since my boyhood, some sixty years ago, has not stopped—it has only begun. The way to keep on raising our living standards is to keep on raising our productivity.

The great immediate danger before us is inflation, which would rob labor of many of its gains. The antidote for inflation is simply more and more production. I believe it is the answer, also, to the threat of a seri-

HARRY RUBINSTEIN PHOTO

Millionaires' club? No, this is Unity House, International Ladies Garment Workers' resort. There are 800 acres, with all facilities for union members and their friends. Farsighted I.L.G.W. shows firms how to boost production and helps employers promote the industry.

ous recession in business and industry. More goods, more services must be poured out to meet the pent-up war demand, to keep prices down, and to keep our economic wheels turning at an even pace. Increased production will in itself create more jobs and maintain purchasing power.

Over the long pull, labor can benefit in two ways from its own greater output. It can justify asking for higher wages; and by flooding the country's shelves with merchandise, it can bring down the general level of living costs. Wage increases put more dollars in the pay envelope, and lowered prices give more "real wages" in terms of what those dollars will buy.

WE don't want an economy of scarcity. Rather than manufacture fewer ten-cent can openers to sell at fifteen cents, we should produce and sell more at a dime, and eventually at a nickel. A steadily declining level of industrial prices will expand markets, benefit the consumer, and make for steadier employment.

When the price-control lid was suddenly lifted last summer by the lapse of OPA's authority, I urged our 7,100,000 members to do their utmost to combat inflation by increasing the volume of production in their plants. I urged them to be cautious in any demands and to propose co-operation with their managements, looking toward increased output per man and toward prevention of waste.

The response was gratifying. In a number of industries where A. F. of L. members predominate, reports show that individual production rates are well above last year's. Unlike the C.I.O., the Federation has tried to obtain wage increases that would not require price increases. We do not want a spiral of strikes, higher wages, higher prices, higher living costs, and then the same progression all over again.

We offer management the fullest co-operation to increase efficiency, avoid strikes, and keep prices down.

One of the best means to this end is the labor-management production committee. During the war there were nearly 5,000 of them, representing about 7,500,000 workers, and they helped bring a vast improvement in efficiency within a brief period. They raised output, health, and morale, and cut accidents, absenteeism, and expenses. It is regrettable that so many of these committees have been allowed to lapse since V-J Day. Those that are still active, and others that can easily be revived, can now serve as clearinghouses for ideas on production of civilian goods.

This sort of plant co-operation was wisely fostered by the War Production Board, but it had its inception many years before the war. As long ago as 1923, the Baltimore & Ohio tried it out successfully in its shops at Pittsburgh. It was extended to the railroad's forty-five repair shops and roundhouses, employing 45,000 craftsmen, and it is still working to the satisfaction of both management and labor. Someone computed that in the plan's eighteen years of operation, 32,000 suggestions for improvement of working methods, elimination of waste, and other cost-cutting steps were considered, and 27,000 of them were adopted.

On the Canadian National Railways a similar record has been established over twenty years, with 84 per cent of the suggestions put into practice. A Canadian government study of teamwork in an industrial plant, the Cornwall (Ontario) division of the Howard Smith Paper Mills, calls it "an outstanding industrial relations success story." Here the labor-management production committee, set up during the war, has continued its work in peace production, and is credited with substantial reduction in "broke," that is, cull or spoiled paper.

ONE of the American unions most progressive in this direction is the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, which for five years has maintained an engineering department to help improve manufacturing methods where workers' earnings are directly concerned. It supplies information on fair piece rates and on the techniques under which the rates are paid. The department's value is illustrated by the case of a Midwestern manufacturer whose workers complained that although they were skilled and the established piece rates were fair, they weren't earning decent wages. The I.L.G.W.U. engineers found that the work was so poorly routed through the plant that a fifth of the workers' time was wasted. The employer was as grateful as the workers.

The I.L.G.W.U. will be remembered as the union which a few years ago entered into a joint promotion campaign with the manufacturers to establish New York as the fashion center of the world. The union put in $100,000 of its own money before the campaign was temporarily interrupted by the war.

A union's first consideration is naturally the welfare of its members. And workingmen naturally look forward to increasing wages. The A. F. of L. believes that a decent wage should be a first lien on industry, and that increases above that point should be based on the worker's contribution to production and on the employer's capacity to pay. The Federation also believes in co-operation rather than conflict—in adjusting disputes around the conference table rather than by the strike.

In addition to better pay, labor looks forward to shorter hours. Now that the war is over, the Federation indeed has reaffirmed the thirty-hour week as its eventual goal. Studies have shown, incidentally, that the rate of productivity drops after a person has been at work for six hours. That is, at many tasks a man cannot work at his top efficiency for a full eight-hour day.

Everyone, including the law, seems to be enjoying this car-dumping episode, but such irresponsible vandalism only gives labor a bad name.

ACME PHOTO

But so long as there is full employment and an unsupplied market, the call for shorter hours is unnecessary. Only when we have become so efficient that we have a surplus of goods shall we have to shorten hours in order to prevent unemployment. Those workers who ask for a cut to thirty hours without reduction in pay will be prepared to show that they can produce as much in that period as they do now in forty.

Whatever time it takes, we cannot get away from the fact that the only way to have more things is to produce them—more to wear, to eat, to use, to live in. This seems so obvious as not to need restatement, but the old idea that there is a fixed amount of wealth in the world and that all we need is better distribution still clings to some people's minds like a cobweb. Merely soaking rich Peter won't give us enough to help all the poor Pauls. But there is no limit to the wealth we can create with today's labor, machinery, engineering skill, and organization.

The mistaken notion that wealth is limited has a companion idea—that demand, and therefore work, are also limited. Cigars used to be made by hand, and they were expensive. Introduction of the cigar-making machine was greeted with doleful predictions as to the number of people it would throw out of work. But the machine brought down the cost of cigars to within the reach of more smokers and multiplied the market. More workers make cigars today by machine than ever rolled them by hand.

Higher wages need not bring higher prices. For instance, in the electric power industry, according to a Labor Department study, production per man per hour had risen by 1939 to 235 per cent of what it had been in 1917. In that period of twenty-two years, workers' wages were doubled, while their hours were reduced from forty-seven to forty. At the same time the number of city families using power increased from 9,000,000 to 23,000,000, and the rates they paid for current were cut in half.

In the peacetime years from 1923 to 1929 factory workers' wages rose 8 per cent, while wholesale prices of the goods they made declined 12 per cent. In the longer period from 1926 to the end of World War II, factory hourly earnings increased nearly 90 per cent, yet wholesale prices of products were up only 2 per cent.

Under the pressure to get out munitions, productivity in war plants shot up, between Pearl Harbor and V-J Day, by 61 per cent, an increase which normally would have been spread over fifteen years. That is, the average worker was at the end of the war turning out about two thirds more than he had three and a half years before. At the same time productivity slackened somewhat in the civilian goods factories, and did not pick up until 1945. Then it showed only a slight net improvement over 1941. The chief reason was that the war industries got the pick of skilled labor and new machinery.

Now that new and improved machinery, skilled personnel, and war-tested production methods are available to the peace industries, we have a chance to do with shoes and furniture what we did with four-motored bombers and Liberty ships. We are four years behind in production methods, and have a big deficit in goods to make up. Here is a chance for labor and management to show the teamwork they used in turning out munitions.

THE farmer, too, is becoming more and more mechanized. The man with the hoe has become the man with the tractor, and he keeps pushing the crop totals upward. The products of both city and country present us with a great opportunity to raise our standards of living—even without the as yet uncalculated benefits of atomic energy.

Labor is only one of a number of factors that enter into increased productivity. Another is the skill of management in organizing a plant for mass production, in devising new methods, and in finding materials and markets. It is quite proper that management's ingenuity, and the financial risk that it takes, should reap reasonable profits as the efficiency of industry advances.

I should like to make it clear that we in the Federation have no desire to take over management's duty and responsibilities. We recognize the difference between the functions of management and labor. But we do contend that management can function better if it has the benefit of labor's intelligent cooperation.

The mutual advantage of efficient operation may be shown in this way: What the statisticians call unit labor cost—the wages paid per thousand bricks or per hundred yards of cloth—was 44 per cent lower in 1939 than in 1919, and wholesale prices of manufactured goods were down 38 per cent. Average hourly earn-

(*Continued on page 95*)

Autumn Honeymoon

By Fannie Kilbourne

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ANNE MARCHER came out of the Georgian brick house where the Wild-Bidders Bridge Club had been meeting, and crossed the lawn to her car. It was four-thirty. Anne saw that she had plenty of time to drive downtown and consulted her penciled list: Get clippers, Look at chintz, Blueberries, Soap flakes(?), Sneakers, Dog Biscuit, Call Ed.

The most important errand there had been no need to write down. No danger of forgetting Mary Louise's dress.

"Anybody want to go downtown?" she asked. Kay Browning said she'd ride down and see if her name tapes had come. All three of her children were going to camp.

"You're lucky to have one of yours a girl, old enough to sew in her own name tapes," she said.

"Mary Louise might as well be a boy for all the sewing she does," Anne said. "Ed's always saying I spoil her."

"Mary Louise is such a pretty thing," Mrs. Browning said. "I saw her in the Cake Shop yesterday. With an adoring boy, as usual."

"She's not a bad-looking brat," Anne admitted, speaking with the correct slangy disparagement. But she couldn't hold the false note. "I'm going down now to pick up a formal for her at Biddle's—it had to be altered—and honestly, Kay, she does look like something out of this world in it."

"I'll bet she does!" Kay agreed. "What color is it?"

"Black. But it isn't old-looking. It's got a lacy skirt miles around and her waist looks about the size of your wrist. It has long sleeves and it's off the shoulders, with a heart-shaped neckline."

"It sounds gorgeous and outrageously expensive."

"It was," Anne admitted. "And I suppose it is just a trifle sophisticated for sixteen, but Mary Louise did look so ravishing in it, and—oh, you know how it is, Kay. After all, a girl's only young once."

"I know," Mrs. Browning said.

"Ed would have a fit if he knew what I paid for it."

"You ought to have taken him right along when you and Mary Louise went shopping," Mrs. Browning said practically. "The way these girls can get around their dads is just nobody's business."

Anne was on the point of saying that Mary Louise couldn't get around her dad, but checked herself. Kay was naturally talking about American fathers. No need to remind her that in some ways Ed wasn't, even yet, entirely American. Ed wasn't stingy. But he would never have understood how much greater joy she would get out of this dress for Mary Louise than from anything she could ever buy for herself. Ed was much harder on Mary Louise than on either of the boys.

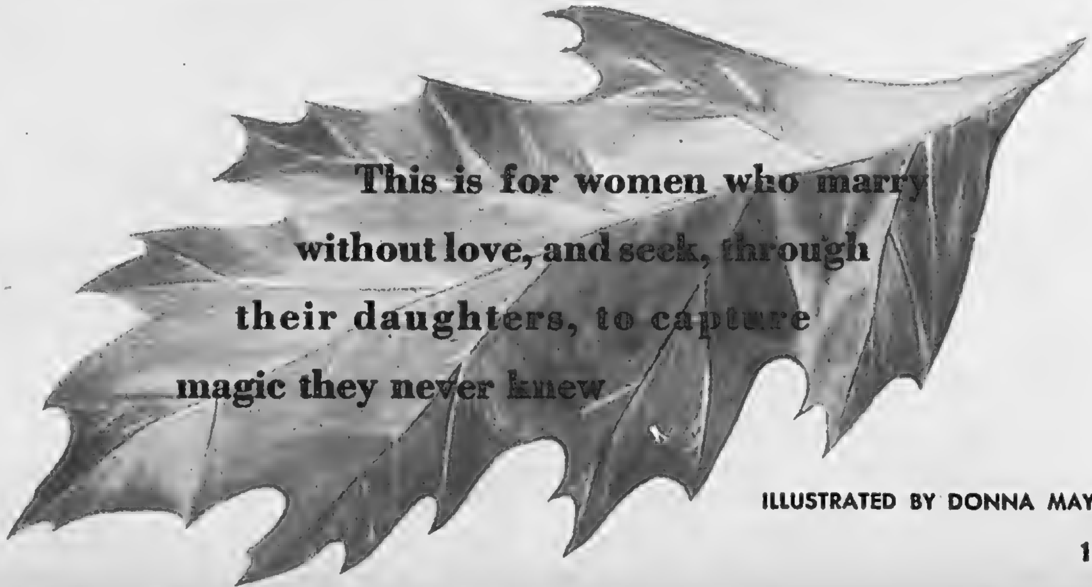
"She's a sweet kid," he would say to Anne, "but we've simply got to knock a little sense into her one way or another. Those telephone conversations—my Lord!"

Ed, never having been a sixteen-year-old girl, couldn't look into the past and understand the wry memories in Anne's mind. At Mary Louise's age, Anne had been a fat lump of a girl with stringy straight hair and a round red face.

Continuing to chat with Kay Browning now, she turned her car into the street where she had lived then. It was the nearest way downtown, but Anne usually avoided it. Third Street was shabby; cheap stores and flat buildings; an occasional old residence turned into a rooming house or abandoned. The neighborhood hadn't been so bad twenty-two years ago when Anne had been sixteen. Queer, how just driving along the street could take her back into it.

WHATEVER time of the year it was now, as she drove along Third Street, it was always August, eight o'clock of a sultry evening. She would just have finished washing the dinner dishes—four of her mother's roomers were boarders too—and come out, tired, hot, and sticky, to sit on the front steps. A car would drive by on the way to

(Continued on page 83)

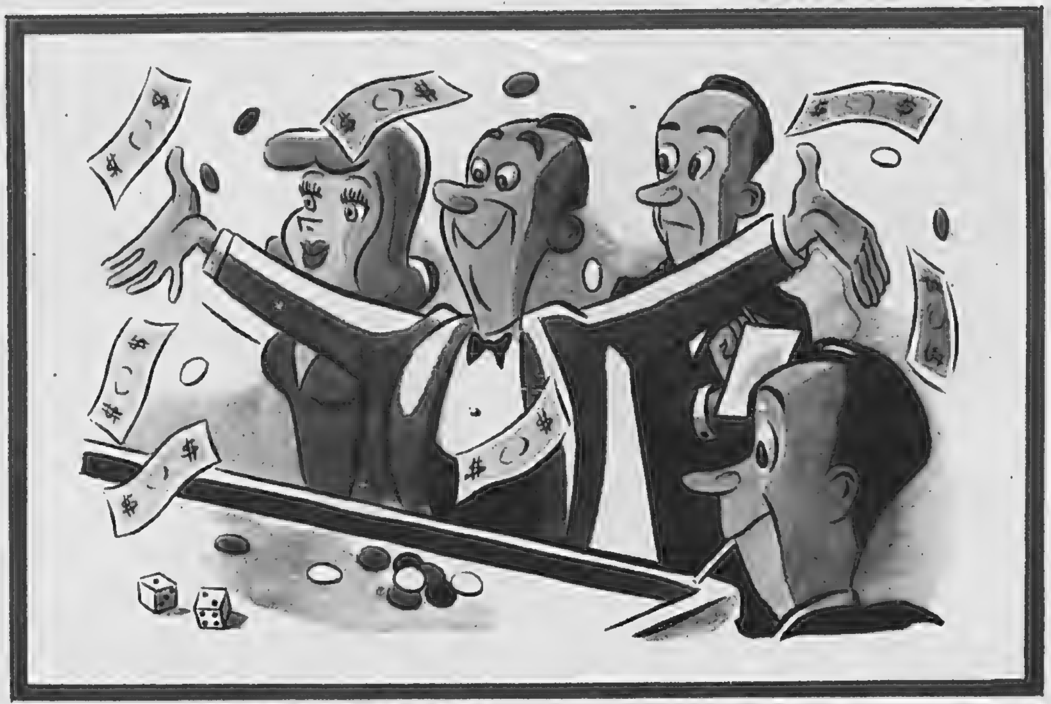


This is for women who marry without love, and seek, through their daughters, to capture magic they never knew

ILLUSTRATED BY DONNA MAYO

Fifty Million Taxpayers *Can* Be Wrong!

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



CARTOONS BY BILL O'BRIAN

Internal-revenue agents circulate in playlands like Miami to find out who is spending freely. Many honest gamblers pay the tax on their winnings.

THAT lugubrious moaning and groaning you hear of a night in early March comes from some 50,000,000 people caught in the last-minute rush to file 1946 tax returns. It is the annual wail of the taxpayer.

To discover what makes taxpayers that way, I've talked with tax collectors in big cities and little towns. I've learned what these tax-collectors, reputedly the toughest and most efficiently inflexible men in government service, think about us taxpayers. Believe me, we aren't at all like the cartoonists picture us. We aren't meek and mousy; we are two-fisted he-men and she-women, aware of our rights and willing to slug it out with the collector over every deduction we claim, and, as often as not, winning our point.

Sometimes we're comical. Tax collectors have enough stories about us to fill a bushel basket. A favorite is about the husband who asked a collector if he could file a joint return with his wife, and was told he could. The clerk, his mind on records and statements, said, "Do you have the dope with you?" To which the taxpayer answered, "Yes, she's sitting outside in the car—I'll bring her right up."

And then there's the tavern keeper and his wife who were filing their first business return. Asked by the clerk if they wanted to file a joint return, the wife said indignantly, "Sir, I'll have you understand we run a respectable place. It is *not* a 'joint.'"

Sometimes we're a pain in the neck. In the next fortnight thousands of taxpayers will send in checks with not one single clue to their identity except a signature, often illegible. In one office 8,000 such checks were received in a single month.

Offices will be open late on deadline day, but taxpayers will be even later. Last March 15 a couple appeared at a tax office a few minutes before midnight and explained that they had gone to the movies so they would be *late* and avoid the crowd. A man who had made a sizable bet that he would be the last to pay 1945 taxes arrived at one minute past midnight. The collector joyfully slapped him with an assessment then and there.

According to Joseph D. Nunan, Jr., shy, thoughtful Commissioner of Internal Revenue, the taxpayer is a substantial, conscientious citizen who grumbles not with discontent but because grumbles are the traditional March 15 theme music.

"This is the biggest business in the world," Nunan says earnestly. "We've got 50,000,000 customers; we do an annual gross of $40,000,000,000; and although we're helped by 2,500,000 employers working for us part time by withholding taxes from employees' salaries, we do all this with 60,000 employees. There is nothing comparable to it anywhere. We can do this tremendous job with such a small staff because our customers are fundamentally honest."

But even honest citizens do make some of the mistakes which give the 60,000 bureau employees a perpetual headache. And when mistakes are deliberate, the bureau gives the headaches right back—with interest and penalties. Nunan has no patience with the tax cheater.

"The tax chiseler," he says, "is fortunately rare, but he is as much a thief as the robber who snatches a purse or forges a bank check. He deserves of decent people the same contempt they would give to a hold-up man."

Such chiselers cheat because they think the government can't, or won't, check up on them. But there is no aspect of our legal financial activities the taxmen can't uncover, and very little of what is illegal. Savings banks and building-and-loan associations, for example, give them full reports of interest payments, and corporations and insurance companies turn in complete lists of dividend payments.

When the suspicions of taxmen are aroused, they go after a chiseler hammer and tongs. Deputy collectors can't always explain what makes them suspicious. One of them illustrates by the story of a Kentuckian who was asked why he paid a high price for one filly and refused even to bid on another equally handsome colt. "Well, that filly," he replied, "just *smells* like she can run."

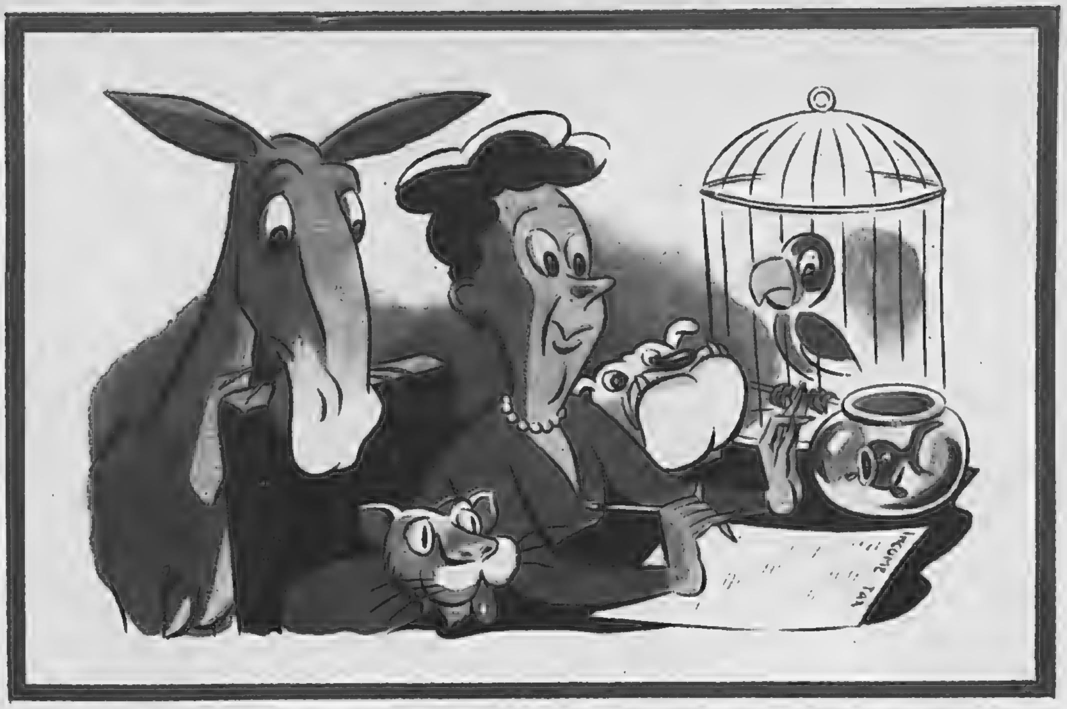
The trained tax auditor can practically smell a chiseling return. And inconsistencies jump out to a trained eye. The operator of a Washington, D. C., liquor store, for example, reported modest profits for the boom year of 1944. The tax agent knew at once that the return was false; everybody in the liquor business with enough brains to operate a cash register made real money that year.

One man tried to explain away three dependents listed as fathers with the naïve claim that two of them were fathers-in-law of previous marriages. A dependent listed simply as Bill on the tax return of a Southern woman was discovered to be an elderly mule turned out to pasture.

Pets are often included as dependents, but sometimes it takes incisive questioning by the collector to reveal them as such. Asked about a dependent listed as Edward on her

Anyone will tell you what he thinks of the tax collector, but here's what *he* thinks of you!

By Dickson Hartwell



Pets are often included as dependents. A dependent listed simply as Bill on the tax return of a Southern woman was discovered to be an old pasturing mule.

form, a Chicago spinster said, "He's the boy of the family." Further questioning revealed that he was five, had dark hair, was a lively little fellow but not much trouble really. Was he a son by a former marriage? "Heavens, no. He was—shall we say adopted?" Sometime later the collector found out that Edward was a cocker spaniel.

A large number of chiselers are turned up by ordinary citizens who tip off the department and thereby qualify for a reward of up to 10 per cent of the taxes collected. Several collections resulting from tips have brought in more than a million dollars. Bookkeepers, for example, reported the frauds of a large steamship company and a huge amusement enterprise, each of which had to cough up more than $1,000,000. Feuding relatives provide a steady flow of tips to the bureau. In Ohio a mother-in-law turned in her daughter's husband—a $5,000 chiseler—to get even for a slight to her dignity. One Southern wrong-side-of-the-tracks relative said, after turning in his wealthier and chiseling cousin, "I don't want any reward money. I'm just sick of Jake being uppity."

Though few doctors cheat, those who do believe they have a cinch—until they get caught. Many of their office-visit fees are paid in cash; it is a simple matter to neglect to note them in the record book. Some of the chiseling medics operate a stripped-down file for tax inspection when questioned. But collectors become suspicious if Dr. Y. of Hopscotch, New Jersey, reports fifty patients when the average of other doctors in the town is nearer 250. A little astute sleuthing—among hospital records, for example—turns up the unreported patients. One West Coast doctor wrote twice as many prescriptions as he reported patients. A routine check of the local pharmacies quickly showed up his fraud.

But what most often gets the small-time chiseler in trouble is his own big mouth. Typical is the case of a self-employed successful salesman we'll call John Austen. Austen fudged on his expense account, and knocked off some more by claiming dependent allowance for a child he never had. Austen was smart: he built up his expenses and deductions gradually over a period of ten years. His baby was "born" on the tax records and grew up along with his two real children. When the tax office compared his current records with previous years, they found his increases in line and accepted them.

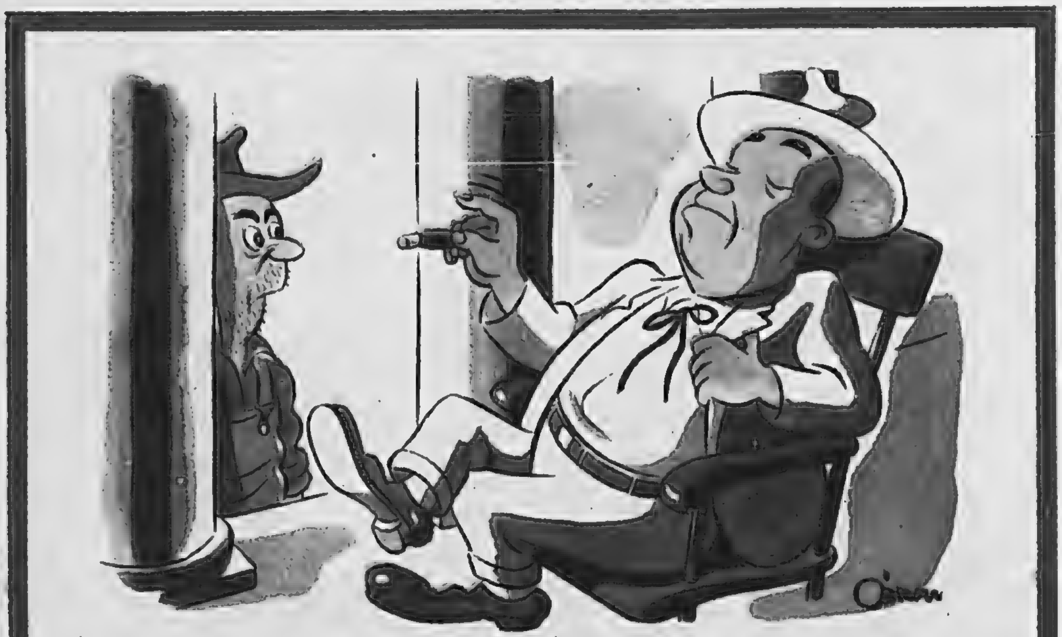
But Austen grew too proud of his third "child," nicknamed "Taxes." One day in a bar he got a little high and told the story of little ten-year-old Taxes to some friends. The bartender happened to be one of the 49,000,000 taxpayers who are scrupulously honest. Cheating the government, he correctly figured, was cheating him. He went to the telephone and called the local tax bureau. A few days later John Austen was at his bank trying to borrow money to pay back taxes—with penalties and interest.

LAST season, internal-revenue agents circulated in free-spending Miami, checking out-of-state license plates, swank hotel registers; watching the bars, night clubs, and gambling joints to see who was splashing money around. They turned up some miscreants, but bumped into plenty of honest citizens too. When one man dropped $22,000 in two nights at a crap table without noticeable concern, they checked and found he had retired and set aside a huge chunk of his properly taxed capital to be used just for raising a little hell.

A good deterrent to would-be chiselers is the widely held belief that holding out on the federal government is the world's most certain guaranty of a quiet life in Atlanta.

When the post-prohibition kidnaping wave was smashed by federal men, public respect climbed high. As a group, gamblers are believed by the bureau to be among the most

(Continued on page 74)



Feuding relatives provide a steady flow of tax tips. After turning in a cousin, a man refused a reward, explaining, "I'm just sick of Jake being uppity."

Pocketful of

Stars

Gramp's homemade telescope brought more than heavenly bodies into focus

By F. E. Rechnitzer

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

WHEN mom called from the attic window, I was sitting on the back stoop with dad. My first year at State Agricultural behind me by just one day, I was sounding off on how the farm could be run more efficiently.

I had sketched the east slope on the inside of a match cover, and traced in heavier contour lines. "If you plow it this way it'll practically eliminate erosion," I said, holding it toward him.

Dad nodded and laid his big weather- and work-tanned hand on my knee. "You sorta remind me of your Gran'pa Spangenberg, Rod. He was always tinkering with the farm machinery to improve it. But he generally wound up with it running opposite from the way it was intended."

He glanced back at the kitchen window. Then he said very confidentially, "I never let on to a soul before, son, but I sure let out a whopping sigh of relief when gramp passed on. Just to be fair, though, I've tried mighty hard to recall a single gadget of his that was ever worth a hoot to us. Couldn't think of one."

"He must have had something," I said in defense of gramp. "He made that clothespin factory of his pay. Sold it for a good price, too. When he came to live with us he paid mom darn good board and had enough left from his annuity check each month to play around with the things he liked to do. "And," I added for a clincher, "it's the money he left that's putting me through college. He'd have put Nelson through, too, if Nelson hadn't been stubborn."

Dad stared at the peak of the silo a long time. "I know it, son," he said slowly. "But don't forget, there's more than science to farming."

"Meaning what?" I asked while I watched mom's big black cat Tobias give a stalking demonstration to her kittens. That name was one of the few mistakes mom ever made.

Dad rubbed his hand hard along his jaw. "A farmer can be scientific as he's a mind to," he said slowly. "But unless he gets a heap of co-operation from the Almighty, his tallies at the end of the year will be entered in red. Never could convince your gran'pa."

"But gramp had some clever ideas," I insisted.

Dad snorted. "Name me one that ever worked. Just one, Rod."

He knew he had me whipsawed. I knew it too. But before I was forced to admit defeat, mom called from the attic window.

"Rodney!"

"Yes, mom," I answered.

"Come up here, will you?" she asked.

"O.K.," I called back.

"Know what she's doing?" Tight wrinkles forked from the corners of dad's eyes. "She's cleaning the attic."

Visions of lugging trash down two flights of stairs and out to be burned wiped the grin from my face.

"Guess I'll mosey down to the siding an' see if Willets located that car of fertilizer yet." Dad winked at me. "Maybe you can think up an answer to the question I asked."

I FOUND mom sweeping a heap of dead flies and wasps onto a dustpan. It was three years or more since I'd last been up there. The trunks were shoved under the eaves. Grandmother Spangenberg's Cape Cod rocker and a couple of tables stood in a corner, lonesome. But the stacks of boxes and newspapers were gone.

"You sure got it cleaned up, mom," I said.

She pointed to three old hump-backed trunks. "Grandpa's telescope is behind those," she said. "If you don't think it's worth saving, throw it out. I'd often wondered what happened to it." She went downstairs.

I had almost forgotten what gramp's telescope looked like as I pulled it out from behind the trunks. The evening he got the inspiration to build it from an ad he saw in Illustrated Science came back to me. We were all in the kitchen after supper—everybody but Nelson. He had gone to the movies in town with Beth. Mom was darning socks. Dad was dreaming over a tractor catalogue. Gramp had an Illustrated Science in front of him and a Popular Invention at his elbow. The magazines had just arrived that day and I was in a lather to finish my homework in time to look through them before bedtime.

Hating arithmetic as I did, I always left it for last. The problem seemed simple enough when I read it over. I worked it and looked in the back of the book to check my answer. It was a two-part problem and I found both my answers were way off. I read it over again:

"Two cities, A and B, are 75 miles apart. How many rails will it take to build a railroad between the cities if each rail is 30 ft. long? What is the weight of the steel used if the rails weigh 90 lbs. per yard?"

I looked up at the clock. If I got the correct answer on the next try, I'd still have three quarters of an hour for one of the magazines. So I tackled it again and I came up with the same result I had before. It would be useless, I knew, to appeal to either dad or gramp. Dad had a rule that I had to work a problem three times before asking for assistance.

I began again. But I ended up with the same figures. Recalling how Nelson had told one night at supper about their discovering an incorrect answer in the back of the book, I grabbed at the straw. Perhaps this was it and Miss Newton had forgotten to mention it.

JUST when I was going to call it to dad's attention, he pushed the catalogue over to mom. "That's it," he said. "Giving Willets the order tomorrow." I knew I was sunk. At our house we didn't interrupt while the older folks were talking. I figured dad would still be selling mom that tractor when it was bedtime.

"Can we afford it, Joe?" mom asked. "Nelson graduates from high school next June. It'll cost quite a bit to send him to college."

Dad shrugged. "Nelson doesn't want to go."

Mom looked up in surprise. "But I thought he'd always planned on going. What changed his mind?"

"Guess it's Beth Cabot," dad said. "He told me about it at milking time this evening. Says he figures on taking a job at Burt's garage and getting married next fall. Nel's a darn fine

(Continued on page 90)

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL RANDALL

Scarlett O'Havilland

Hollywood's betting Olivia de Havilland will cop an Oscar this year, but nobody's counting more on it than Olivia

By Elizabeth Wilson

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

UP to now, Hollywood's coveted Oscar has only winked at Olivia de Havilland. That was at a "set" party, the last day of production of To Each His Own. The director told her that the company wanted to present her with their own Academy Award. Lights were dimmed, curtains pulled aside, and there on an ebony pedestal stood a considerably oversized "Oscar." The delighted Olivia exclaimed, "May I take it home with me?" And then the thing opened a blue eye and winked at her.

Olivia is long overdue for an Academy Award. She was nominated in 1939 for her fine performance of Melanie in Selznick's Gone with the Wind, but was nosed out by Hattie McDaniel. In 1941 she made a brilliant bid in Hold Back the Dawn, but lost in a photo finish to sister Joan Fontaine (Suspicion). Her fine acting ability last year won her a role in the top budget Paramount picture, To Each His Own. After that, she made The Dark Mirror at Universal-International. Playing identical twins, she out-Bette'd Bette Davis. This year, they say around town, she's a cinch for an Oscar.

Olivia de Havilland is her real name. Her mother, who adores the bard, named her after the Olivia in Twelfth Night. Years later, sister Joan said, "One de Havilland is enough. I guess I'd better use our stepfather's name." Both were born in Tokyo, Japan; Olivia in 1916, and Joan a year later. When they were three and two, Mrs. de Havilland brought them to California. After she divorced her English husband, she married George M. Fontaine, a department-store manager in Saratoga.

Olivia went to grammar school there, and later to high school in near-by Los Gatos. Whenever she had a chance she played in amateur theatricals, but she had every intention of becoming a schoolteacher. When she graduated from Los Gatos High she won a scholarship to Mills. A friend said she could get her an understudy job in Max Reinhardt's production of A Midsummer Night's Dream, which was to be staged that summer in the Hollywood Bowl. "I figured," says Olivia, "that I could watch rehearsals and perhaps pick up enough to get an A in my drama course at Mills." She appeared opening night in the part of Hermia, was a success with the audience, went on tour with Reinhardt, and in December, 1934, was signed by Warner Brothers on a long-term contract.

When they first moved to Hollywood, Olivia and Joan lived in a small house off Los Feliz Boulevard, chaperoned by their mother. When Joan married the very British Brian Aherne, she moved into a home of her own. Mrs. Fontaine returned to Saratoga, and Olivia lived alone—and whether she liked it or not, she never said.

Because the sisters are colorful and often competitive, Hollywood columnists, commentators, and fan writers have tried for years to stir up a good feud between them. With little success: Joan laughs it off; Olivia never commits herself any further than, "Of course we quarrel sometimes. Why not? We're sisters." When Joan won the Award the night that Olivia was up for it too, the eyes of the entire Biltmore Bowl were focused on them. At the moment when Joan's name was announced, Olivia seized her sister's hand and joyfully shouted, "We've got it!" There wasn't much Hollywood could make from that.

Because she looks so beautiful and placid, people have gotten the idea that Olivia is a "soft little thing." Actually, she is practical, determined, and a pretty fierce little number when aroused. "I'm both logical and emotional," she says. "That means I am always in a state of conflict."

Like most stars, she is extremely superstitious. This is her third time up for that Academy Award, and three, she keeps telling herself, is her lucky number. Though she has to admit that it didn't do so well by her in the case of Marcus Goodrich, author (Delilah) and former naval officer, whom she married last August. Hollywood was beginning to twit Olivia because she was always almost getting married (Phillip Huston, Howard Hughes, Jimmy Stewart, Burgess Meredith, Franchot Tone, John Huston, and Joe McKeon) but never quite making it. Whether or not she minded this twitting, she never let on. She first met Marcus Goodrich at a dinner party at producer Arthur Hornblow's house five years ago. Sitting next to her at table, he remarked that he was going to Sweden to marry a sixteen-year-old girl and have eleven children. American women, he said, were non-domestic. Olivia gave him an argument. He was intrigued. He called her three times. Three times the maid said, "Miss de Havilland is out." (Olivia claims she really was.) This was when her "lucky three" let her down, for after the third call he left town. "If he had only called me the fourth time," she says with a sigh, "I could have been married five years ago."

THOUGH she nearly won an Oscar for Melanie, it is Scarlett she most resembles—so much so that her friends often refer to her as Scarlett O'Havilland. For the past four years she has been as busy as a beaver in politics. Hollywood thought she meant to run for Congress on the Democratic ticket. Then she suddenly lost interest. "I love politics," she explains, "but I haven't the self-control for that kind of career. I get mad. And besides, I haven't the education."

A few months ago she wrote columnist Sidney Skolsky that his Tintype on her should be brought up to date: "You say I don't drink and I don't smoke, and that I blush easily. That was true ten years ago. But today I like cocktails, I am a chain smoker, and I don't blush." Skolsky had hardly had time to change his Tintype before he received another letter: "Hold everything. Have just decided that I'll never drink or smoke again."

Olivia and husband Marcus Goodrich live at present in an apartment in the hills of Hollywood, with her dog, his typewriter, and hundreds of books belonging to both of them. "The only thing to do is not to think of that Oscar," she says—and goes right on thinking of it.

THE END

HOMES FOR AMERICANS

Exterior walls of redwood with white trim let the house snuggle into its surroundings. Windows on this side are small, for privacy.

Outside Comes Inside

Secret of a successful small house: a glass wall to bring the outdoors in

By Darrell Huff

READING TIME•4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

EVEN a fistful of money and a file full of good ideas won't always get you the kind of house you want when you are able to build. You'll also need persistence verging on downright stubbornness.

And the better and more original your ideas, the harder you will have to fight for them.

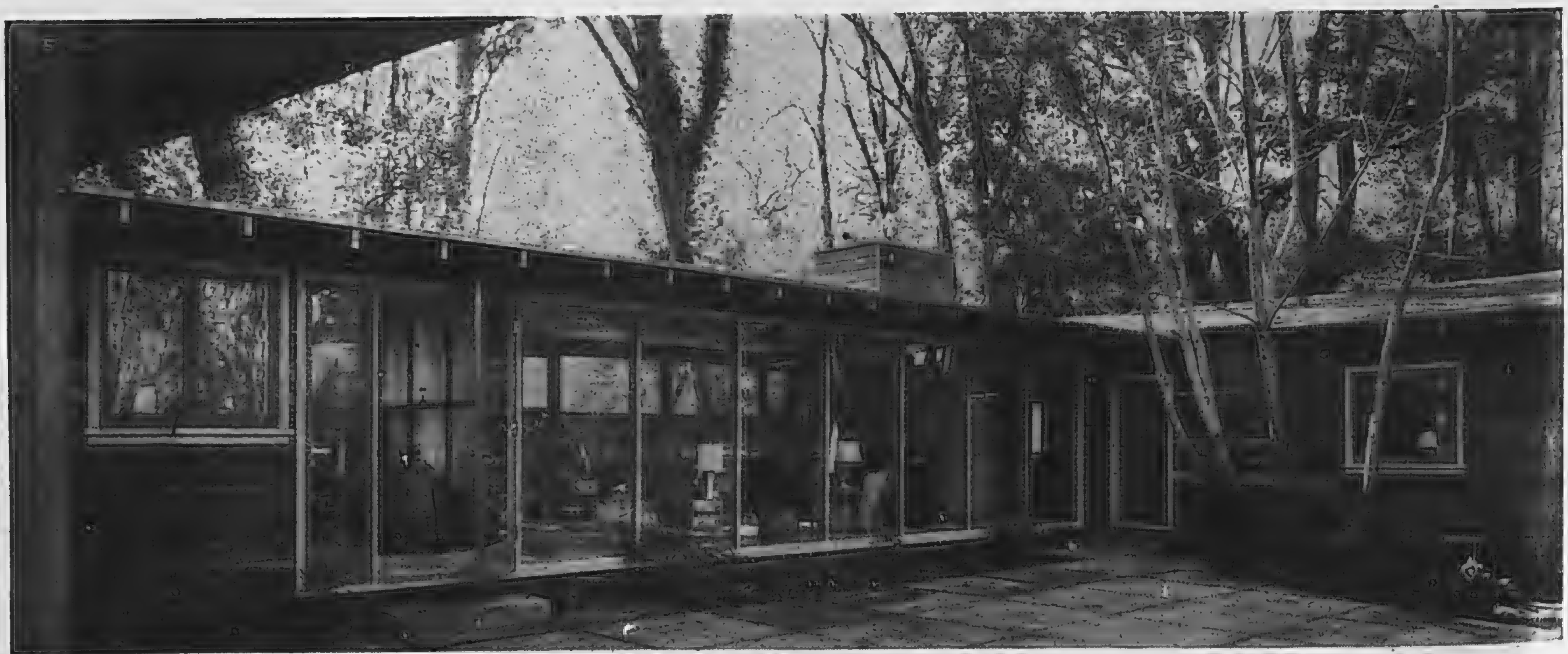
The W. D. Taylors of Ross, California, owners of the house shown on these pages, found that out. Mrs. Taylor knew what she wanted:

First of all, a fireplace—a really solid-looking masonry wall with a flush fireplace, in the living room.

And another fireplace in the master bedroom. ("I have longed for a fireplace in my bedroom ever since I was a child," Mrs. Taylor says.)

And, above all, as much glass as possible. ("I knew that, with huge windows, the outdoors could be brought into our living room.")

She set a cost maximum of $6,000—enough at prewar building rates—and converted her ideas into rough sketches and turned them over to a builder. It was then that she learned why so many houses, from Cape Cod to San Diego, look just alike.



Here's the difference between this house and ordinary ones: glass wall of living room makes terrace—and outdoors—part of house.

A fine plan, the builder told her. Yes, indeed. And his draftsman quickly transformed its general outlines into neat rectangular form. The builder explained the necessary modifications.

The glass wall, he said, was impracticable. In its place he provided stock windows a little larger than most houses have.

The stone fireplace wall was out. Too heavy for a small house.

The fireplace in the bedroom she could have—if she wanted to pay for it—but it was a useless luxury.

What the builder was prepared to give Mrs. Taylor for her money was a good, standard house. It was obvious that he knew what he was talking about; yet it was to have just these unpractical things that she wanted to build a home of her own. So she went to an architect. In fact, she went to several before she found the right man for her job.

The man is John Ekin Dinwiddie, San Francisco architect who, with his associate, A. H. Hill, planned the house the way Mrs. Taylor wanted it.

The living room is very large for a small house. Its 14 by 30 feet include dining space, set off partially by a glass screen. A broad terrace seems part of the living room because there is only glass between them—a whole wall of glass.

The fireplace wall is concrete block. The fireplace is oversize. And on the other side of the block wall is a second fireplace, in Mrs. Taylor's bedroom.

She got what she asked for. She also got many things she had not even thought about. For one thing, the house was planned for its site so carefully that not one of the fine elms and dwarf maples was wasted. It was oriented so that the terrace catches the winter sun and is shaded by trees in summer. In addition to the garage, there is an open shelter for a second car. The kitchen is small enough for economy of space and use, large enough for any small family.

The whole house has a simplicity that gives it distinction. The exterior is redwood siding, used, the architect explains, "because it is a native, warm-colored, inexpensive material. The living-room ceiling is Douglas fir, for similar reasons."

The roof is the single-pitch type often favored by modern architects for the clean line it gives and its economy, as well as for the freedom of planning it permits.

ANY honest criticism of a house must confess its faults. The architect does not approve of the knotty pine used to panel one of the bedrooms, nor of the concrete-block wall. But these were things the Taylors wanted.

Mrs. Taylor's only complaint, after living in the house, is a minor one. The dining area is too small. She and the architect were both aware of this danger, but the budget was extended to the limit.

The way the Taylor house was designed is typical of the best small California houses, and this is a kind of architecture that is spreading to every section of the United States.

"The house," Mr. Dinwiddie says, "is as honest and simple an answer as I could devise for the needs of the people who inhabit it.

"First, I try to make people physically comfortable. Rooms must be large enough. The kitchen must be convenient and easy to work in. The whole must be easy to care for.

"Second — or even first — people must be psychologically comfortable. I study the make-up of the family, whether they like being together a lot or like to have retreats—a den for the man, a living-bedroom with desk and divan for the woman; perhaps a rumpus room."

The Taylor house proves that all this is more than empty theory. Each bedroom is designed for the personality and interests of the person who is to use it. The living and dining rooms are combined, not so much to save money as to make more open space.

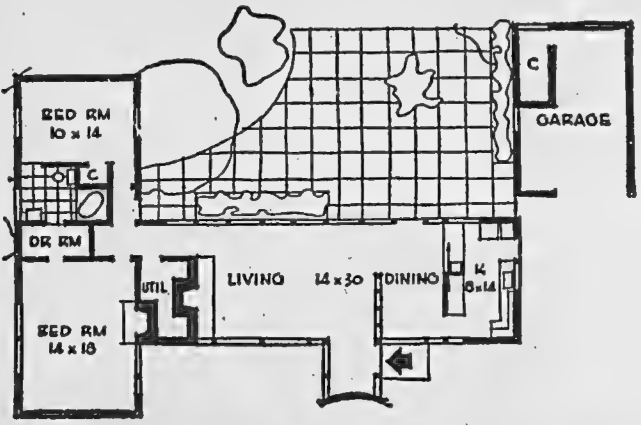
In connection with this, Mr. Dinwiddie says, "Do not think of a house as a series of cubicles, but rather as areas where varied activities take place. There is a sleeping area, a cooking area, a living area, and so on. And the living area especially can extend into gardens, terraces, and anywhere else outdoors.

"Without *any* exception, there should be as little separation as possible between any two areas and between inside and out—keeping always in mind the necessary limitations for privacy."

Of her house, planned by these principles, Mrs. Taylor says now:

"Our experience has proved to us that the best money spent in building a home is that which goes to the architect, especially when the owners want their own ideas carried out in the most beautiful and practical manner."

THE END



PHOTOS BY ROGER STURTEVANT; FLOOR PLAN, COURTESY ARCHITECTURAL RECORD

Open planning of living areas gives a feeling of spaciousness. The light kitchen shares counter with dining room for easy serving.

You Can't Trust a Woman

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

Seeing her there on her knees, pleading for her man, not even a hardened parole supervisor could have suspected her true feelings

By Joseph Harrington

READING TIME•5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

I HATE seeing these wives and mothers of no-good punks who've violated their parole by murder, robbery, or rape. But when they come with a note initialed by a district leader, somebody has got to see them.

The Commissioner can do something about it. He can shove them off on me. He always does.

The one this morning was different —but only in that she was young, she was pretty, with velvety olive skin and velvety black eyes. I knew by the records that she had two children, a girl, Lucille, b. November 12, 1935; a boy, Peter, b. December 22, 1936.

THE clerk closed the door behind her, and she came toward my desk on very high-heeled slippers. She said dramatically, "Excellency! Your Excellency! May I speak now? I thank you a thousand times to let me speak, Your Excellency."

I'd learned long ago it was a waste of time to explain that I was chief parole supervisor, not anybody's excellency. It was an act, a blatant bit of flattery. You can't trust these women.

"Sure," I said.

"You please, I beg of you, I plea of you, Excellency, do not send my Joe back to jail. He is a good man. He is very good. Sometimes he drink too much wine and not know what he is doing. But he is good man. Very good. I beg of you, Excellency, to not to send him back to jail. Please, Excellency."

Joe had been caught red-handed at robbery. But the police were nice about it. Instead of bringing Joe to trial for it, they'd turned him over to us.

We were grateful: it gives the parole system a bad name to have parolees convicted of violent crimes. It was easier, quicker, and better for the good name of parole to send them back to the pen for violating parole.

I said, "Your Joe has been arrested eighteen times, convicted three times. That doesn't sound like he's a good man."

"Sometimes he drink too much wine, not know what he do. But, Excellency, he is good man. He love me, he love my two children, Peter and Lucille. All the time he play with them."

I fingered the records. In December, 1943, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children had Joe up because he had licked Peter so hard that he fainted in school the next day and the ambulance doctor found his back crisscrossed with bluish welts.

I said, "He was pretty rough on Peter in December, 1943. He beat the kid's ears off. That doesn't sound much like love."

"Peter," she said, "he was so bad that day. So bad. He keep making noise, until Joe was near crazy. Joe was trying to sleep, he have too much wi— he work so hard, he try to sleep. Peter keep making noise, so Joe try to make him quiet. Nosy neighbor call police. That all, Excellency. He fine husband, fine fadda."

"In October, 1944," I said, "Joe was brought up in Domestic Relations for abandonment and non-support."

"Swear to heaven, Excellency, I never say that. Joe is fine and wonderful man. He never abandon me, never desert me."

"*You* didn't say it," I agreed, glancing at the record. "The relief agency filed the action after finding you and the kids starving."

"Big liar, that relief agency," she said. "Excellency, I swear it by my mother. They lie. Joe not abandon me. He just go away to get another job. They lie, the relief."

I took another look at the record. "In June, 1945, you appeared as complainant against Joe on a charge of felonious assault. Neighbors called police because they heard you screaming, and the police found Joe chasing you around the kitchen with a baseball bat."

"Is lie," she said. "It is big lie, Excellency. Neighbors—they talk too much. Nosy neighbors. Joe just make play—and neighbors call police. That is it, Excellency."

"YOU laid in Longview Hospital for three weeks afterwards, with a fractured skull," I said. "Is that play?"

"I run my head into wall. Just play, Excellency."

"In December, 1945, he was arrested again, for beating you. The neighbors called the cops again, and they found him beating you with a strap. He was accusing you of being unfaithful to him while he was in jail. He was drunk."

The velvety black eyes glazed, fixed, and fell away into confusion. "Is true, Excellency. Joe beat me because I was bad."

"With who?" I shot at her.

"Who?" She looked puzzled. "Oh, Excellency, his name Jim, I think. Harry, too. Yes, Harry, also Frank."

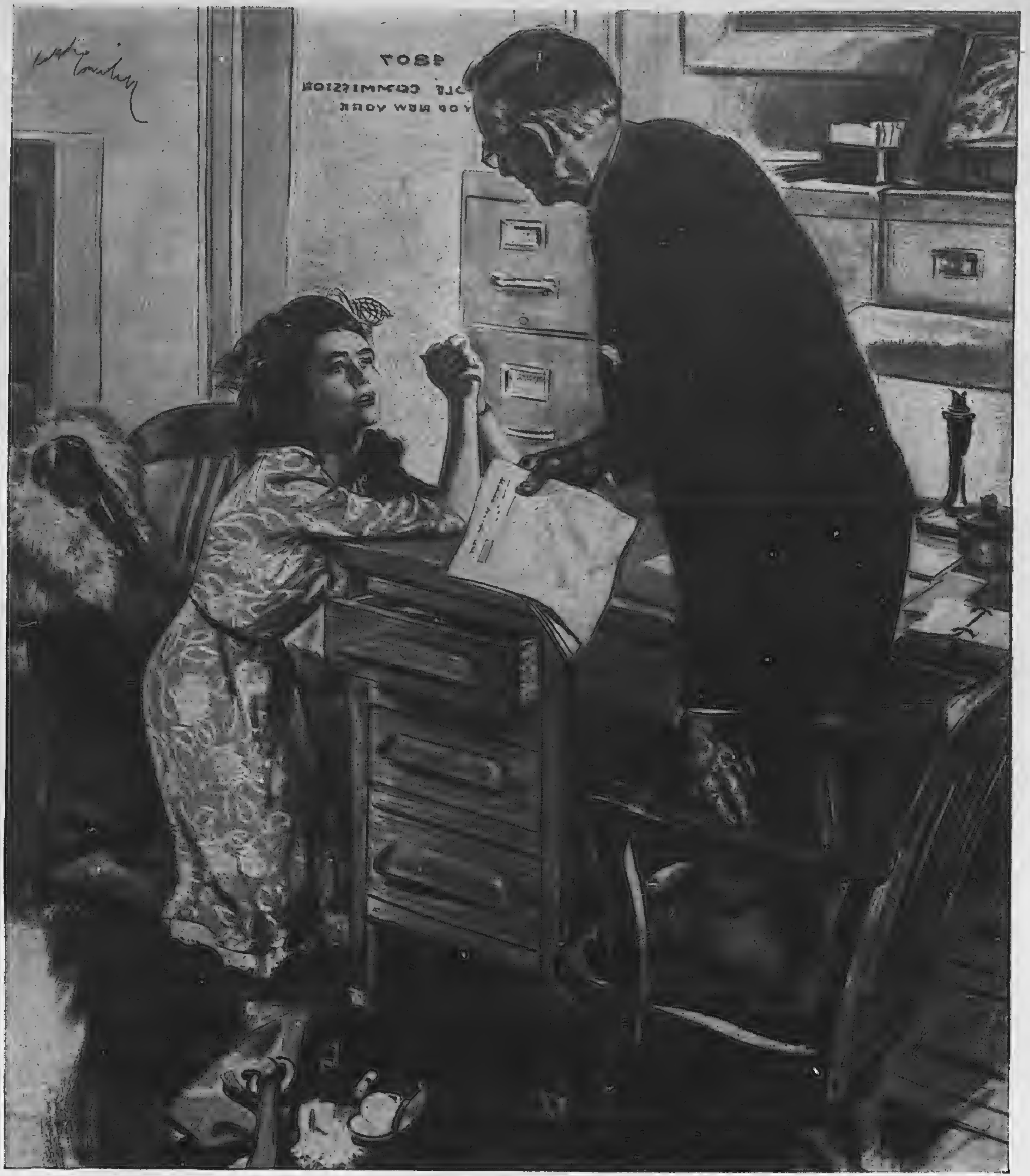
"Who's Frank?"

"Frank? Oh, Frank? Excellency, Frank a very handsome man. Frank —"

"Cut it," I said, wearily. "It won't help your Joe to go on like this. He's no good; he's a thief, a no-good, a punk."

She went down on her knees, too, too dramatically. "Excellency, on my

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY



She went down on her knees, too, too dramatically. "Excellency, on my knees I beg you, please let my Joe go. He is good."

knees I beg you, please let my Joe go. He is good. He is noble, fine, wonderful. See, on my knees I beg you, please let him go."

She was very pretty on her knees, with her velvety black eyes looking out of the olive face. But I was tired of the act. I'd been tired of it for years.

"We'll let him go," I said. "Sure—in just about eighteen years. Stop wasting your breath, ma'am. Stop it."

She stared at me. "Eighteen years?" She got up off her knees. "He stay in jail that long?"

"At least."

"Lucille and Peter—they never see him?"

"Not unless you take them up the river when you visit him."

"Eighteen years," she repeated slowly.

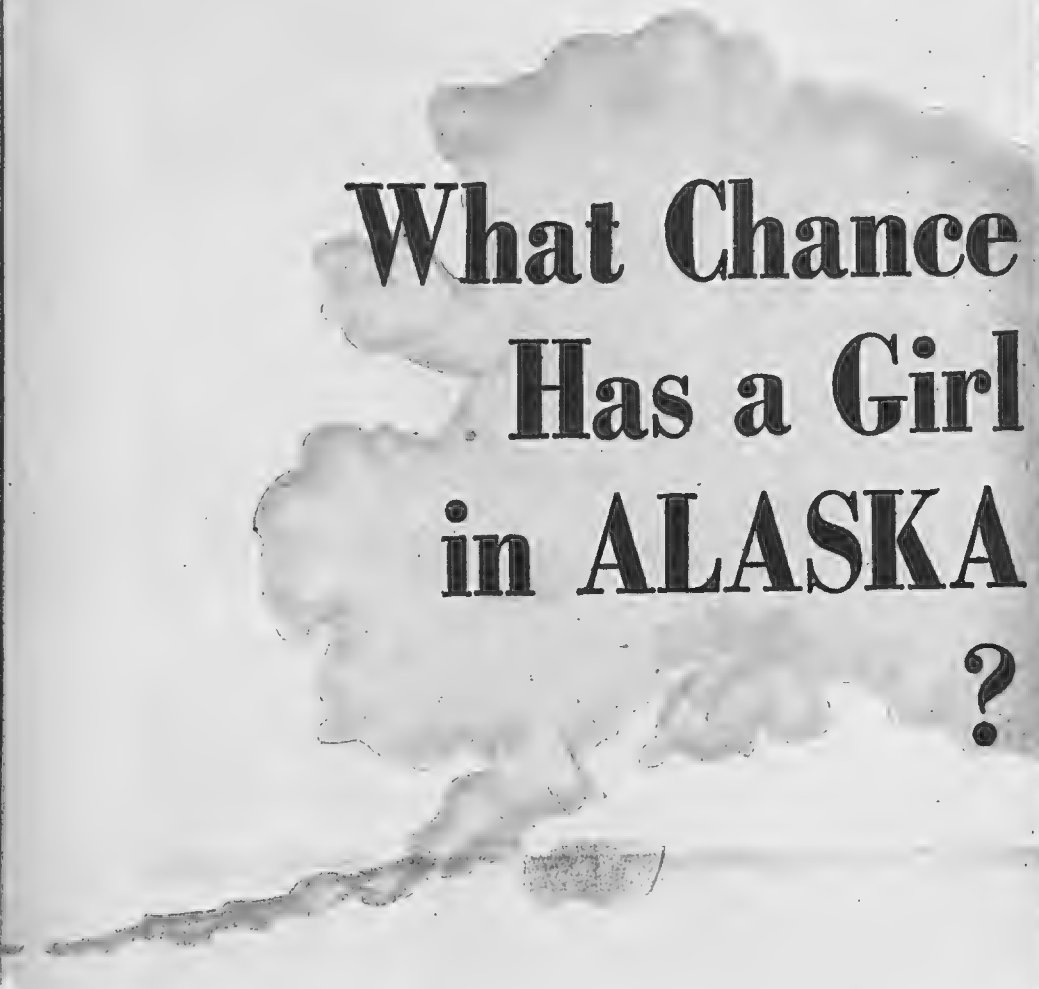
Then the tears came, and the hard sobs.

She grabbed my hand before I could get it away. She kissed it, and I could feel the tears on it.

"Thank you, Excellency! Oh, I pray for you. Thank you, thank you—you are so good!"

As I say, you can't trust these women.

THE END



What Chance Has a Girl in ALASKA ?

MARJORY COLLINS PHOTO

These girls will tell you there aren't 45 men to every woman in Alaska. A husband is as hard to get as a house.

Plenty, if it's a career she wants. But she'd better not go there with the ring finger of her left hand hopefully extended

By Phyllis Krafft Newill

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

MATRIMONIALLY speaking, Alaska is no potato race with a prize for every female entrant. The tantalizing figure in a recent issue of a woman's magazine —forty-five Alaskan males to every female—was either left over from the days of '98 or run up during the last war when military personnel was turning the territory into a stag line.

Take it from the Census Bureau, nothing remotely approaching such a ratio existed in 1939, and the gals on the spot don't need statistics to prove it doesn't exist today. In some of the towns the young women are even wondering whether there are *any* single men left in Alaska at all.

There are supposed to be around 80,000 people now living in the territory, of whom some 50,000 are white. The rest are Indians, Eskimos, and Aleuts. According to the last census report, there were approximately two white males to every female in the territory as a whole, but *in the towns* the ratio dropped sharply to 1.3 such males per female. (Apparently most of the extra men live in fishing villages or are running trap lines, mining, or hacking down trees in the wilderness where it would be very hard for a girl to get at them.)

In these days even a 1.3-to-1 ratio isn't bad, and if your desire to go to Alaska is based on something besides a yen to be wed, you probably have a better than average chance up there of finding Romance before you grow too old to care. Alaska is still a pioneer country, and it yearns for more and bigger families. But primarily it needs capable workers, women as well as men.

There's a demand for experienced stenographers, trained nurses, schoolteachers, girls to work in the communications and air-lines offices. Any woman with enough knack and cash to establish a business of her own will be inspired by the opportunities that prevail in every community to start anything from a restaurant to a nursery school.

So if there is unlimited git-up-and-git in your make-up, Alaska may very well be your dish. On the other hand, if you would like to spend your days with your elbows on a pillow, looking out the window with a rose clenched in your teeth, stay where you are. Up North, idle dreaming just isn't done.

Unquestionably the toughest problem a woman would have to face in Alaska would be finding a place to live. Apartment houses are almost nonexistent, and there are very few rooms to rent in private homes. Hotels rarely take permanent guests, as they need the space for transients, and anyway they would be too expensive for a girl on a salary. Sometimes it is necessary to take totally uncontemplated steps in order to lick this housing shortage.

For example, look at what happened to the four girl marines who arrived in Anchorage as a unit after being mustered out. Mary came from Indiana, Lois from Colorado, Ann and Haley from California. They had teamed up when they were all stationed in San Diego. They each found good office positions almost as soon as they landed in Anchorage, but the hotel said stonily, "Six days!" They were on their last day and still without a billet when they heard the Alaska railroad was in need of waitresses for its McKinley Park Hotel. Realizing that living quarters would have to go with a job in the Park, they signed up.

"It was certainly not what we'd planned on," said Lois, "but we're having a wonderful time. During our off hours we hike and fish or play pinochle. Sometimes we get invited to the Rangers' Club, and a nice old miner gave us a Malemute pup we hope will have puppies so we can raise a sled team. We want to stay in Alaska forever, but sometimes we get to wondering what we'll use for an igloo if the hotel closes for the winter."

THEN there's Mary Wood, a beautiful blonde from Denver who used to teach riding on a dude ranch. Now she wrestles with mail sacks in the Fairbanks post office and lives in a two-room clapboard cabin on the outskirts of town where she has to buy water by the pailful. She must walk to work, even when it's pitch dark and twenty below, for there is no other way to get there. Mary is made of sturdy stuff and she can take it. But, according to the U. S. Employment Service, inability to find "suitable" living quarters is the number one reason why feminine outsiders give up and go home to mother.

Of course you may have been born so lucky that you will acquire comfortable accommodations immediately. So you move in and bustle about, hoping you'll have time to get settled before any callers arrive. You needn't worry. Alaskans are busy minding their own business, and they assume you want to mind yours. Unless you join some church or club group, your chances of getting chummy in a hurry with the solid citizenry can be measured with a micrometer.

The sad case of two attractive girls with whom my husband and I got talking one Sunday is typical. We were prowling around an old abandoned gold mine about four miles outside Juneau when we noticed these girls heading up a trail along which we had seen fresh bear signs, and we called out a warning.

"You must be cheechakos," said my husband, cheechako being the Alaskan term for newcomer, "or you wouldn't be spending a beautiful Sunday like this wandering around in the woods alone." The girls smiled and shook their heads. "*You* must be cheechakos," said one of them, "or you'd know there isn't much else to do around Juneau on Sunday or any other day."

They told us that they had been working there for more than a year, and found it very difficult to make friends among the residents. "You practically have to arrive with letters of introduction in order to get anywhere," they agreed. "Most of the parties and dances are given by the lodges, and if you don't know any members, naturally you aren't invited. Most of the men you meet in business are married, and even if they aren't they don't date much, they're so busy. But the worst part is it costs like the dickens to take a girl out for an evening at one of the night spots, and hardly any girl lives in a place where she can entertain. But of course that's only how it is in Juneau."

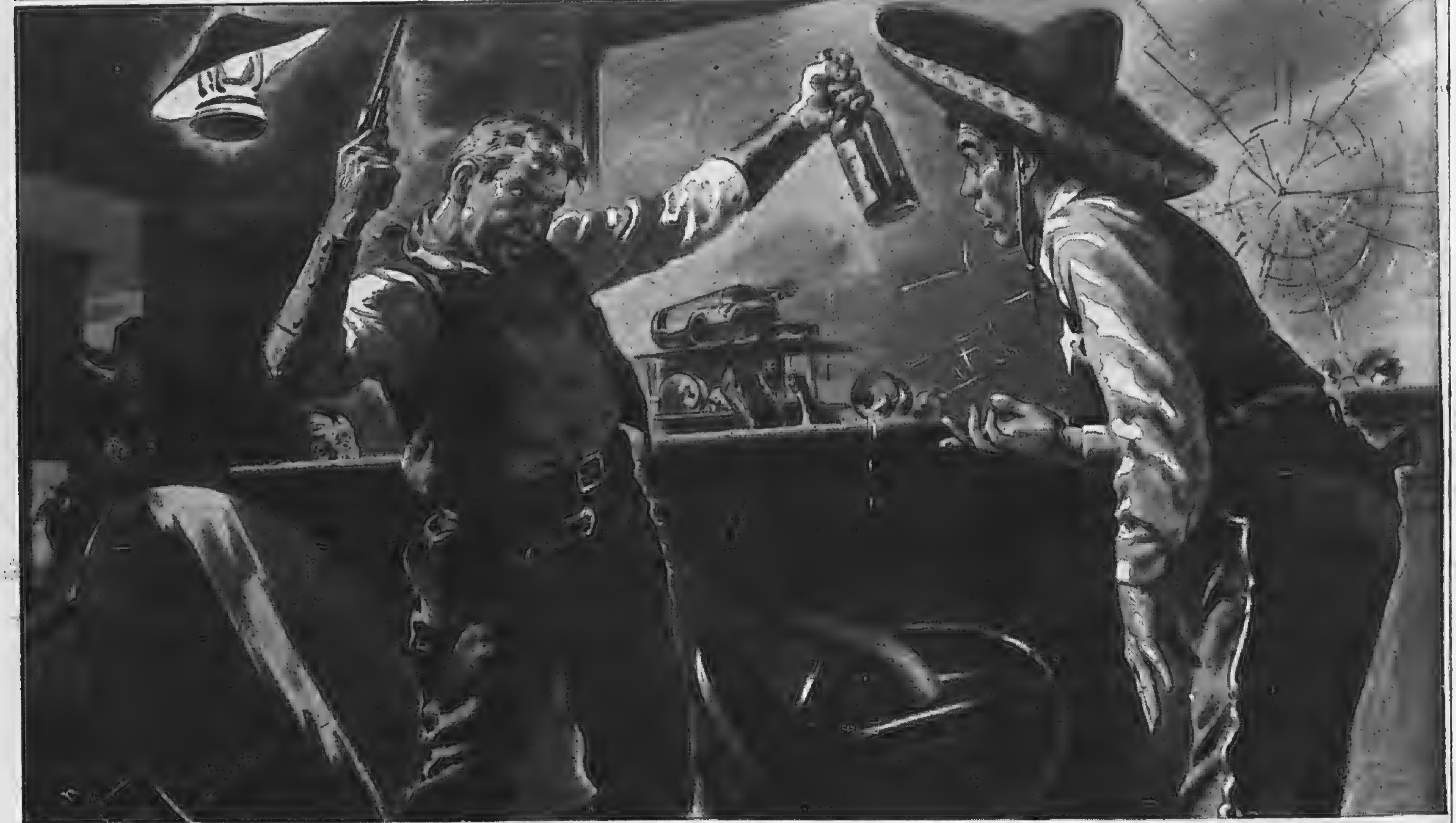
It is *not* only how it is in Juneau. It's like that all over. Even in Fairbanks, where there are still vestigial remains of the army, one heard substantially the same story from attractive Margot Bailey, who came up from Texas about three years ago and runs her own interior-decorating establishment—the first one in Alaska. She is having a splendid time introducing bright colors and

(*Continued on page 89*)

COURTESY OF PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

There are no golf courses or sporting sailboats in the territory. But there's plenty of rugged outdoor exercise, like dog sledding, for the ladies. Charlie Main's famous store in Fairbanks carries everything from raw fur to lipstick.

Juan Lays Down the Law



"Perhaps," Juan said timidly to Big-Fist, "you should give me your gun before you hurt yourself with it."

By Bill Gulick

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

RIDING along Tres Rios' dusty main street through the early afternoon heat, Juan Ibáñez was a miserable *caballero.*

"Diablo," he asked his sleepy-eyed horse, "how did we get ourselves in this pickle?"

He reined up in front of the Tres Rios jail and dismounted. As he entered, he reflected that of all the times he had been inside the jail, this was the first time he had entered voluntarily.

Several people were waiting for him in the office. His sweetheart Rosita, a slim dark-eyed girl, said sharply, "You are late."

"Diablo overslept," Juan apologized.

Hoss Perkins, sheriff of Tres Rios County, grunted impatiently, "Let's git this over with."

Judge Flint adjusted his spectacles, opened a statute book, and said, "Juan Ibáñez, raise your right hand and repeat after me."

Meekly Juan did as he was told. His eyes strayed to the face of the third man in the room, big florid-faced Sam Murdock who had gotten him into this predicament. Though Murdock was a relative newcomer to Tres Rios, he had established himself as political boss of the county. He had organized the Fresh Start Party, which, backed by his money and political know-how, had made a clean sweep of the recent elections. Thus, Juan's present difficulty.

". . . and do you solemnly swear," Judge Flint concluded, "to uphold, execute, and carry out the office of sheriff to the best of your ability?"

"*Sí,*" Juan said uncertainly. "But I do not want—"

"Then I hereby declare you sworn into office. Sheriff Perkins, give Juan your badge and shake hands."

Perkins handed over the badge with a contemptuous grunt. "I been sheriff for nigh onto twenty years," he declared, "an' I reckon it's about time I turned over my badge. But I never figgered I'd see you wearin' it. All I can say is this county's in for the doggonedest crime wave it ever seen!"

"Suppose you confine your remarks to business," Sam Murdock cut in. "Are there any matters that will require Sheriff Ibáñez' immediate attention?"

"There ain't no prisoners in the jail, if that's what you mean," Perkins snorted. "An' there probably won't be while Juan's in office." He started out the door, pausing for a parting shot. "Course, if Juan is really interested in maintainin' law and order, he could be lookin' into that cattle rustlin' down along Alkali Creek."

When the ex-sheriff and Judge Flint had gone, Juan sat down. The star pinned to his shirt made him feel ill at ease, but Rosita's face was beaming with pride. She stooped and kissed him.

"*Juanito mio,* I am so happy for you!"

"I am not happy," he muttered.

"Well," Murdock said, "the Fresh Starters are finally in office. We're going to do great things for this county."

Frowning, Juan fingered the badge. "What is this unpleasantness about rustling?"

"Oh, you know how it is. Zeke Jones and Dude Cook down on Alkali Creek had a few head stray off—and first thing you know there's a big rustler scare. Nothing to it."

Juan said he was glad to hear that. Yawning, he stood up. "I think Diablo and I will go home and take a little *siesta."*

"You cannot do that," Rosita said. "You are sheriff now. You must stay in the office and see that no one breaks the law."

Juan unpinned the badge. "Then I do not want to be sheriff."

Rosita fastened the badge again to Juan's shirt and snapped, "Do not talk nonsense. For years I have tried to make you take a responsible job. Now that you have one, you must work hard, then perhaps we can be married."

"But, Rosita—"

Rosita took Murdock's arm. "Come, we will leave Juan to his work."

"Certainly," Murdock agreed. "Do your best, sheriff—and always remember, you're a Fresh Starter!"

"How could I forget?" Juan muttered, then put his feet up on the desk and went to sleep.

HE had a pleasant dream. He was just about to write into the statute books a very wise law making work of any kind a criminal offense, when he was roughly awakened by a hand shaking his shoulder.

"Sheriff Ibáñez! Wake up! There's trouble!"

Pete Riley, taciturn owner of the How Many Saloon, was standing over him, his face red with anger. Juan blinked.

"Big-Fist McGurk is roarin' drunk and tryin' to wreck my saloon!"

Thoughtfully Juan rolled a cigarette. "That is too bad."

"Are you just going to sit there?" Riley demanded.

"What do you want me to do?" Juan demanded reluctantly.

"Arrest Big-Fist!"

"*Bueno.* Bring him to the jail and I will arrest him."

Riley grunted contemptuously. "A fine sheriff you are! Are you afraid of him?"

"Juan Ibáñez is afraid of no one!"

"Then do your duty."

Reluctantly Juan crossed the street through the gathering dusk. The sound of shots inside the saloon brought him to a sudden halt. Two men burst through the swinging doors and bolted down the street. A coarse voice roared, "Yippee—I'm a ring-tailed, curly-haired lobo an' this is my night to howl!"

Riley gave Juan a shove. "Go arrest him."

Juan suddenly found himself standing inside the saloon in a shambles of shattered tables and chairs. In the middle of the room, a half-empty bottle in one hand, a six-gun in the other, stood Big-Fist McGurk.

"Well, if it ain't the new sheriff!" McGurk howled. "You looking for trouble?"

"I never have to look for trouble," Juan said, swallowing the saddle blanket that had got caught in his throat.

"Well, I do!" Big-Fist pointed his gun uncertainly at the long mirror behind the bar. "It's bad luck to bust mirrors, ain't it? Let's see if this'll bring me any bad luck."

The gun exploded. "My mirror!" Riley groaned.

"Gonna arrest me now, sheriff?" Big-Fist asked.

"Perhaps," Juan said timidly, "you should give me your gun before you hurt yourself with it."

"I'll give it to you, all right," Big-Fist roared, raised his arm and threw the pistol at Juan's head.

Juan ducked. Big-Fist charged him, fists swinging. Juan turned to run, but in his haste he stumbled. Big-Fist launched a kick at his ear. Juan lurched to one side to dodge it, then straightened up.

The top of his head caught Big-Fist under the chin with considerable force. Groggily Juan stumbled backward. He heard an amazed voice exclaim, "Gosh-a-mighty! Would you look what he done to Big-Fist!"

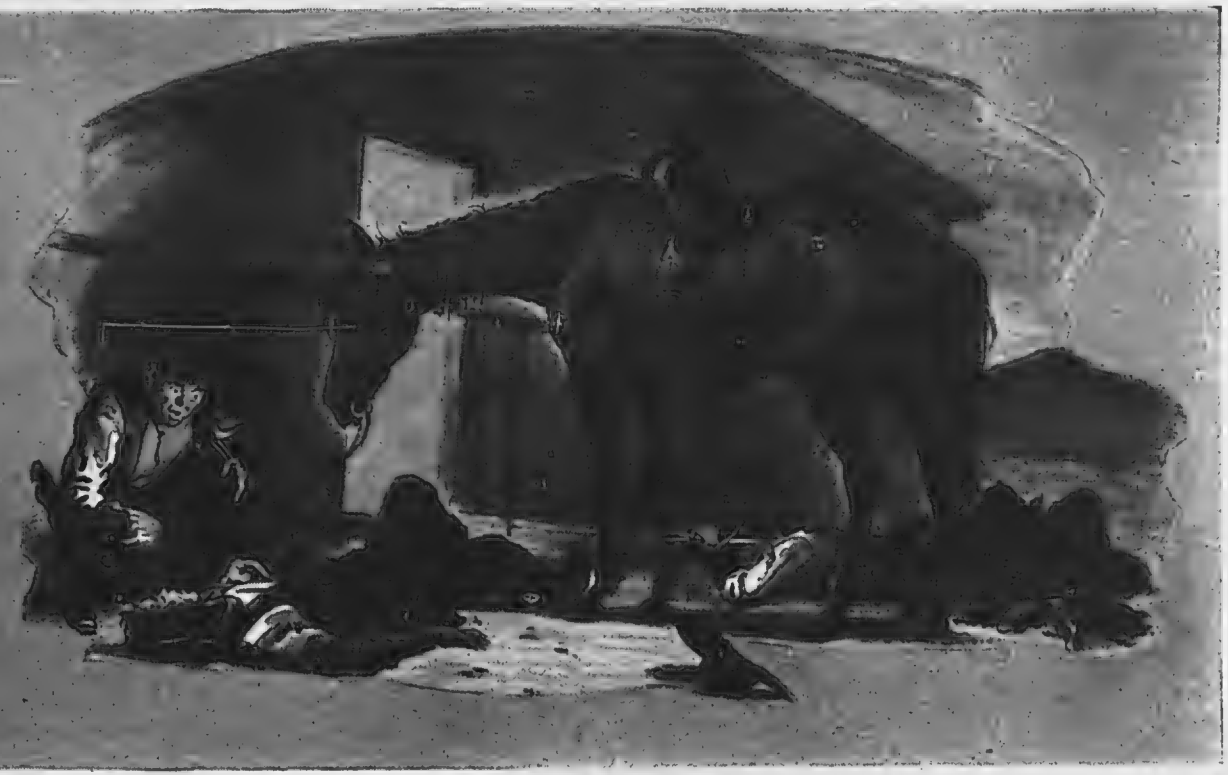
Juan was surprised to find the cowboy stretched out on the floor, limp as a wet cigarette paper. Pete Riley clapped Juan on the shoulder.

"Nice work, sheriff—you sure laid him out cold!"

"Done it so fast," an onlooker chimed in, "that I never even seen it!"

"Hey," Riley called out, "a couple of you boys carry Big-Fist over to the jail. You keep him locked up, Juan, till he pays for the damage to my saloon."

(Continued on page 71)



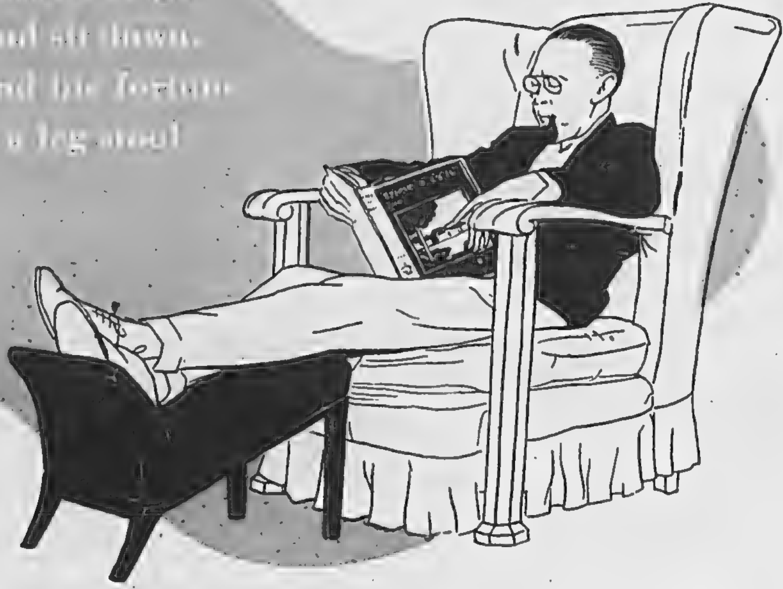
He found Diablo standing with head lowered, pawing at something on the ground. Kneeling, Juan discovered that it was the unconscious body of a man.

"All I can say is" declared Perkins as he turned his sheriff's badge over to Juan, "this country is in for the doggonedest crime wave it ever seen"

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

Both Feet Off the Ground

When big business told Percy Hood to go home and sit down, he did — to find his fortune resting on a leg stool



READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

EVERY night, in every part of the country, thousands of pairs of tired feet are raised in grateful salute to a man who didn't know he was licked a dozen years ago.

Percy Watt Hood, then vice-president in charge of sales of the Timken Detroit Axle Company, was licked, all right. The first blow was the 1929 stock-market crash. Then, in 1932, Mr. Hood was retired. He was sixty years old, and modern selling has to be managed—as anyone under forty-five can tell you—by young men.

Hood was sure he had ample reserves of mind and muscle to continue at work. He still had a little money in the bank. Then, in 1933, the banks failed.

Too old to work. Too broke to retire. Somebody recommended an old homestead in tidewater Virginia, where paying guests were modestly accommodated, and there the Hoods went. They have been there ever since: Gloucester Court House, Virginia. There, Percy Hood sat down to think things over. His hostess invited him to prop up his feet on an old leg stool.

Leg stool? Hood put his feet back on the floor and studied the amazing contraption. It was graceful looking, but of a shape to defy definition. It was an upholstered bench with the front legs of a beagle and the hind legs of a mastiff, which gave it a decided slant, cunningly calculated to provide restful elevation to the human leg and foot.

His hostess explained. It was a family heirloom dating back all of 150 years.

Hood lifted his legs back to the stool's embrace. It supported them from calf to heel at the precise angle and at just the right elevation to make a man forget he had feet. It

* * *

WORRY CLINIC

At last, reputable personal-advice agencies to which average citizens can take their troubles

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

EVEN without the Phi Beta Kappa key on her trim suit, everything about Mrs. M. proclaimed her competence. Yes, she was a lawyer, but she needed advice.

"You see," she told the worker at a Consultation Center in New York, "I don't know how to get my husband out of the doldrums." He was moody, withdrawn, impatient. In the office which they shared, he devoted himself to academic legal hairsplitting, while she had the burden of all the practical problems both there and at home.

In the course of subsequent conferences it appeared that there was a deep, genuine love between Mr. and Mrs. M. Each drew an equal salary from the partnership, and each contributed equally to all expenses.

Mrs. M. had been the oldest of seven children. With the death of both parents, she had taken things into her capable hands. Mr. M., on the other hand, had been the only child of a doting widowed mother. When Mr. and Mrs. M. married and established their law office, Mrs. M. continued to run things, and Mr. M. began to feel inadequate, and to retreat from reality.

The worker at the Center made Mrs. M. see that by relieving her husband of life's minor burdens, she was imposing upon him the much heavier burden of uselessness. Gradually Mr. M. began to take over the practical work of bond issues, real-estate closings, and the administration of estates, to cope with the radio repairman, parent-teacher meetings, and the family budget. Mrs. M. went on with her work at the office, but she resigned as Mrs. God.

In February, 1942, the Jewish Family Service Association, which had been counseling the underprivileged since 1874, expanded its program in New York City to include families and individuals on every economic level. In 1943, five more agencies entered the field with fee-almost made him forget he had troubles. Here was an asset to bodily comfort that automatically provided ease of mind; the product of a bygone age, dedicated to good living, which had been shoved aside and forgotten by the hurry-up generations.

Hood decided that he and his wife might just as well stay on in Gloucester County, where a man can rake himself a mess of oysters or clams, catch a string of fish or a sack of big blue crabs with less effort than it takes a city dweller to visit a delicatessen. But, modest as their ménage had to be, a Gloucester leg stool was an essential. The owner of the relic permitted Hood to borrow it, and with the help of the local manual-training teacher he made an exact replica of the stool, using foam rubber instead of horsehair padding.

Friends came from the outer turmoil of America, frightened, worried people who propped up their legs on "Hoody's" stool as they advised him the world was going to pot. Pretty soon, under the leg stool's influence, their talk took a happier turn. They went away wishing they had a Gloucester leg stool, and so Hood contrived some more replicas as gifts to a favored few.

And to the homes of the new leg-stool owners came other taut-nerved visitors singing the dirge of the times. They had to have a leg stool; and one day Percy Watt Hood found himself with thirty-four requests for those queer high-haunched benches. He was in business.

His first shop was in the loft of an old barn, where, with much the same tools as the eighteenth-century craftsmen employed, Hood fashioned the frames from solid mahogany. The upholstery was furnished on contract by professionals, but Hood specified that hand-wrought nails be used in the finishing.

By Walter Karig

He figured the cost, added a thumping good profit, and shipped out his first commercial production. Each of those thirty-four in the original batch produced from one to a dozen new orders.

Today the Gloucester Leg Stool Shop is located in a shrubbery-encircled one-story store building just across the Gloucester Court House village green. The neighborhood has not changed much since the debtors' prison was built in 1742. Two other reproductions of colonial furnishings have been added to the shop's output —the "little seat," a two-passenger fireside sofa and a side table. But the business is not wholly devoted to copying the antique; Hood and his recently acquired partner, a former naval officer, Roger Moorman, have invented a modern armchair with an adjustable back. It, too, is made by the ancient handicraft technique.

Well, you might say, they can't make an awful lot of furniture by those methods. And Hood says, Right you are! For one does not acquire a leg stool or a "little seat" just by planking down money ($24 if you supply the upholstery material; about $30 if you don't) and leaving a shipping address. The only customers Hood accepts are those who are introduced by leg-stool owners.

By this process of introduction, famous people have become proud owners of leg stools.

The shop's capacity is just about one leg stool per working day, and maybe one per month of the larger articles. Department stores have besought Hood to turn out his products in quantity for general sale. This he refuses even to contemplate. Why, good Lordy, a leg stool isn't just a piece of furniture! It is an asset to the serenity of a particular person whose worthiness to become one of the 3,000 leg-stool owners has been vouched for!

Today Percy Watt Hood is prosperous, contented, and busy, and twenty years younger than when Big Business told him to go park his feet elsewhere. He did—on a leg stool.

THE END

* * *

paying programs; and in 1944, seven more.

Today there are more than 200 Family Service agencies functioning all over the country. According to the estimate of the Family Service Association, these agencies served more than 210,000 families, or about 700,000 individuals, during 1945. Less than 25 per cent of these asked for financial assistance. All the rest wanted advice in connection with personal and family problems. There was Mr. L., a hardheaded business man. He was disappointed in his six-year-old son David, and came to a counseling center in Chicago for help.

The boy's mother pampered him. The father whipped him. Who was right?

The counselor suggested that they try to discover what caused David's behavior. It came out that Mr. L. resented being involved in what he called "the whole mess."

After some adroit planting of ideas, Mr. L. himself said, "Of course the home and the child belong to both of us, so I suppose we should both work on them together."

With both parents "working together," David became a more secure, better-balanced child.

All the consultants are highly trained, with specialized study in psychology and wide social experience. The fee ranges anywhere from one dollar to five dollars, depending on the client's income.

Mrs. R. was a retired schoolteacher of sixty-five, intelligent and disciplined, who wanted—so she said—the name of a home for the aged, where she could pay her own way.

The consultant was not taken in by the matter-of-factness with which Mrs. R. spoke of her dead husband and married children. Behind that control was a heartbreaking hunger to be loved and needed. The counselor aided her to discover a nursery school where she could work with children, and Mrs. R. postponed indefinitely all thought of a home for the aged.

It is difficult for an untrained person to see his problems objectively. That is what the counselor guides a client to do.

A young corporal, deciding to surprise his girl friend with his homecoming, surprised himself instead. She was not on his mother's Pennsylvania chicken farm, where he had left her, but had taken a job in the city, sharing an apartment with a friend whom he disliked. He loved the girl, but could he trust her in the future when with his mother's connivance she had flouted his wishes?

By Pauline Bloom

It soon came out that his girl was several inches taller than he, and that his mother was taller too—both "flouting and disobeying" him.

With the two key words, flouting and disobeying, the counselor could open the door to a deeper understanding. After a while he himself said, yes, it was probably his bristling pride which caused all the trouble. After he saw the underlying reason for his resentment, he admitted his girl had a right to live wherever it was most convenient for her, and that he had no real reason for distrust.

The Consultation Centers receive clients from a wide variety of sources. Forty-four per cent come through veteran organizations, hospitals, Y's and various other community services. Twenty-six per cent come back with new problems. Nineteen per cent are recommended by doctors, ministers, lawyers, or schoolteachers. Eleven per cent learn about the counseling service through newspaper or radio publicity, or friends. An inquiry to the Family Service Association of America, 122 East 22d Street, New York City (the national, nondenominational co-ordinating agency), will bring a prompt reply with the address of the nearest counseling service office.

THE END

SHORT BUT

By Stanley de Treville

Easy on the syrup! The maple tree does not choose to run unless conditions are just right

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

NOT long ago a grizzled woodsman plunked himself down at the counter of a Vermont small-town diner and ordered a stack of wheats. In due time the pancakes arrived, and the old-timer, liberally flooding them with syrup, set to work. With his first mouthful he almost choked. "My Gawd, gal! What kinda syrup is this? Tastes like ya been tappin' an almond tree." The flustered girl behind the counter turned red and offered profuse apologies. They just hadn't been able to get real maple syrup, she vowed.

It was astonishing to hear a statement like that in Vermont, whose name is associated as closely with maple products as ham is with eggs. But a little investigating proved its truth. The fact is that those hardy maple trees are as temperamental as any diva who ever cracked a note behind the footlights. If the temperature isn't just to their liking, they won't perform. If the weather turns too warm, the sap refuses to run; and if the mercury stays too low, the sap remains frozen and can't run.

The ideal sugar weather is crisp cold nights alternated with warm sunshine. The 1945 season was the poorest in the history of the maple-sugar industry, producing only 991,000 gallons of syrup as compared with an average annual output of 2,612,000 gallons. This was the result of an unseasonable hot spell in March that caused the sap to stop running much earlier than usual. Then 1946 rolled around and it wasn't much better, Vermont weather registering 20 below zero one week and soaring to a sizzling 70 above the next. As a result, many farmers could not even get their trees tapped before the sap had ceased to flow.

At best the sugar season is short, usually lasting from about the middle of March to the middle of April, although the dates vary widely, depending upon the weatherman's caprice. Sugar making has been known to start as early as the last week in February, or as late as the first week in April. But this is not the whole story, for the trees usually choose to perform only about half of this time, and the farmer is lucky if he gets really good runs on more than three or four days. One old-time Vermonter certainly hit the nail on the head when he described the sugar season as being "short but sweet."

However, the maple tree has its good qualities too, not the least of which is its long life. Many a tree still delivering sap today looked down on the battles fought between the Indians and the early white settlers. A cross section of a maple cut down a few years ago bore the marks of over 100 years of tapping. First came the cuts made with axes or tomahawks, then later the large holes into which the wooden spouts were driven, and finally the seven-sixteenths-of-an-inch holes for the modern metal spouts.

NOBODY knows for sure when the first maple sugar was made, but the art was known to the Indians more than 270 years ago. Squirrels are very fond of the sweet maple sap and often bite holes in the bark to obtain it. It's quite possible that some sharp-eyed Indian, observing this, decided to try some himself and so discovered the delicacy. Early records show that they used to nick the trees with knife or tomahawk and then insert a reed through which the sap flowed to a bark or clay receptacle. Large storage tanks, some capable of holding 100 gallons of sap, were constructed of elm bark. Boiling the sap was accomplished by dropping hot stones into the colorless liquid until it thickened into syrup or eventually became sugar. These crude methods were copied by the white settlers, improved, and finally the modern evaporators in use today were evolved.

In the early days cane sugar was a luxury few New Englanders could afford, and maple sugar took its place. There was no outside market for the maple products and the early settler made only enough to satisfy his own needs. But times have changed. Maple sugar is now the luxury item. Molded into various shapes and attractively packaged, it is finding a ready sale wherever it is offered.

Most of the maple crop leaves the farm in the form of syrup. Before the start of the season the large maple dealers send fifty-gallon metal drums to the farmers to be filled and returned. The dealer pasteurizes this syrup and puts it up in small containers, or processes it into sugar. Formerly the sugar was sold in twenty-five-pound tubs or in brick form, but nowadays soft or granulated maple sugar is usually packed in half-pound to five-pound

The farmer brings the sap to a boiling-house, where it is pasteurized. Most farmers don't have pasteurizing equipment and must turn it over to a dealer for processing.

SWEET

tins. Maple cream, the most refined form of pure maple, is merchandized in many styles of containers, varying from a few ounces to two or three pounds, and packed in glass or waxed-paper cartons. The popular novelty containers in the form of miniature log cabins or oxcarts disappeared during the war, and are only now beginning to stage a slow comeback.

Contrary to a widespread belief, Vermont does not have a monopoly in the output of maple products. But Vermont does top the list of twenty-six states engaged in supplying this sweet, and we import another 10 per cent from the Province of Quebec, Canada.

Department of Agriculture figures show that, averaged over a five-year period, the number of trees tapped annually in the United States is 11,486,200. Actually, this is a very small number of trees to fill the ever increasing demand for maple products. If all of the sap gathered from these trees were boiled down into sugar, it would equal only about six tenths of 1 per cent of the amount of cane and beet sugar grown in the United States alone. And, of course, all of it doesn't go into the manufacture of sugar. Part of it is sold as syrup, some is made into candy, and a considerable portion of the poorer grades is used to flavor certain tobaccos.

CONSIDERING these facts, it is easy to see why the grocer's shelves aren't more heavily stocked with maple products, and why much so-called "maple-syrup" is actually cane syrup with just enough maple added to give it a flavor.

Even if the farmers set out to enlarge their output by planting more trees, it would be a long time before any appreciable increase would be noticed. Maple trees develop slowly: it requires forty years for a maple to reach the stage suitable for tapping, and another forty years to attain its peak productivity. Coupled with this is the fact that even a good tree will yield only about eight to ten gallons of sap during the season, or enough to make just about one quart of syrup or two pounds of sugar. Thus, if all the syrup produced in this country were divided equally among our 140,000,000 inhabitants, we would each have barely enough to douse over one good-sized griddle cake about once a year.

THE END

PHOTOS BY EL GOCKELER

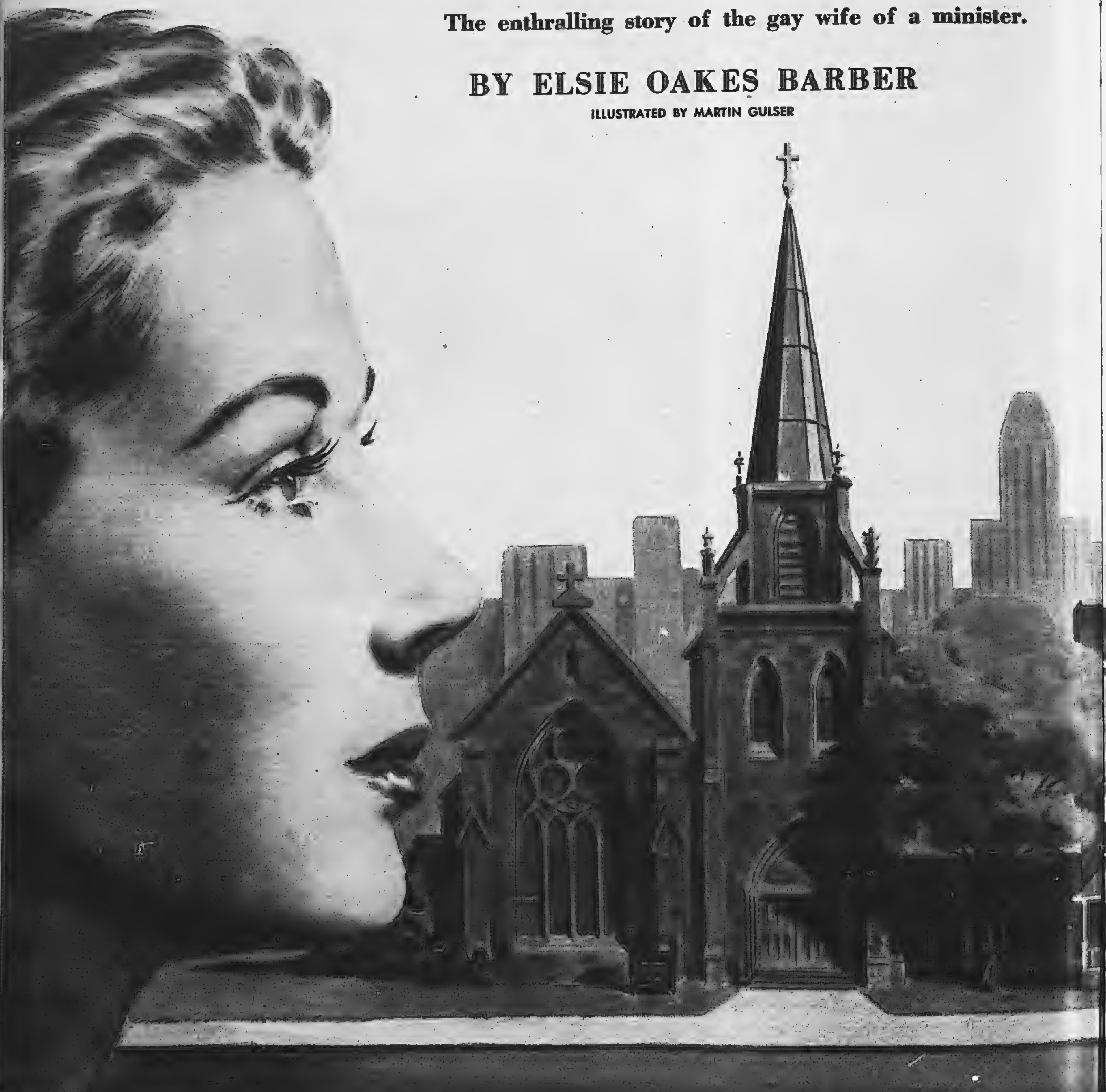
Sap is drawn into buckets. Too-warm weather keeps sap from running; cold may freeze it. Sap is poured into fifty-gallon tanks. Average annual crop is 2,612,000 gallons.

The Wall Between

Christy's honeymoon ended before the barrier of a world she could not understand — her husband's world. The enthralling story of the gay wife of a minister.

BY ELSIE OAKES BARBER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER



THE middle of the city of New Hampton, Connecticut, at the beginning of September wasn't much of a place to bring a bride, especially a bride like Christy. Mark had been suspecting as much for the last hundred miles. He was acutely aware of it now as he let the old roadster stop just beyond the church.

"This is it, Christy. Welcome home," he said.

Christy said nothing.

Mark gazed at "home" with suddenly unveiled eyes. Last year, when he had lived here alone in one room of the parsonage, it had seemed convenient to be downtown like this, with a lunchroom within the block and Willie Adams' parking lot across the street. He had been happy that first year at the Good Tidings. He hadn't thought much about the parsonage then; but now as a husband he saw that it was quite ugly—three thin stories high of dirty brick, broken up in front by a gingerbread, gabled porch. And the whole street was shoddy, he noticed, save for the church.

At the thought of the church Mark was caught in an upsurge of love and pride. It was a gem of modified French Gothic design in great gray stones, etched in summer with ivy. At the front, above the wide carved wooden doors rose the bell tower, and now Mark's eyes searched above the tower to the cross.

You could see that cross from anywhere for blocks around—in the morning, black against the blue, or on a summer's twilight with the half-moon behind it, or in winter crowned by snow. Mark had told Christy about this, trying to share with her his secret spring of strength; but she hadn't understood at all—she had only been embarrassed. He leaned back in the leather seat and sighed.

Christy was thinking: I've come home at last; I've come home and I don't know it—except Mark says this is it. She was thinking, too, of how she, Christy Allen, now Gardner, came to be here in this miserable place at all. It made so little sense, in a way, that she should be a minister's wife.

She had met Mark at a dance at Smith. She was waltzing with Van, who bored her, when she saw Mark standing against the wall. He was taller, older, more vividly alive than anyone else there. She stared at him too long, for when the dance was over he came toward her, smiling. She didn't know he was a minister until after that, and then it was too late. When she went home for the April vacation she told her mother she was going to marry Mark. Liz protested coolly, reasonably, "I suppose he's wonderful; but, Christy, you don't know anything about being a minister's wife. I mean, your father and I didn't believe in that sentimental sort of thing. Why, we never went to church except

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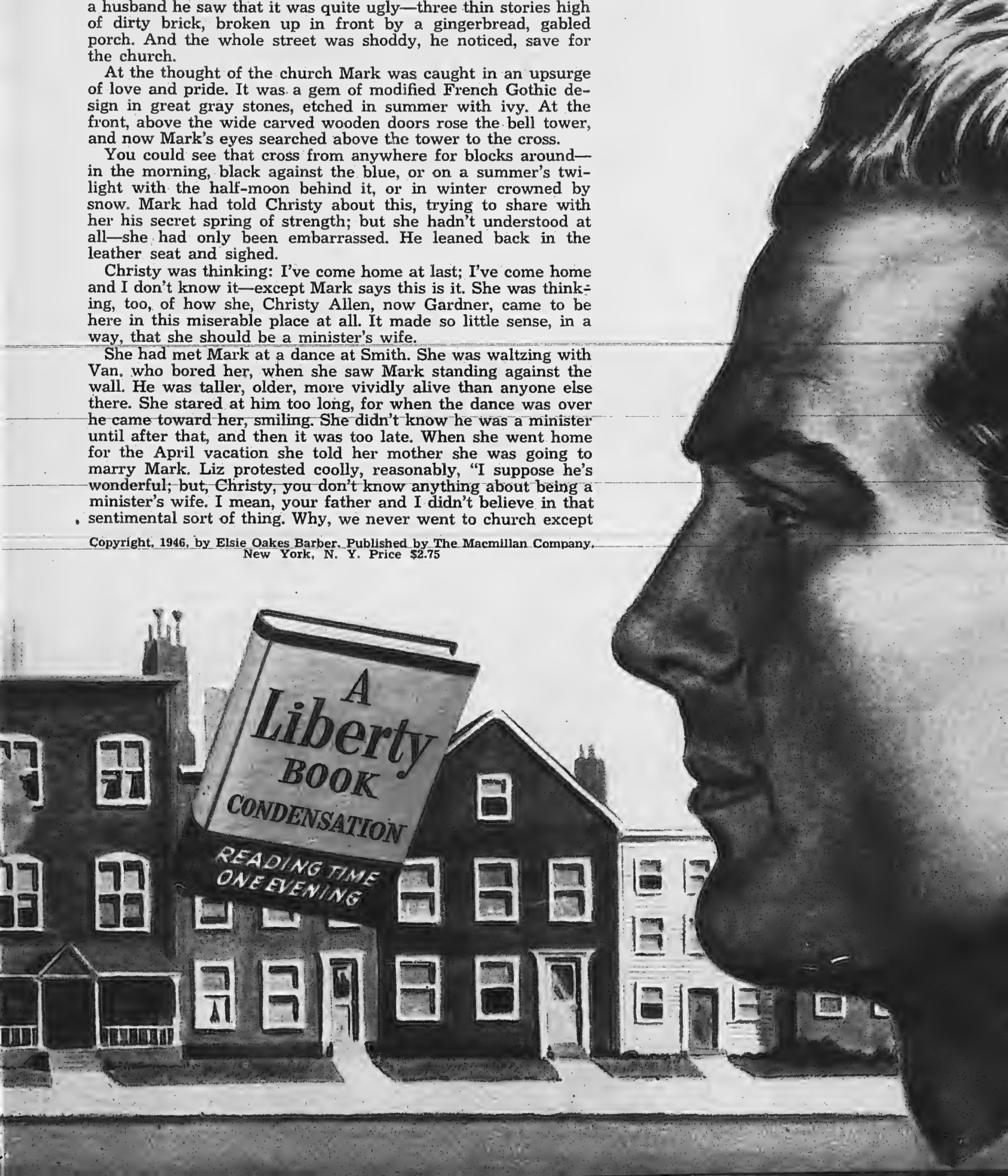

sometimes on Easter, and then it was to—"

"I know," Christy broke in gayly. "Then it was to see the Spring hats. But, Liz, I'm not marrying the church, I'm marrying Mark!"

Knowing objection would be pointless, Liz said the tritest thing she could think of: "If that's what you want, Christy, your father and I hope you will be very happy." But she had no conviction.

Christy's thoughts returned to her present surroundings: This can't be it. You ought to love your first home right off. But I don't. I hate it.

At last she turned to Mark and said flatly: "The church is very lovely, Mark." She was being a rotten sport, and she hated herself for it.

Mark noticed for the thousandth time how her bright hair curled around her ears, and how her blue eyes could be almost dark with trouble as they were dark now. He saw, sharply, how young she was—twenty-one, six years younger than himself; and that could be an eon.

He climbed out and began rummaging in the rumble seat for their suitcases. Christy knelt in the car seat and began to gather hats, coats, and sweaters. It was then she saw the sign: "The Church of the Good Tidings. Reverend Mark E. Gardner, Minister. Sunday School, 9:45 P.M." And something collapsed inside of her, the end of her girlhood and her honeymoon and the end of her ownership of Mark.

THEY stepped inside the parsonage and Mark let his bags clatter to the floor. He pulled her roughly against him and kissed her hard. He said, unsteadily: "Welcome home, Baby, I hope you'll be very happy. I'll try to make you so, I promise." Christy kissed him back with all the vehemence of her longing to get close to him again.

When he opened the door into the living room, she stood still before what she saw. The room was ready and waiting to the least detail. Her furniture, selected so happily three hundred miles away, was all in place: Aunt Mel's Grant Woods, the cherry-wood mirror, the neutral linen draperies. And she resented it all, because she was made more a stranger in her own house.

But Mark was thrilled.

"Golly, Chris, this was a handsome thing for the ladies to do! I told you they loved you, Chris, already." He laughed happily and stooped to pick up a card tucked under a bowl of white asters on the coffee table. He read with pride: " 'Welcome home to the Reverend and Mrs. Mark Gardner. We wish you happiness.' What do you think of that, Christy? Nice, isn't it?"

She replied petulantly: "It was very nice of them, of course. Tomorrow I'll just move a few things around my own way."

Mark said quietly: "You can't start off that way, Chris. You can't insult the women of the church. They can make or break you. They want to love you. Give them a fair chance. After all, they did a beautiful job here."

"I'm sorry, Mark. But this is my house, isn't it?"

Mark smiled suddenly. "Generally speaking, it's yours. Look, Christy, I guess there are a few things I should have told you ages ago. For instance, you marry a lot of people when you marry a minister. I'm sorry this home-coming wasn't pleasant for you, but I— Oh, Christy!" He broke off and started toward her.

There was nothing she wanted more just then than his arms around her. But she drew back, saying, "Not now, Mark—it's too hot."

The baffled hurt in his eyes would have sent her flying to him had not the telephone rung behind her. She picked up the receiver. "Hello."

The voice on the other end was smeared with crying. "Please may I speak to Mr. Gardner?" Silently she handed Mark the phone.

To that sobbing voice Mark was reassuring. "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Collins. I'll come at once."

Because she was so frightened Christy protested sharply, "No, Mark, not tonight."

He didn't face her. "I'm sorry, Christy, but they need me. A man is dying."

She put her hand on his shoulder as if to keep him there. He took it and rubbed his cheek against it. "You don't tell death when and where to come," he said. "Mr. Collins doesn't want to die—not many of us ever do. But he wants me to be with his family for a little while, and I must go."

She said: "I don't understand these things, Mark. But it's all right, of course; I'll be here when you come home."

He kissed her quickly. "Thanks, Baby."

HE was gone. A wave of loneliness engulfed her. This was not a loneliness sprung up just because Mark was not here. It was far more devastating than that. She knew now that there were places in Mark that she could not reach, that there were remote places in herself that he could not penetrate.

There was a wall between them, a wall of not-knowing, not-understanding.

She wandered out to the kitchen and leaned on the window sill, thinking. The whole success of her marriage depended on her growing big enough to bridge or break that wall. It would take a long, long time; but she had time, and she had love, and she could learn patience and whatever else was necessary.

She opened the refrigerator door. There was a pitcher of iced tea, butter, peaches, eggs, milk, and a roast chicken. These, she realized to her humble relief, she did not resent in the least. In the breadbox there was a cake and a box of cookies.

As Christy nibbled at a cookie she heard a sound behind her—a small crack, like the opening of a door. Her back stiffened. She turned slowly.

The old man stood in the open door. He was small and wizened, and everything about him seemed to sag. His mouth drooped half open. His whiskers and hair were shaggy. But it was his eyes that drew Christy. Pale and watery, they had at the moment an almost luminous intensity that made them and his colorless face sinister.

Now his mouth spread into a weird grin. He stepped into the kitchen and closed the door behind him. "Wife?" he asked, his voice shrill.

Christy swallowed a scream. "I'm Mrs. Gardner if that's what you mean. But my husband isn't home."

The peculiar grin widened. "Ah-h!"

Christy summoned her scattering

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courage. "I don't believe I know you. Do you belong to the church?"

"Janitor." His big hands smoothed together. His pale eyes still wandered up and down her body, and she shuddered.

"I'm very tired. Perhaps if you went now you could come back in the morning and see Mr. Gardner then."

"Don't want to. Want to see you. Beautiful woman. Beautiful woman but scared." He licked his lips.

Christy felt sick. She said, "I wish you would go now."

"No." Like a cat, he moved across the room to her. His hand gripped her arm. He put his face close to hers. He was whining: "Be friends. You and me. Eh?"

Christy jerked clear and broke into a run, through the dining room, the hall; but the old man was behind her. As she screamed, the front door opened and Mark entered. She was in his arms immediately.

"Why, hello, Shad!" he exclaimed heartily. "What are you doing here? Been scaring my wife?"

"Oh, no, sir," the old man chanted sweetly. "I saw the kitchen window open and I didn't know you were back, sir, so I just came over to shut it."

Christy switched on the lights and stared at him. What she saw now was a little, shabby old man, pathetic but with no trace of evil.

Old Shad bowed politely. "Good night, mam. Good night, sir. I hope you will be happy here."

"Good night, Shad," Mark replied lightly. "Thanks."

The old man slipped silently away.

MARK'S arms shut about Christy again.

"Come on, Baby, I'm going to carry you upstairs, and while you take your bath I'll locate some supper."

She nestled down in his arms. At the top of the stairs she remembered. "Did he die, Mark?"

"Yes, Christy, ten minutes after I got there."

When they were eating their supper of chicken sandwiches she said, "Mark, your people must love you. They did so much for you—all the furniture, and this food."

"For us. Our people," he corrected.

"Not yet, Mark. I'll have to earn my way."

"If they love me, they'll have to love you, too. You'll be wonderful."

"But, Mark, the going away—" She spoke in a rush. "You do go away, Mark, sometimes. You have places where I can't follow. That sign says, 'Reverend Mark E. Gardner, Minister.' I don't know him at all, Mark. I don't know anything about the church or religion or men dying. It's as though there were something between us, a wall, and I can't get around it. Oh, Mark!"

Mark held her hands tightly, and his voice was strong and tender. "Christy, darling! It's like that with everybody, didn't you know? There's a wall between any two people. That's part of our being different. There are places and thoughts and dreams where we shouldn't try to trespass. Breaking down those walls is the essence of getting close to people and loving them, but it's hard and dangerous going. Why, Christy, I don't know you either." He paused. "All I know is that I love you; and for now that's enough."

In the March 29 issue

OUR OWN KIND

By

Edward McSorley

•

The story of an old man's dream for his grandson—a novel as rich in humor, pathos, and understanding as any you will come upon

A FULL-LENGTH BOOK

abridged to a reading time of one evening

"But I want—" She began.

Mark had stood up. "It's late," he said, "and I have a sermon to finish tomorrow."

NEXT morning Christy wrote out her shopping list and headed down the hall for her coat and purse. Then the doorbell's clang froze her to a stop.

When she opened the door she was met by an overpowering scent of jasmine. The short, plump woman before her must have been drenched in it. Everything about her was done in cheap superlatives, too much rouge, too many feathers on her hat, too many ruffles on the purple dress, too many inches on her spike heels.

Christy, appalled and fascinated, said: "Good morning. I'm Mrs. Gardner. Can I help you?"

"Oh, my dear! I'm Mrs. Fields. I'm so devoted to your beautiful husband—he is beautiful, isn't he? Of course you think so, you married him." She poked Christy meaningfully with one plump elbow. "Well, dearie, I've come to look at you. H'm-m, you are pretty!"

Christy cleared her throat. "Well, I—" But she was being expertly propelled backward into her own living room while the caller went on, high-winded like a whistling tea-kettle. "My dear, you are too pretty really—for a minister's wife, that is."

The darting bird eyes were scrutinizing her. Then, quite suddenly, they shifted. "Now I want to see your things."

Mrs. Fields examined the living room minutely. "I suppose it's nice stuff you've got here. Pretty expensive too, a little uppity for a reverend's salary. I guess your papa did better, and you're not used to that yet, eh?" Her eyes flashed over her hostess. "Well, I'll be going now. Bye-bye, dearie."

At the door Christy released a sigh of relief, but the woman had turned in the doorway. She was glaring. "One thing more, Mrs., I don't want you or that beautiful husband of yours interfering with my daughter. Hear me?"

Christy stared at her. "But I don't know your daughter."

"You will. Betsy's been waiting for you. She talks about you and the preacher, and how nice it will be to have you here. She'll have a nice place to go, she says. Her home's not good enough for her. Well, you listen to me, pretty face: She's my daughter, and I'll bring her up the way I want to, and no nosiness from you. You and your fine husband and his damned morals!"

Then the door banged.

CHRISTY let the traffic signal change colors two or three times while she wrestled with a dizzying attack of sheer homesickness. She wanted to speak to someone, to anyone friendly. She saw a car round the corner and back up to drive into Willie Adams' parking space. Willie emerged from his hut and motioned the driver down the lot.

She crossed the street quickly. "I'm Mrs. Gardner from the parsonage. I've come because my husband said you were a friend."

A smile spread slowly across Willie's wide face. His voice boomed out. "Glad to meet you. I've heard all about you from Mr. Mark." He gestured toward the tool chest against the wall of the house. "Climb up there and stay to chat awhile."

Christy climbed nimbly onto the tool chest.

"How do you like it here?" he asked.

She found herself telling him how she had been dismayed first by the parsonage, then by the man dying, and then by her early visitors.

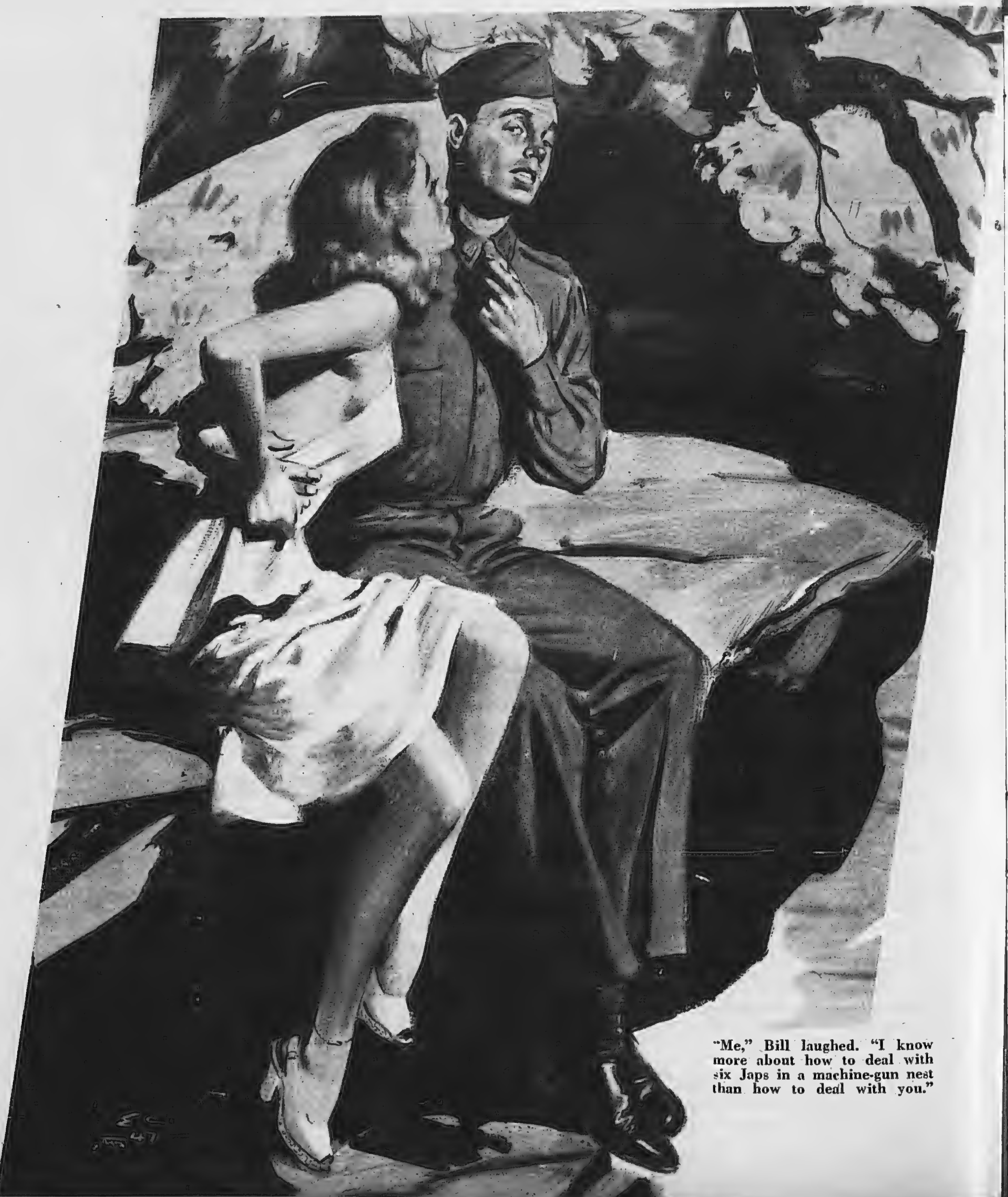
When she had finished the quiet was peaceful between them. Presently Willie said, "I always have a cup of coffee at midmorning. Won't you have one with me? It's all hot, sitting in there on the stove."

Christy admitted that she would love to, and he went inside to get it. She tilted her head against the wall of the hut, her face toward the warmth of the sun and the blue sky that topped the world. And home.

Home reminded her of her father. How distressed he would be to find

(Continued on page 96)

Bill was the only one who didn't know about his passionate affair with the sizzling blonde novelist



"Me," Bill laughed. "I know more about how to deal with six Japs in a machine-gun nest than how to deal with you."

Paradise with Serpent

By Edward Hope

READING TIME • 32 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THREE women on Midi Island, where Captain Bill Willoby is C. O. of the occupying forces, and one girl at home are creating confusion of mind for the conscientious captain. He has promised to be true to Leila Stacy, though her image has been growing a trifle dim. Rozouila, the native princess presented to Bill by Jilouili, the king, and whom he cannot send back for fear of offending, seems less of a problem now that she is installed in a hut of her own. Diana Forrester, attractive sister-in-law of the Rev. Paul Edgett, is handling her job at headquarters with skill while devoting her spare time to her small niece and nephews, as well as to the attentive Lieutenants Sloan, Schmidt, Biggs, and Everly.

Bill's major problem is Angela Toland, a red-haired, green-eyed siren and author of a sexy novel, To Forgive Divine, who is visiting the island, escorted by Major Philip Curwin. Bill has turned over his bungalow to her, but she is taking possession of Willoby himself. She gives a cocktail party for the officers and asks Bill to come back when the others have left. He knows it is unwise to go, but finally decides to do so and make Angela understand that he is determined to be faithful to Leila.

PART IV

IN the bungalow named Old Soldiers' Home, Major Philip Curwin was restless.

It was through no fault of his hosts. They had offered him a brand of bourbon he hadn't seen since he left the States. They had collected about a cubic yard of books and magazines for his diversion. They had apologized for the snores of the drunken medical captain. He wished he could take an interest in them or in anything else.

Blast Angela Toland! She had certainly led him to understand, when they were planning this junket—

And then she had taken one look at Captain Willoby and it had been all over. Why, right this minute—

"Where's Captain Willoby?" he asked Lieutenant Everly.

"I don't know, major. He's got a temporary room over in Mrs. Murphy's — the other bungalow. You could try him on the phone."

The QM officer said, "He stayed in the office, after we left. Said he had work to clean up. The operator will find him—"

"No, thanks. Not important."

Sure. In his office. Or walk over to Angela Toland's bungalow and find him in her arms. She's tired out and he had work to do. Ho!

Major Curwin got up and stretched. He said, "I believe I'll take a stroll. I'm not sleepy, and it's a fine night."

"Better take a flashlight, major," Everly said. "Here you are."

"Thanks."

There was a moon. Philip Curwin was attracted by the sound of bubbling water not far away. He found a small path that led around the bungalow and up the dark wooded slope behind it. With the aid of the flashlight, he followed it.

It was a small torrent, noisy for its size. It splashed and gurgled among its rocks. He was enjoying himself. The feeling of adventure reduced Angela Toland's fickle fancy to a little lump of resentment in the back of his mind. There was a smell of damp earth and fresh greenery, and here and there the heavy perfume of some unseen night-blooming flower. He paused.

It was then that he first heard the girl's voice, singing softly in an island dialect he didn't understand, but there was no mistaking the mood. The voice rose and fell to an accompaniment strummed on a toneless instrument.

He began to climb again, taking care now not to snap twigs underfoot. A few dozen steps brought him to the edge of almost flat ground. He stood still in the shadow.

Across the clearing there was a beehive-thatched native hut. He thought he could make out a squatting figure in the doorway. He stepped out into the moonlight and advanced. The figure in the doorway moved. Major Curwin halted.

"Hello!" he said. "Don't be afraid. I'm a friend. Hel-*lo!*"

He went on, walking more slowly. Half a dozen yards from the black rectangle that was the doorway, he spoke again, but there was no answer. He aimed the flashlight and switched it on.

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

The girl was just inside the hut, frozen in the bright light. She was slender and young, a pretty figure in a green-and-red sarong.

A sudden inspiration came to him. He turned on the flashlight and held it over his own head, pointed down, so that she could see him. He smiled and bowed and made a sweeping gesture with his arm. After a reasonable period he doused the light and went forward.

From the interior, the girl spoke rapidly. Without understanding a word, he knew she was protesting, telling him to go away. He asked, "Do you speak English?"

She burst into speech again more urgently.

It occurred to him she was urging him to leave. He decided he was not going to understand her.

"Don't be afraid," he said again. He beckoned. "Come out here. You."

She appeared in the doorway. She said, "You?"

He stepped forward and took her hand in his. Her left hand. She pulled it swiftly free. With her right, she brought the musical instrument up, swishing it through the air like a club.

"Hey!" Major Curwin protested, giving ground. It looked like an effective weapon. The girl arrested her swing about midway of the wind-up.

He said, "Naughty girl! Mustn't sock the nice major." He shook a reproving finger at her.

SHE pointed toward the path, and said three or four syllables, which he translated freely: "Get the hell out of here then!"

He smiled reassurance. He held the flashlight out. "Look," he said.

He pushed the button and a disk of light appeared on the ground. He snapped the button back. He repeated the action several times.

He said, "Now you do it."

She let him take her small hand. He guided her thumb to the flashlight button and pushed it. The light went on and she gave a little cry. "You," he said again and let her hand go.

Nervously, like a recruit with his first live hand grenade, she pushed the button. She gasped when the light came on, and wiggled the beam gently from side to side. She burst into talk, her words tumbling over each other. She turned the beam on Philip Curwin and laughed when he had to squint.

He moved close to her, took both of her hands, and placed the left one over the light. "Ooo-ah!" she cried, delighted with the pink translucence. He inclined his body so that his shoulder was behind hers. His hand came to rest on the smooth skin of her waist.

The touch brought her out of her preoccupation. She whirled and jabbed him with her elbow. The flashlight fell on the earth and continued to shine. She caught his arm in both hands and pushed him from her. His foot came down on the flashlight. It rolled. He lost his balance and sat down hard.

The light came to rest, illuminating her figure: a study in indignation. She leaned forward, spitting sounds that had little of the usual musical quality of the island language. He deduced that she was saying: (*a*) she was not that kind of girl; (*b*) men are all the same; (*c*) she had known from the start that he was up to no good; and (*d*) if he didn't get out of there, she would have the law on him.

"All right," he said. "All right. I'll go away. You needn't make such a row about it." He got to his feet, dusting his trousers. He retrieved the flashlight. He said, "Don't be so ferocious. I'll see you tomorrow and bring you a present."

He touched his forelock, waved, bowed, and made for the path he had come up. The next time, he would bring an extra flashlight. And candy. He wondered whether he could get hold of some shiny beads.

"SO—you see how it is," Bill said. "We left it that way." His eyes had become accustomed to the dark. He could see Angela Toland beside him, her face upturned.

"But when did you see her last?"

"Oh, it's been a long time. Early in 1943."

She picked up his hand from his knee. She caressed it gently, her palm soft against his. She said, "You poor kid! Who do you think you are? Superman?"

"How do you mean?"

"There *are* natural impulses, you know. You can't just turn them off." Her hands ran up his arm and came to rest on the back of his neck.

"C-can't you?" he said, mastering the shudder. "I think you can. What about m-monks and people?"

"Monks aren't a bit like army officers, darling." She executed a maneuver as swift as something in the Judo course, and his arm that had been between them was out of the way behind her. She was soft and warm against his side.

She was right, of course. You can't turn nature on and off at will.

He turned his head so that his nose was half an inch from hers. She leaned back against his arm. A tremor moved her body.

"Look," he whispered. "I've got to go. I've told you—"

"Of course. I understand, darling. Go along, then."

He lowered his head the requisite fraction of an inch to bring his lips down to hers. Her mouth was soft and yielding.

But he remembered tomorrow and the next day. He would have to face her in the morning. Face her and Major Curwin, and be with her before all his subordinates—be with her, probably, before Diana Forrester. . . .

"Oh, darling!" she murmured, and relaxed.

He achieved what they call Tactical Surprise. Before she understood what he was doing, he was on his feet. Swaying, uncertain of his equilibrium in the dark, but free of her.

He said, "Well, good night."

"Captain *Wil*-lo-by!"

"Give me a ring in the morning, when you want to start out." He abandoned his cap. "Good night," he said again.

TIME OUT

The seers who tell of things to come
Would rate a special bow
If they'd but pause to let us know
What's happening right now.

—Philip Lazarus.

He stumbled against a chair, recovered, and fled. He closed the screen door quietly and went down the sanded path in long strides.

Fortunately the regular denizens of Mrs. Murphy's had retired. He tiptoed into the bathroom. He removed the lipstick with soap.

He wondered whether she would speak to him tomorrow.

SHE did.

She telephoned at half past nine in the morning and asked what plans he had for her. He suggested a drive around the island and said he would call for her in an hour, with box lunches for her and Major Curwin. When she asked, he admitted that the major's seniority would tend to overwhelm him and limit the scope of the expedition, and that they would do better without him.

He called Transportation and told the sergeant he would need a sedan with a driver.

That was Bill's first disposition in the Defense in Depth he had decided upon. Four days stretched to five and a half, and he managed, sometimes by careful planning in advance, sometimes by lightning headwork on the spot, not to be alone with Angela again, until the last evening of her stay. Major Curwin was useful as a buffer, for the novelist was his mission, and he couldn't refuse to give her his attention, on the local commander's request. For some occasions, Bill could arrange to have drivers, guides, and other enlisted men present; they made excellent chaperons. And he could always call on his junior officers as assistants or, better still, as substitutes.

Aside from protecting him from embarrassments, the Defense in Depth was a diverting and sometimes exciting game. One of the rules was that he might not impose a third party simply as a chaperon; he must always be able to adduce a valid reason for another person's presence. It required quick thinking, decision, and initiative.

ANGELA did put in some honest work on her assignment. Bill got First Sergeant O'Brien to introduce her to the entire detachment of enlisted men, and she spent a long day in conversations with all who wanted to talk. She picked up some interesting remarks to quote in her articles, and also acquired more than a dozen letters to sneak past the censors, four telephone calls to make on her return to the States, and several small souvenirs for herself.

She rode an armored car one night on its midnight patrol, and dropped in to inspect each of the six concrete pillboxes the Japs had built and the Americans had cleaned up and taken over, which covered the six possible entrances to the lagoon through the outer coral reef. There were two men in each OP, and she declined nine invitations to stop over and share the duty till O-four-hundred.

What effect her figure, her manner, and her conversation had on the enlisted personnel was never exactly determined. Lieutenant Schmidt always held that it was Angela Toland who made Sex a burning issue on the post, and thus put the final kibosh on the anti-fraternization rules.

For her further edification, Bill took her to call on Jilouili at the royal suburban house.

Woolawei, sober and handsomely dressed in a green loincloth with an elaborate scroll design in sewed-on shells, greeted them obsequiously at the car and led them across to the screened porch.

"Right this way, if you please, moddom," Woolawei said, and she jumped.

They walked between the two heroic wooden images, explicitly male and female, at the front door, and nodded politely to the household god in the entrance hall. Woolawei led them through a bower of ferns and flowers, with palm fronds on the floor. He paused at the door of the sun porch and waved them in.

" 'Is 'Ighnuss," he said.

The king squatted on a cushion before a huge furious wooden face which made a kind of backdrop. In

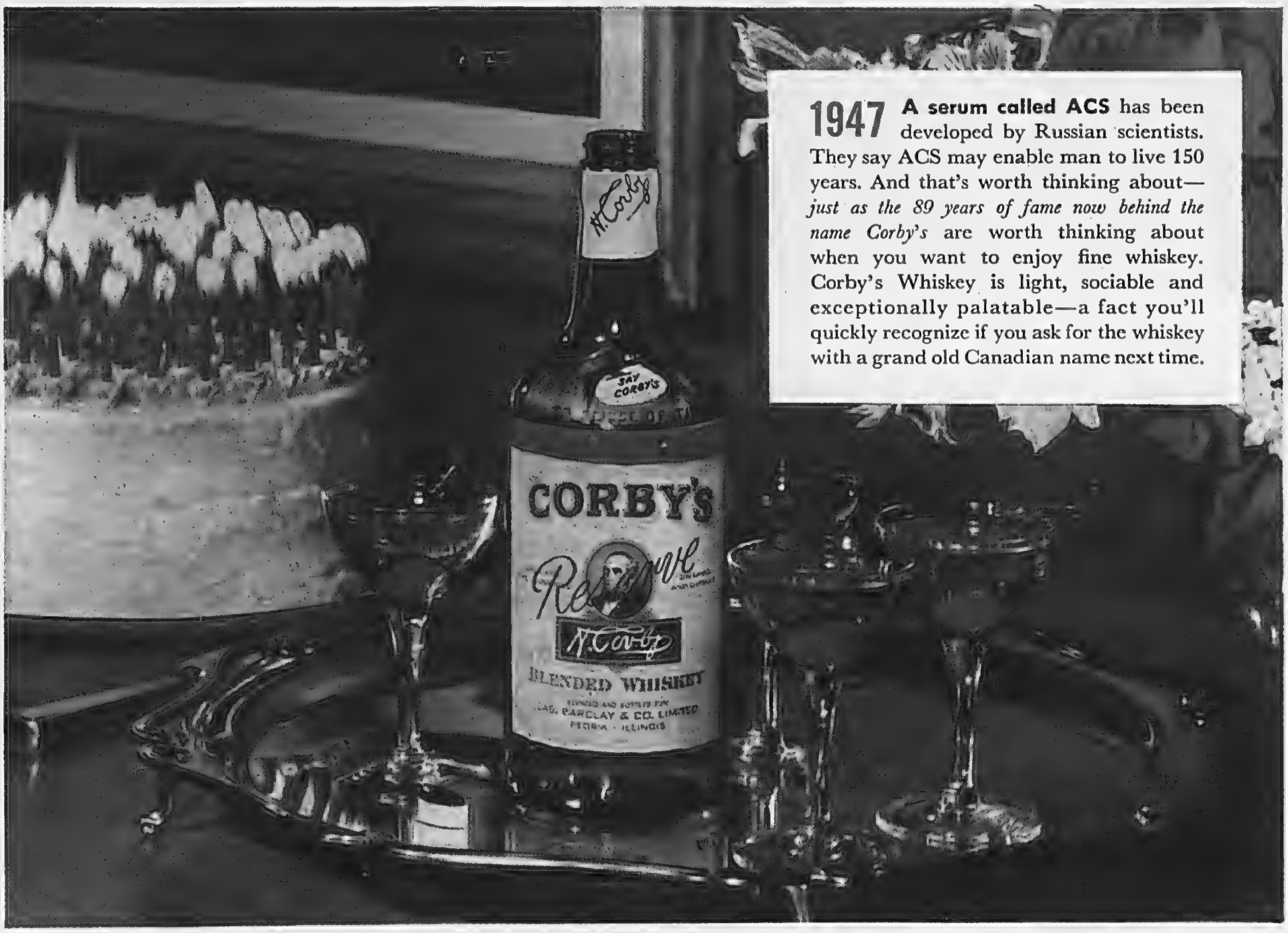
(*Continued on page 78*)

Will you live to be 150?

1850 **Chances are** you'll live much longer than the average man of 1850. His life expectancy was only 40 years. Epidemics raged unchecked because little was known about germs. Preventive medicine was in its infancy in this eighth year before the name Corby's came to Canada.

1900 **Medical research** had helped extend the average man's life to 49 years. Lister had pioneered in antisepsis—Pasteur in anti-toxins. Research was winning the fight against epidemics. (And the name Corby's was entering its 42nd year of Canadian fame.)

1943 **The average man's** life span had been upped to 65. Blood-plasma, sulfa drugs and penicillin were easing man's ills, lengthening his life. Amazing results were being achieved through research all over the world, in this 85th year of Corby's Canadian renown.


H Corby
SAY CORBY'S
CORBY'S
Reserve
H Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA · ILLINOIS

1947 **A serum called ACS** has been developed by Russian scientists. They say ACS may enable man to live 150 years. And that's worth thinking about—*just as the 89 years of fame now behind the name Corby's* are worth thinking about when you want to enjoy fine whiskey. Corby's Whiskey is light, sociable and exceptionally palatable—a fact you'll quickly recognize if you ask for the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name next time.

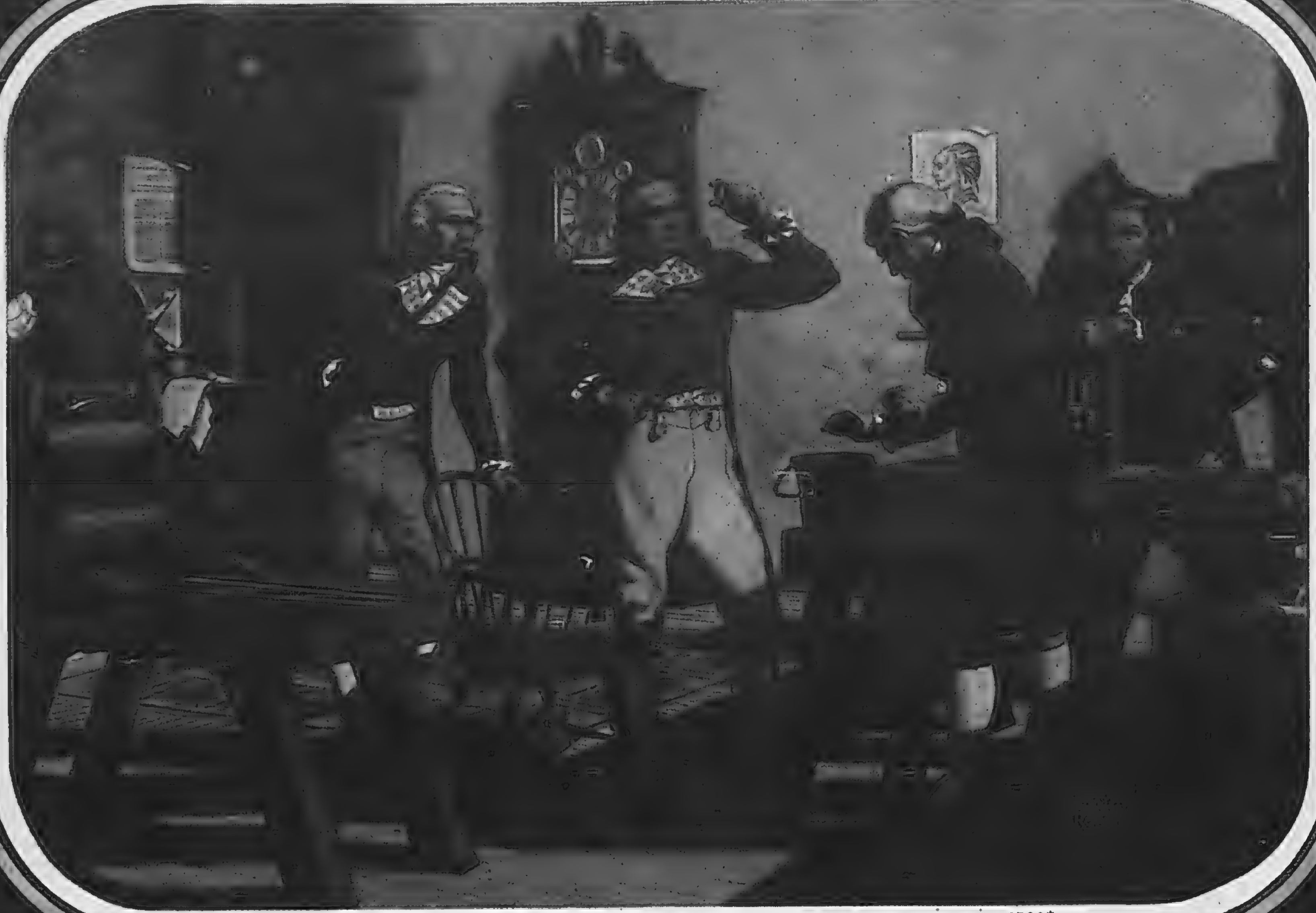
Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.



DIRECTOR OF THE FIRST U. S. MINT INSPECTING INITIAL COINAGE, PHILADELPHIA, 1792*

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky

FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
THE HERITAGE WHISKY
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
Continental Distilling Corporation

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

> *"Upon one side of each of the coins there shall be*
> *an impression emblematic of liberty . . .*
> *upon the reverse . . . the figure of an Eagle . . ."*
> . . . ACT OF CONGRESS, 1792, ESTABLISHING MINT

From the Philadelphia of Washington's day many traditions have come down through the years. Closest to the heart is its legendary hospitality, splendidly upheld by Philadelphia, The Heritage Whisky. For rich enjoyment, this is truly a special occasion whisky, yet Philadelphia Blend is always yours to enjoy regularly and often.

*From a Series of Historic Paintings Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA

EYEWITNESS

LIMBS LOST, CAREERS FOUND

ACME PHOTO

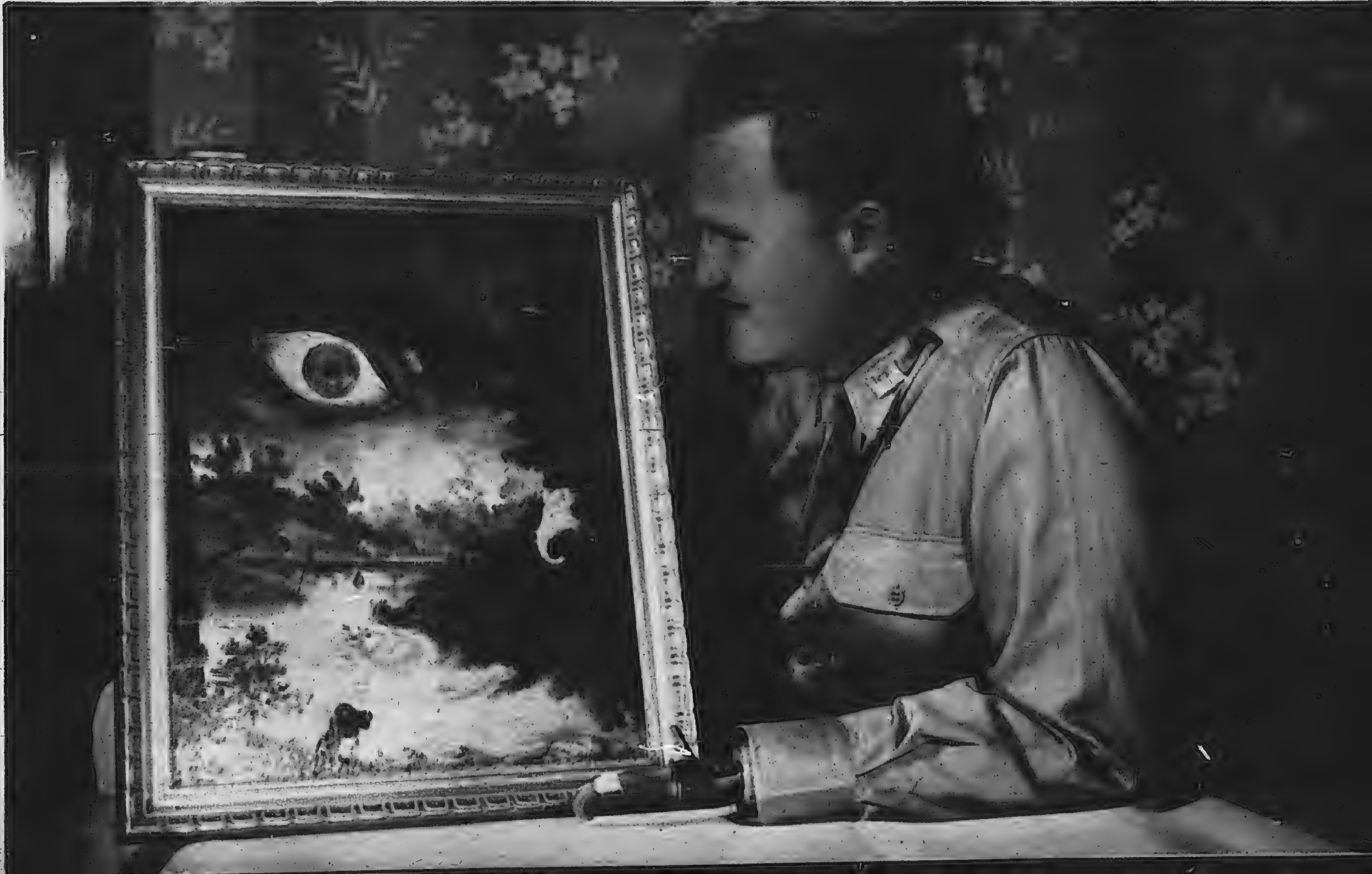
Rehabilitation made Jerry Singer a dance instructor again, even though he lost a leg at Okinawa. (Below) Harold Russell (right), double amputee and a star in The Best Years of Our Lives, and a young Bellevue patient watch the skillful jewelry work of Ralph Padavano.

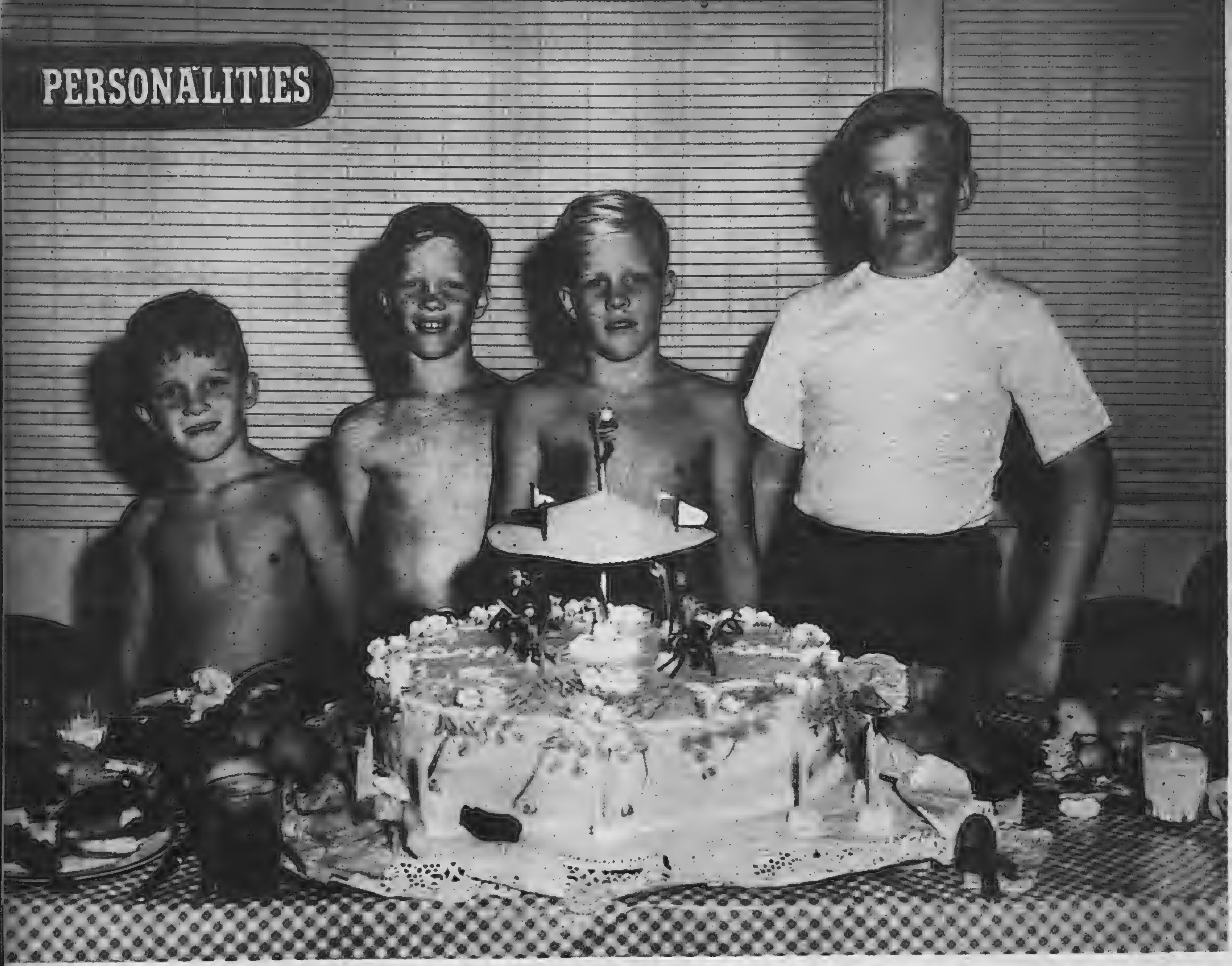
MOST of America's twenty-three million physically disabled can be rehabilitated. Already some are being retrained for such glamorous careers as artists, dancers, and musicians. Others—amputees, victims of infantile paralysis, and those injured in accidents—are learning new skills in everything from welding to law. Lt. George Sharpnack, the artist shown on these pages, is a typical example of what rehabilitation can do. He lost both hands in combat. He is continuing his career by using the "hook" to hold his brushes. On the preceding page, the streaked lights (this effect was obtained by time-exposing a tiny flashlight in his hook) show the movements he uses in painting: adding oil, water, etc. Of 800,000 disabled annually, only 25,000 cannot benefit by rehabilitation. Biggest stumbling block to using new techniques developed in war is lack of hospital facilities. People from all over the land can be helped when the New York University-Bellevue Hospital Rehabilitation Institute is built. Meanwhile, Bellevue can aid only the indigent disabled; but, like the Institute for Crippled and Disabled in New York, it is doing wonders.

INP PHOTOS

Sharpnack finishes a portrait in army hospital study room. Other paintings are by G.I.s in rehabilitation class.

Surrealistic idea for weeping eye and nightmarish elephant (below) Sharpnack got from alky-happy soldiers.





Bing's Quartet shares one birthday party a year, dates alternating as brothers take turns. Twins, Dennis and Philip, 12 (center), were 1946 hosts.

The Crosby Kids

The Groaner's offspring are rich in family traditions and wise in the ways of the world

THE four Crosby boys won't be poor little rich kids—not if Pop can help it. "Everything they need, but nothing fancy," says Bing. So the heirs of Crosby, Inc.—Bing's estimated annual income is a million dollars—attend parochial school, not private school; play football and baseball—and are benched if they're sore losers; sing Yule carols at home, not before a mike. Dixie Lee, their mother, says the Irishers get spanked, too, when needed. Will they be actors—or singers? Bing says first they'll have to finish school.

Nothing Humble about this 17-room Beverly Hills mansion which the kids call home. They also spend a lot of time on Bing's Nevada ranch.

Betty Hutton on the receiving end of some smart repartee from Gary, 13. Crosby's "toughies" are no strangers to movie lots, although their parents don't encourage too many visits.

More Conservative in dress than Pop, the young Crosbys walk with Dad on the Paramount Lot. Left to right, Gary, the twins, and, in the lead, Lindsay, 8.

They're Biding their time until the picture-taking is over, then it's into the surf and "last in is a rotten egg."

Just Pucker up your lips and—blow! Guests at the Malibu Beach party were schoolmates of the Crosbys.

PLASTIC FURS FOR '48

Waterproof, mothproof, inexpensive, and colorful synthetic fur will be available next year for swim suits, accessories, and interior decoration.

TEST-TUBE furs produced by impregnating sheepskins with plastics made their appearance in 1929 but did not win ready acceptance because they were heavy, bulky, and flat in color. Now improved plastic processes have waterproofed the "fur." Improved shearing makes the "fur" soft and supple. Skilled hand-dyeing, which was uneconomic under former price ceilings, is being employed to give mouton glamorous rainbow colors and the varied shadings of real fur.

New methods of applying the plastics make it possible to simulate the texture of real Persian lamb, beaver, and even mink.

Shaggy, unattractive lambskins are examined and graded upon arrival at processor's.

Test-tube furs are the result of considerable laboratory experimentation and research.

COLOR PHOTOS FOR LIBERTY BY NELSON MORRIS
PHOTOS BY BONMOUTON

The tanned skins are then oiled to make them soft and more pliable.

Skins are scraped, washed, and tanned to make a tough leather backing for the fur.

Buffing the leather on revolving emery wheels is part of the softening process.

Shearing the wool to the correct length is important to the plasticizing process which transforms wool into fur.

Then the skins are spread on racks in temperature- and humidity-controlled rooms for several hours.

The plastic coating is hand applied. Presto-change-o, lush fur!

After the dyeing process, the fur is again combed in preparation for a last shearing.

Experts, by feel, determine the amount of plastic necessary to imitate fur texture.

Jewel-tone, weatherproof plastic-fur accessories will enhance next season's wardrobe. Hats, boots, and bags will appear in a variety of synthetic furs, including the luxurious mink. The plastic-fur family is expected to produce Persian lamb, lynx, sealskin, and, of course, beaver.

Practicability, as well as glamor, in plastic fur will lend itself to modern décor. Interior decorators foresee both exotic and beneficial uses of this new test-tube product.

Plastic fur will make its debut in a variety of styles. The versatile full-length hooded model will serve well in park or stadium and blend with the gay night-club scene. Coveralls for children will be attractive, and hardy.

This Acrobatic Baby was once deformed. Estrid Dane, a Londoner, effected a cure by using a "bloodless-surgery" method.

INP PHOTO

Multiple Names may have caused this twice grand champion cat's unhappy look. Its moniker: Glenn Echo September Sunshine of Dunesk.

ACME PHOTO

Angry Father, James Satton, (left), tries to attack J. M. Carson (right) at inquest in Los Angeles in death of Satton's 13-month-old son following slapping.

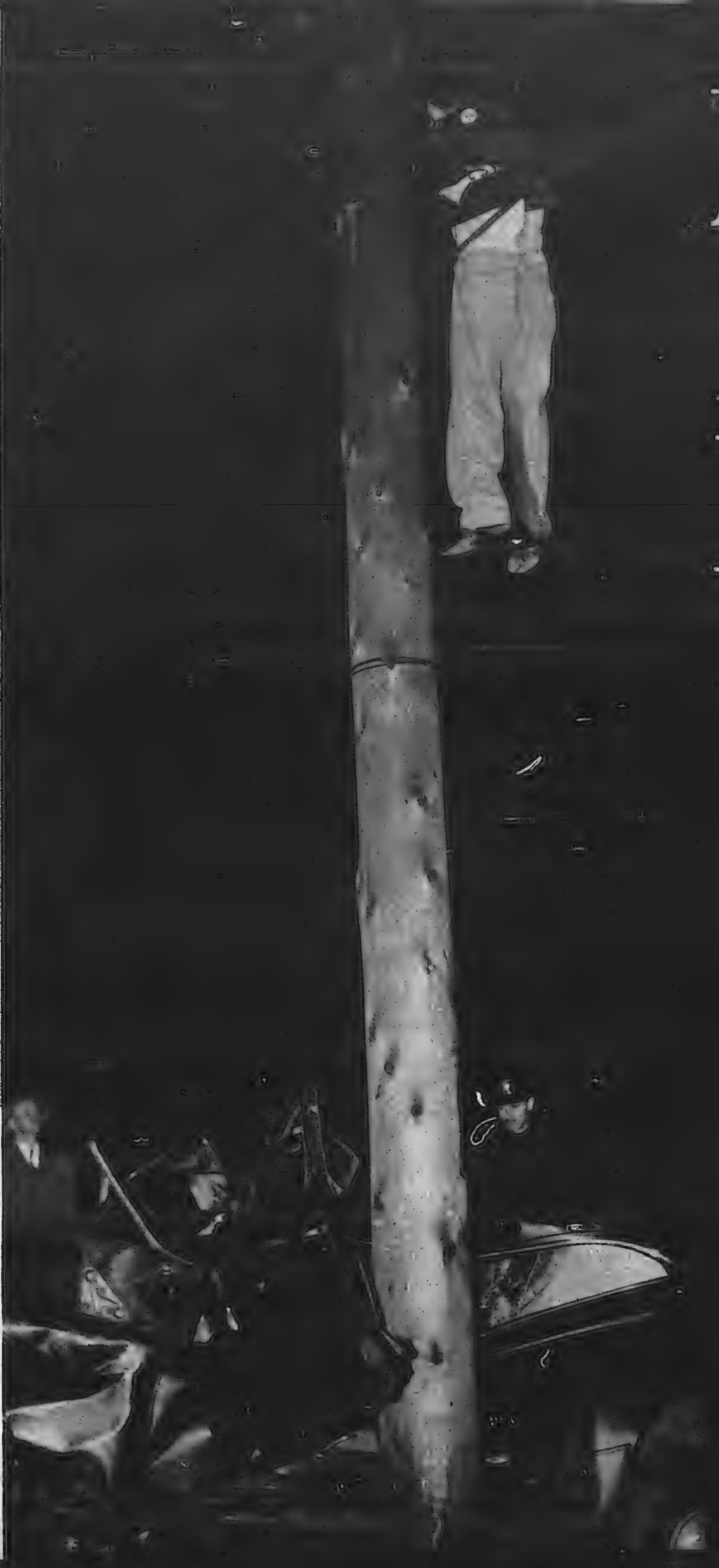
WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Portrait of a sweating boxer wearing protective headgear won top honors for W. G. Brunk of San Diego in photographic contest.

FROM GRAFLEX PHOTO CONTEST

Giraffe necks affectionately with zoo attendant, but then it may be time for the feed bag.

HALISHER PHOTO



Startling Photo of driver, catapulted from wrecked car to death by hanging, won third prize for William Dyviniak of Depew, N. Y.

4 New Drinks . . . 4 Old Favo

WILLIAM

THERE IS NO FINER

Exciting ***NEW*** *Drinks!*

WILLIAM PENN SHANNON

1 Fill Old-Fashioned glass with shaved ice. Pour in jigger of William Penn and ½ jigger of green Creme de Menthe. Stir well and serve. The William Penn Shannon has a tempting, truly distinctive taste which makes it a mighty popular after-dinner drink.

WILLIAM PENN SOUR

2 Pour jigger of William Penn, jigger of lemon juice and jigger of orange juice into cocktail shaker. Add teaspoon of sugar. Add 3 cubes of ice and shake. Serve in a regular Whiskey Sour glass (illustrated at right). Garnish with cherry or orange slice.

WILLIAM PENN ROYAL

3 Dip rim of claret glass in lime or lemon juice—then into powdered sugar. Pour in jigger of William Penn. Add dash of cloves, dash of cinnamon, twisted lemon peel, twisted orange peel, lump of sugar. Put spoon in glass, fill with hot, black coffee.

WILLIAM PENN FLIP

4 Pour jigger of William Penn in mixing glass. Add 1 egg, teaspoonful of sugar, dash of nutmeg and 2 tablespoonfuls of shaved ice. Fill with milk and shake or mix. Top with 2 dashes of nutmeg. Serve this refreshing drink in a stemmed glass.

ORI
Wi
P
Blend
TRADITIONALLY
WHISKEY OF
AND FULL
Blended and
GOODERHAM &
Wil
Pe
THE MEASURE

● You get a lot more deep-down enjoyment when you mix your drinks with mellow William Penn! Here's whiskey of unvarying quality—meticulously blended by distillers with over a hundred years' experience behind them. Try William Penn and discover how wonderfully mild, rich and flavorful whiskey *can* be!

Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof,
65% grain neutral spirits.
Gooderham & Worts Limited,
Peoria, Illinois.

vorites. . . All Made Better With

PENN

WHISKEY

William Penn
RIGINATED IN 1898
illiam
Penn
d Whiskey
Y A FINE, MELLOW
OF LIGHT BODY
L FLAVOR
Bottled for
VORTS LIMITED
lliam
nn
OF PERFECTION

Real OLD Favorites!

WILLIAM PENN OLD-FASHIONED

1 Place ½ or 1 lump of sugar in Old-Fashioned glass. Add dash of bitters, tablespoonful of sparkling water and crush. Add ice cubes, 1 slice of orange, 1 slice of lemon and cherry. Over this pour jigger of William Penn. Add sparkling water as desired. Stir.

WILLIAM PENN COLLINS

2 Dissolve 1 teaspoon of sugar in juice of ½ lemon. Pour in jigger of William Penn. Add 2 ice cubes. Fill with sparkling water while stirring. This great summer drink is pleasantly different made with William Penn. Garnish with a sprig of mint.

WILLIAM PENN HIGHBALL

3 Pour jigger of William Penn in highball glass. Add 2 ice cubes. Fill with sparkling water, ginger ale or water. Add twist of lemon peel, if desired. No matter which mixer you choose, you'll enjoy whiskey at its fullbodied best—William Penn.

WILLIAM PENN MANHATTAN

4 Pour ½ jigger of sweet or Italian Vermouth and 1 jigger of William Penn in mixing glass. Add bitters if desired. Add tablespoon of cracked ice and stir. Strain into stemmed glass and serve with cherry. A traditional before-dinner cocktail.

● Every drop of William Penn is the very best whiskey we can produce. You can't buy finer whiskey! Yet you pay no premium. Enjoy its mellow smoothness straight and in mixed drinks soon. See *for yourself* why William Penn is found in the best places—why this great whiskey is winning *more* friends every day!

WOR
COMMENTATOR

CARTOONIST

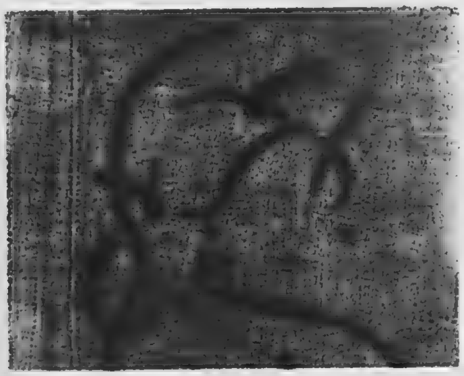
MAGISTRATE

HOW DO YOU DOODLE?

A DOODLER would be the first person to say that his idle scribbling is as meaningless to himself as it is to other beholders. But Dr. Wladimir G. Eliasberg, New York psychiatrist and a professor of psychology at Rutgers University, sees in such feckless pencilings the expression of the subconscious mind. The doodler is releasing inner drives and frustrations when he nervously marks up the wall of a telephone booth or ruins a napkin with figurines in lead. Not every doodle has a meaning that Dr. Eliasberg can analyze, but he believes that certain obvious characteristics of a doodle reveal personality traits of the subject.

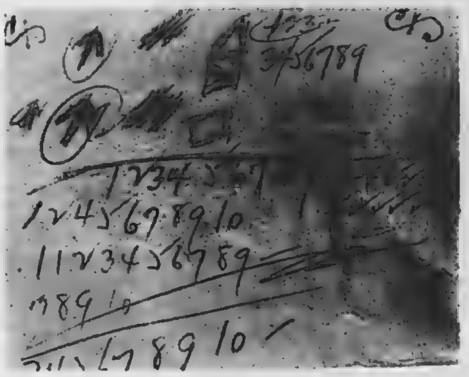
A repeated doodle pattern, such as example H (page 59), is an indication that the subject is subconsciously disturbed. If a doodle slants to the right, according to Dr. Eliasberg, the subject is probably an extrovert; introverts' doodles slant to the left. An upward tendency may be the sign of religious zeal or reformer tendencies, while down strokes are generally those of a strongly emotional person. The difficulty in analyzing doodles is discovering the top of the paper, so the direction of the slant can be known.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIBERTY BY GARY WAGNER

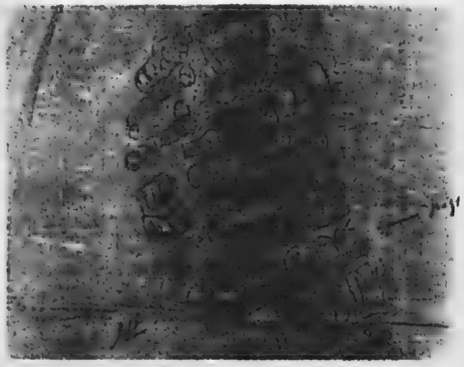


A—There is a certain floating sensation about this doodle that gives the feeling of flight or soaring. The freedom of movement is an indication that the person is capable of discovering sensational and exciting developments. Here, then, is an inventor or designer, a man whose mind and ideas lie in the realm of creative endeavor.

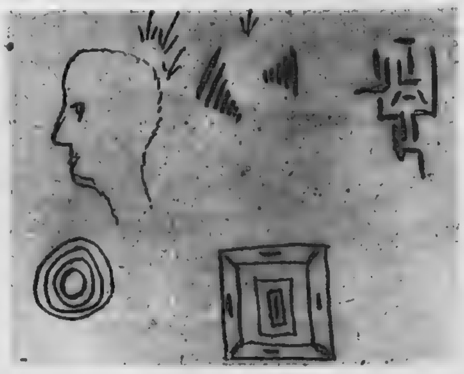
Such a doodler is highly sensitive to the beauty around him.



B—A strong slant to the right is evident in the flourishes as well as the figures. The quality of the strokes points to a man familiar with a pencil. A mathematical mind is evidenced by the abundance of numbers. Here's a person who demonstrates a combination of artistic ability and mathematical accuracy. This is the doodle of an extrovert with a friendly disposition.



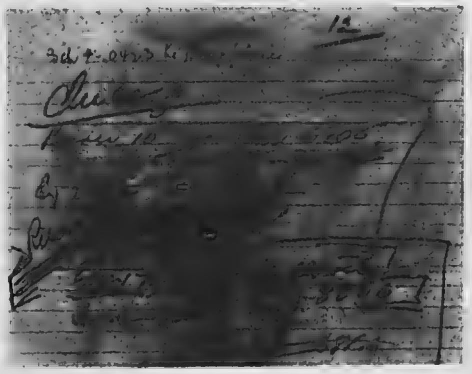
C—The wavy spiral and ornamental doodles seem to reveal a dreamy character, but actually these are only the escape from reality of a very strongly extroverted person. This individual has passed into a friendly, almost twilight state. The whole pattern of the scribbling has a rhythm which indicates a momentary escape from reality. In doodling there's a compulsion toward repetition.



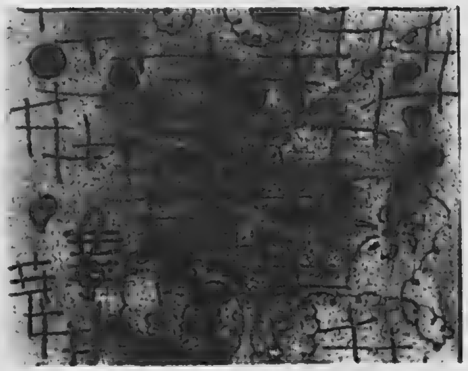
D—Most of the designs indicate a strong dissatisfaction or frustration. The concentric circles and enclosed boxes indicate a desire to break away and change some present business or social habit. It might be a good idea for this person to analyze his present occupation with the thought of a possible change. This very interesting doodle also reveals indications of mounting tension.

Dr. Wladimir G. Eliasberg

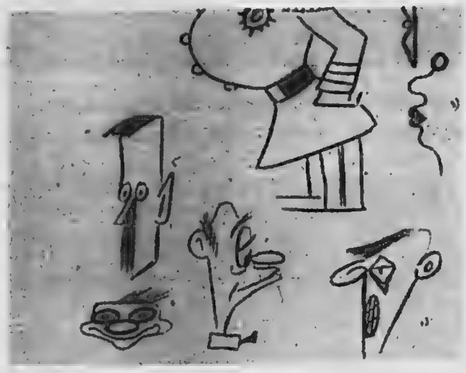
On these pages are eight eminently successful people and fragments of their doodles. The comments are Dr. Eliasberg's. The doodlers on the opposite page are Dorothy Kilgallen, radio commentator and noted newspaper columnist, shown interviewing singer Jean Tighe on a "breakfast" broadcast; Otto Soglow, creator of the cartoon, The Little King; James M. Cooke, vice-president of the Clinton Trust Co. of N. Y.; magistrate Anna M. Kross of the New York City courts. On this page are James A. McCarthy, director of the Hotel Association of New York City and an attorney as well; Russell Patterson, the magazine illustrator, with Powers model Freddie Williams, at New York's sophisticated Crest Room; Dick Flanagan, boniface of the smart Monte Carlo in New York, with midget page boy Joe; and LeMoyne Page, advertising executive. Dr. Eliasberg, shown in the photograph, says doodling is just like chewing gum: You do the same thing over and over. Study the doodles and the analyses and then try to match them to their creators. To find out whose doodle is whose, turn to page 87.



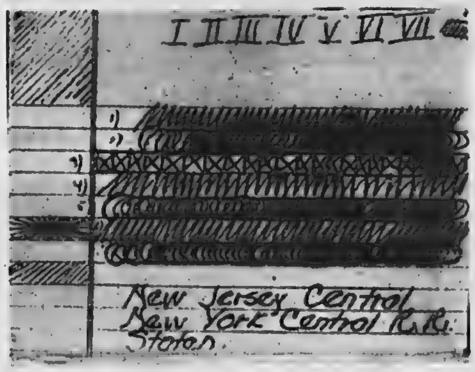
E—Strictly speaking, this is not a doodle in its entirety, but is partly plain handwriting. Strong extrovert tendencies are present in this person. The complete freedom of pencil movements shows a genuinely warm person with an over-encompassing desire to do things which would benefit other people. This is truly the work of a well-gifted, imaginative soul, the perfect friend.



F—The rhythmical doodles interspersed with musical symbols indicate a strong interest in music. Winsome traits of friendliness are obvious here. Her head is in the clouds. I say her, because the delicacy of the strokes seems to be that of a woman. However, the sex of a doodler cannot actually be determined by looking at a doodle, since doodles are in no way linked to sex.



G—Here definitely is the doodle of an awakened creative imagination. It belongs to a professional artist, or at least to one trained in art. Although it is difficult to obtain a true diagnosis from a trained hand, it is evident that the subject possesses a broad sense of humor and a flair for entertainment on a sophisticated level. No indication of frustration appears here.



H—An amazing study in doodles. Changes in the doodler's emotions are indicated from line to line. First, tension builds up in saw-toothed lines, then it's relieved by soothing circles. After repeating a pattern for some time, full freedom is achieved in words. This person is accustomed to responsibility and can make rapid decisions. Undoubtedly he works under great pressure.

ILLUSTRATOR

RESTAURATEUR

Who's your favorite brunette?

Ever meet a *hipped-up gunsel?* Ever own an *iron?* Ever been shadowed by a *shamus?* This is all part of the cops-and-robbers business with which Bob Hope is involved in "MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE." The funniest guy in America yearns to be a *private-eye*, especially after getting a private eye-ful of delicious Dottie Lamour. You'll probably miss some of the fun because you'll be laughing so hard at Bob and Dottie going from one rib-ticklish spot to another. That's why so many people have to see a Hope picture twice. And right at the very end of "My Favorite Brunette" . . . well, you go see it yourself. We don't want to spoil The Movie Gag Of The Year!

• • •

And speaking about pictures, there's "CALIFORNIA" for instance. It's as big a hit as pie-a-la-mode as this is being written and by the time you read it, "California" should be as popular as a cut in taxes.

• • •

Maybe you liked the new things we did with Technicolor, or because Barbara Stanwyck is at her best playing *that* kind of woman . . . with Ray Milland as her kind of man. Whatever it is, spectacle, drama, romance, or the period, "California" has it in extra large doses.

• • •

Suddenly we've hit the bottom of the page, with just enough space to mention "SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING," which you'll be hearing and seeing lots more about very soon. Paulette Goddard, who looks so much like a Varga girl in this picture that we had that artist portray her as one, has 24 hours to win her hubby back from that husband-hunting redhead, Arleen Whelan. As the fellow with such wonderful double-trouble, Fred MacMurray is terrific.

• • •

These three pictures, plus "DEAR RUTH," "WELCOME STRANGER", "PERILS OF PAULINE" and "VARIETY GIRL" are the big seven of '47 . . . the movies that are going to keep Paramount at the top of your popularity poll again.

Paramount Pictures

Liberty picks a Movie eligible for top honors

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY

HERE'S an adroit, amusing movie that looks over the shoulders of Boston Brahmins while they look down their noses at the rest of the world.

Based on the John P. Marquand Pulitzer Prize novel (later schmaltzed up for Broadway by playwright George S. Kaufman), The Late George Apley is a wonderful satire on Back Bay snobbishness, enriched by distinguished acting and tongue-in-cheek directing.

Literally taking pages out of Marquand's book, the film paints this museumlike collection of family portraits:

George Apley (Ronald Colman), a middle-aged blue-blood who belongs to countless clubs, sneaks furtive looks at Freud, and calls any non-Bostonian a "foreigner."

Daughter Eleanor (Peggy Cummins, the almost-Amber girl making a delayed start in U. S. films), who shocks her Harvard-bred dad by making passes at a Yale man.

Son John (Richard Ney), doomed to be a carbon copy of the Old Man despite some collegiate (Harvard, of course) high jinks.

In the good, solid year of 1912, Apley, a candidate for president of the Bird Watchers' Society, finds "radical" elements closing in on his

(*Continued on page 95*)

First, Daughter Eleanor (Peggy Cummins) romances with a social nobody.

Then heartbroken Cousin Agnes admits that the Apley son doesn't love her.

Agnes has nabbed John on the rebound, following his courtship of a nobody.

George treats Agnes to a trousseau. Film takes pages from Marquand book.

MOVIE REVIEW

Stuffy George Apley (Ronald Colman) doesn't know at this family dinner that his world is crumbling.

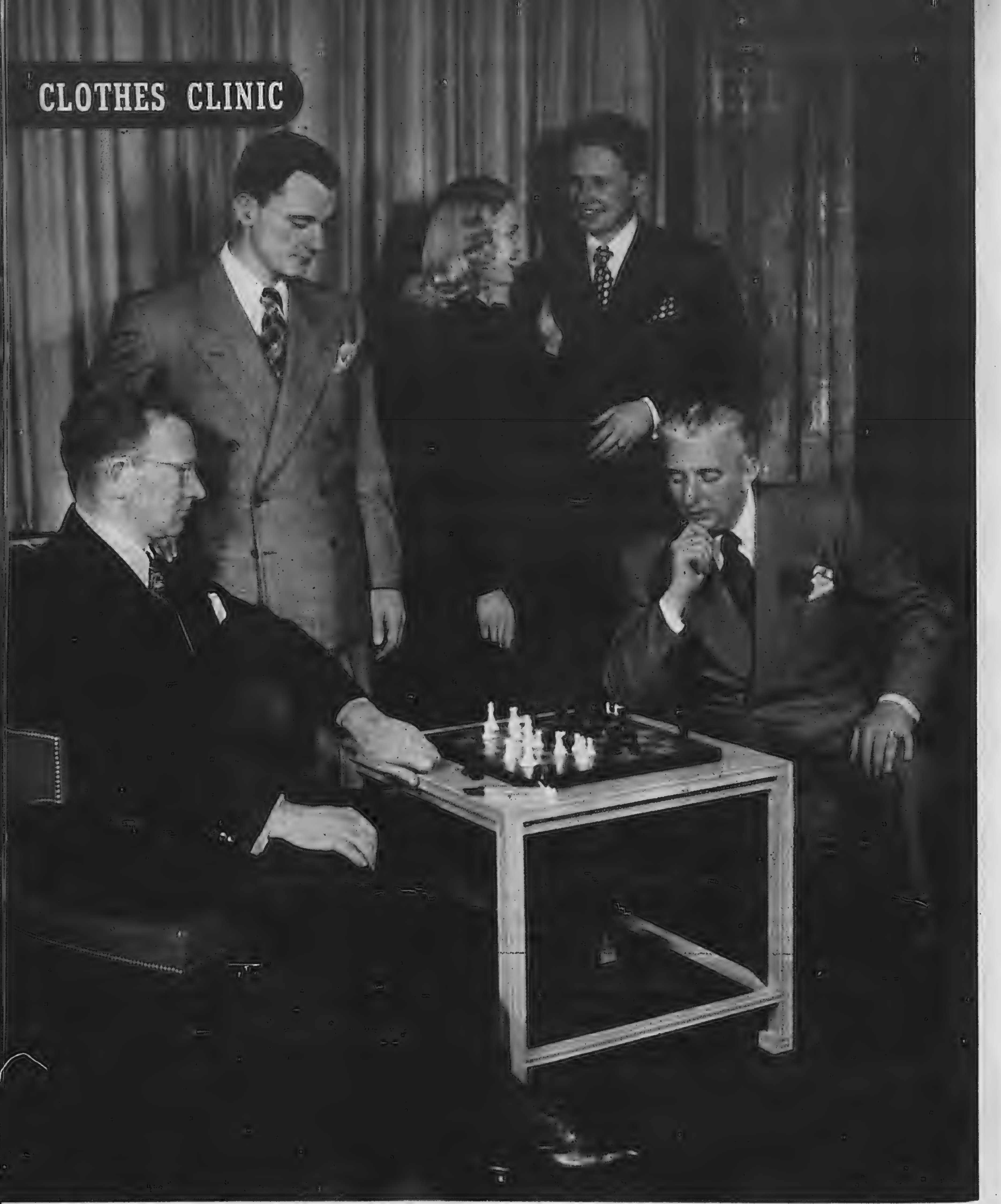
Apley thinks Freud may explain his kids' odd behavior. He reads aloud to startled wife (Edna Best).

After being shipped off to Europe to forget her beau, rebellious Eleanor returns for her brother's wedding.

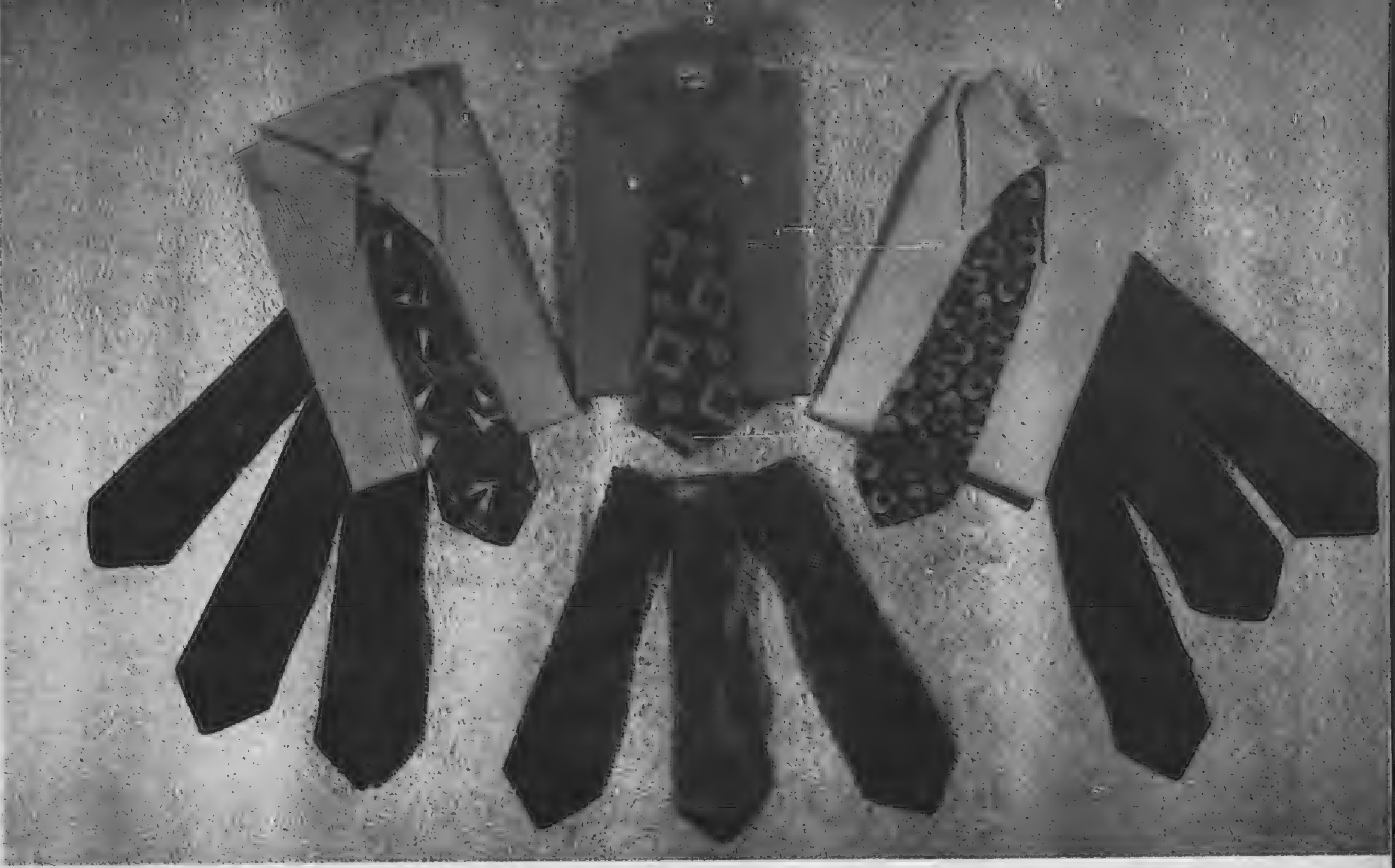
While on the New York shopping spree, George runs into the man Eleanor loves. He finally brings them together.

Agnes, with new confidence and clothes, knows that John won't be ashamed of her. George returns her happy wink.

CLOTHES CLINIC



Mr. Gray Hair knows gray (especially this hound's-tooth pattern) is his best color, particularly with a red-and-blue tie and boutonniere. His redheaded opponent has a winning combination: a brown suit, peach-colored shirt, burnt-orange-and-deep-brown tie with matching handkerchief. The onlooker's tan-gray outfit is ideal for him, but he needs some stripes to relieve the "overpatterned" plaid. The blond chap's outfit is correct for him.



Complexion Harmony

By P. B. Juster

Definite contrasts of these ties complement the shirts they are shown on. With a patterned shirt, hold down the boldness of your tie pattern. When wearing a plain shirt, you can go as far as you like.

MEN, by harmonizing their clothes with their complexions, can enhance their appearance. A blond with clear skin, for instance, can wear almost any color. But a blond with a pale skin should avoid strong colors like the bright reds and the purples.

Brunets, however, unless their skins are pale, usually look well in medium and dark reds, blue and blue gray, warm brown and light tan.

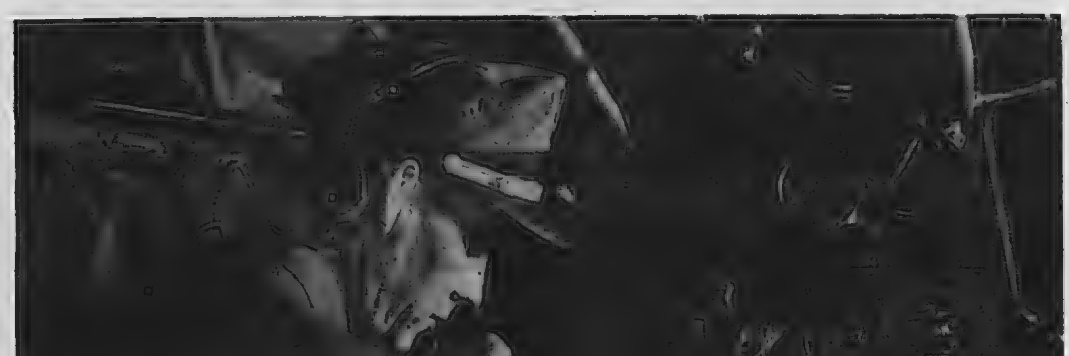
Most redheaded men will show to advantage in dark blue, medium and dark green, cool brown and blue gray.

They should avoid red, orange, yellow, warm browns, and pink shades.

Helio colorings are featured in this ensemble. The almost neutral shades can be worn with gray, blue, rust-brown suits. With helio shirts, pick tie to blend with suit.

Color schemes should be carried out in every detail. In this blue motif, even to the cuff links. For a change of pace, the ensemble offers a choice of ties. All complexions wear blues well. Like any factor in dress, color should enhance the man and not be a show in itself.

Jealous Husband? Not Charles Rogers, as Mrs. Rogers thanks emcee Bert Parks in strictly feminine fashion.



Charles has credit for 138 trips over the Hump during the war. In case of further layoff, savings from prize will help till he gets back to work.

They Broke the Bank

IT was smooth flying and happy landings for TWA co-pilot Charles Rogers and his pretty wife, Gertrude, the night they appeared on the radio quiz show, Break the Bank. For that was the night when, holding hands and working as a team, they zoomed like a P-51 through the required eight questions and came to a perfect three-point landing on the beautiful jackpot of $5,790!

ATC veteran Charles had been idle for three weeks, due to a temporary work stoppage, and the Rogers bank account was almost gone. The prize money went to buy all the extras they'd always wanted. First words after they won: "We want a yellow convertible." More luck for the young couple: A listener in Indianapolis called that night and sold them a new Hudson at list price.

Super-Active Judy can use up a lot of play clothes, so Mrs. Rogers considers $119.95 spent for washing machine a very good investment. Mother's little helper likes it too.

No B-rrrs on cold days for this young lady. Sun lamp bought from winnings enables her to soak up sunshine indoors. Pet cocker spaniel, Pepper, follows Judy everywhere.

All the Trimmin's went with that yellow convertible, and Charles takes good care of it. Car cost $2,260.23, a sizable chunk of the prize but worth every cent of it, claims Rogers.

Neat Nest Egg of $3,270 is now in the savings bank. Mr. Rogers writes the good news to his mother on brand-new typewriter; feels he has spent the rest of the money wisely.

Artie chops wood for his mother—and his muscles. He weighs 195 pounds, has 15-inch biceps.

UL
EVERLAST

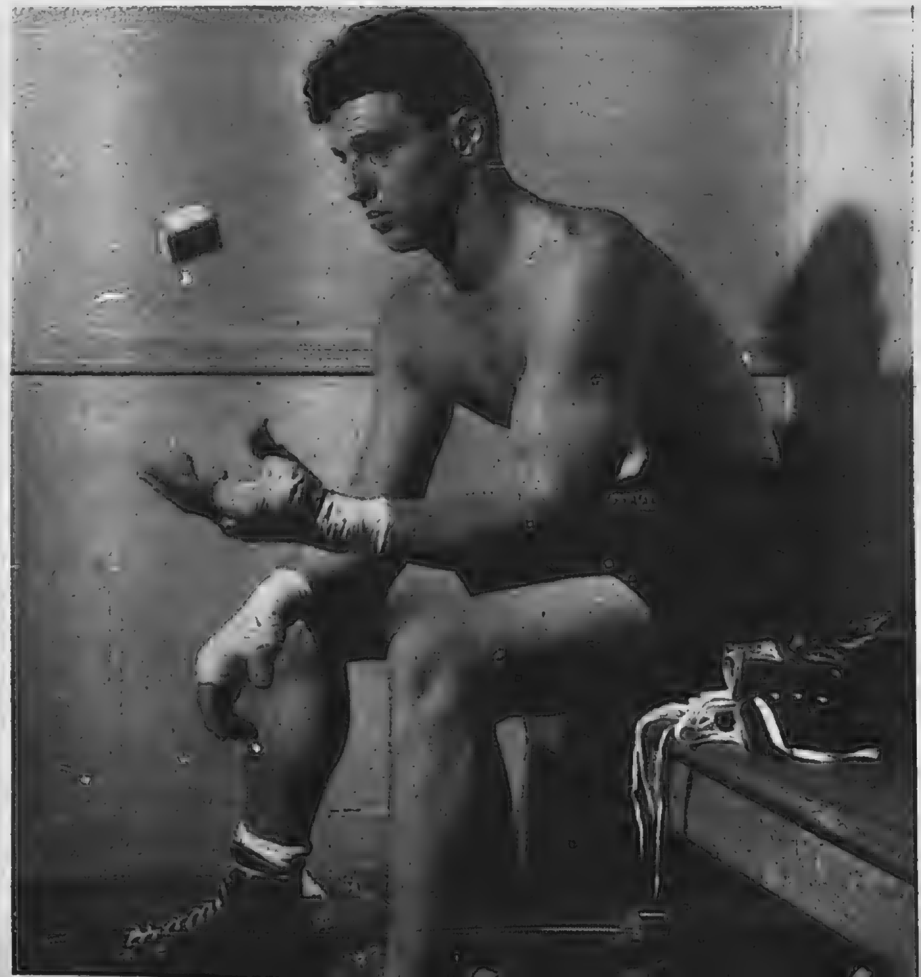
He Punches heavy bag two rounds a day; improves his jabs.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

BIRTH OF A PUG

THE regimen of any youngster hopeful of becoming a big-time prizefighter is one of hard work and abstinence from tobacco and alcohol. In the case of Artie Donato of Red Bank, New Jersey, his mother sees to it that he abides strictly by the rules of good training, for Mrs. Donato has vowed to bring up a pug! At home his diet is carefully prepared to give him strength without fat. His hours must be regular. Artie is permitted no more rest than is good for him—"so he won't get lazy," Mrs. Donato says. His chores are those that will give him exercise—dumping ashes, beating rugs. At the gym, his manager, Gabe Simplico, drives him hard, but babies the kid enough to encourage him. Simplico has confidence in young Donato, and immediately got him another match after Artie was knocked out in his first fight.

After working out, the pug thinks over the day's mistakes.



Trainer Cherin tapes Artie's hand as Manager Gabe Simplico watches.

Though kayoed in the second, he looked good enough to fight again.

Good Meals cooked by mother help him get in trim for next bout.

Hare Today, Worn Tomorrow

Rabbit fancier raises her own Angora sweaters

PHOTOS BY GEORGE PICKOW

Shorn four to five times a year, an angora yields a pound of fur, enough for two average-weight sweaters. Mrs. Bonnie Brown (holding freshly sheared bunny) ran pet-raising into a good business.

Besides angoras, Brown farm at Mastic, N. Y., raises other kinds for laboratories. Here Mary Lou Brown spoon-feeds a new arrival.

Shearing operation is done by hand. Enough hair is left to provide rabbit with a warm coat and a start for the next crop.

Using an old-fashioned wheel, Mrs. Brown spins angora wool into two- and three-strand yarn. Besides sweaters, wool (seven times warmer than sheep's) is employed in blankets and parachutes.

Mary Lou can have her angora pets and a sweater, too. For helping on the farm, she gets enough wool for a fleecy new wrap.

Calvert
RESERVE
Clear Heads Choose Calvert
Calvert
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey

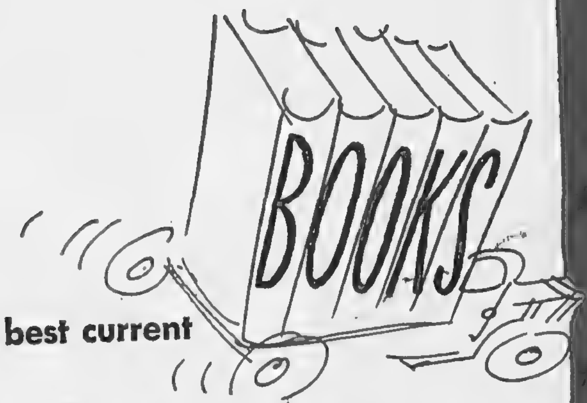
"I see he uses his head as well as his hands!"

Why is it wise to make drinks with Calvert? Because it's "the whiskey of moderation"... the amiable blend of rare lightness... congenial taste... all-around whiskey agreeableness. We suggest you try it and see for yourself why

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

Calvert
BLENDED WHISKIES
Reserve OR *Special*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits



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Do you go through them all like a BOOK WORM ?? Miss

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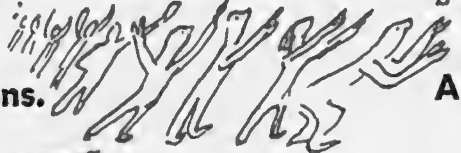
books to millions.  Are you one of them?

Watch for these
Books, Coming Soon!

MARCH 29
OUR OWN KIND
Edward McSorley

APRIL 12
MR. ADAM
Pat Frank

APRIL 26
WAKE FOR A LADY
H. W. Roden

MAY 10
NATURAL HISTORY OF NONSENSE
Bergen Evans

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... *always good reading*

DID YOU READ THESE IN LIBERTY, IN 1946?

★ *Those starred have already been bought by the movies.*

★ THE WHITE TOWER
James Ramsey Ullman

THE MANATEE
Nancy Bruff

★ THE FOXES OF HARROW
Frank Yerby

SOLO IN TOM TOMS
Gene Fowler

★ THE PEACOCK SHEDS HIS TAIL
Alice Tisdale Hobart

★ THE RIVER ROAD
Frances Parkinson Keyes

DOCTORS EAST, DOCTORS WEST
Edward H. Hume

THE PAVILION
Hilda Lawrence

★ THE GAUNTLET
James Street

★ ENRICO CARUSO
Dorothy Caruso

MAN AGAINST PAIN
Howard Riley Raper

JUDD RANKIN'S DAUGHTER
Susan Glaspell

★ CLEMENTINE
Peggy Goodin

★ BENEFIT PERFORMANCE
Richard Sale

PLOUGHMAN OF THE MOON
Robert Service

★ NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES
George Hopley

WASHINGTON TAPESTRY
Olive Ewing Clapper

★ ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY
Edward Harris Heth

★ KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY HANDS
Gerald Butler

DETROIT IS MY OWN HOME TOWN
Malcolm W. Bingay

★ FRIDAY'S CHILD
Georgette Heyer

ONE ANGEL LESS
H. W. Roden

JUAN LAYS DOWN THE LAW

Continued from Page 31

Juan agreed. After Big-Fist had been dumped into a cell, he sat down at his desk. Perhaps this business of being sheriff was not so difficult as he had supposed.

Feeling hungry a short while later, he went downstreet to the Night Owl Café. Sam Murdock came in. The political boss looked upset.

"What's this I hear about you having a fight with Big-Fist McGurk?" he demanded.

"I had to throw him in jail for disturbing Señor Riley's peace," Juan admitted.

"You can't do that. Big-Fist is the best hand I've got. I want you to turn him loose."

"Big-Fist has broken the law. I must keep him in jail until he pays for the damage to Señor Riley's saloon. Or perhaps you would like to pay?"

"How much?"

"Two hundred dollars, Señor Riley says."

"Don't be foolish!" Murdock snorted. He lowered his voice: "I'm asking you to turn him loose as a personal favor to me. Don't you owe me something for getting you elected?"

Juan rubbed his chin thoughtfully, then said, "Señor, when I made the campaign speeches you wrote for me, I promised to do favors for no one. Remember? So Big-Fist stays in jail until he pays." Juan stood up, yawning. "Now I think Diablo and I will go home. We have had a busy day."

"You can't leave Big-Fist alone there in the jail," Murdock protested.

"The cell is locked—he cannot get out."

"That's just it. What if the jail caught on fire? When you've got prisoners, you have to stay around and look after them."

Juan scowled. That was a part of an officer's duty that he had not thought of before.

"Of course," Murdock went on, "you could appoint a deputy to take care of those little details. Now, if you'll just give me your keys—"

This deputy idea was a good one, Juan mused. "I know just the man!" he exclaimed. "Good night, Señor Murdock."

JUAN had no difficulty finding the man whom he desired to appoint as deputy, but it was no easy task to persuade him to take the job. However, after much argument, the man finally gave in. "All right, I'll take care of the prisoners in the jail. But I ain't going to chase any outlaws for you. Is that fair enough?"

Juan said that it was, gave the new deputy the keys to the jail, then rode home and went to bed.

Sam Murdock was waiting for him when he entered the office the next morning. The big man looked angry.

"Good morning," Juan said cheerfully.

"You've double-crossed me!" the political boss exploded. "Here I spend all my time and money getting you into office and Hoss Perkins out—and what do you do?"

"Nothing," Juan murmured, "except appoint Señor Perkins deputy sheriff. Is that a bad thing?"

"Bad! Why, he won't even let me go into the cell to talk with Big-Fist. He says all the talking I do will have to be from outside the bars."

"That is part of the rules and regulations."

"Who cares about the rules and regulations? Why, if it hadn't been for me, you'd still be a good-for-nothing loafer instead of sheriff."

Juan fingered the badge on his shirt front, scowling. Suddenly he unpinned it and handed it to Murdock. "You are right. I have thought it over and decided that I would rather be a good-for-nothing than sheriff. I resign."

"But that would make Perkins sheriff again!"

Juan shrugged. "*Verdad.* He can handle the office much better than I."

Consternation came to Murdock's face, than he forced a smile and pinned the badge back on Juan's shirt. "I wouldn't think of having anyone else in the job but you," he apologized. "Keep Big-Fist in jail as long as you want to."

After Murdock had gone, Juan sat down with a sigh. Deputy Sheriff Perkins came into the office. "I heard you tell Sam Murdock off," he said. "What's the idea? I thought you and him was in this thing together."

"In what thing?" Juan asked.

Perkins stared at him for some time. "Nothin'," he muttered finally —"nothin' at all."

Juan was taking a nap a few hours later when Zeke Jones, owner of one of the larger ranches on Alkali Creek, stomped into the office.

"Good afternoon," Juan said. "Is something wrong?"

"Plenty's wrong," Jones snapped. "That gang of rustlers run off a hundred head of my prime beefs last night. Dude Cook lost fifty head."

Juan scowled. "Who is stealing these cattle?"

"How would I know? That's your job."

"I suppose it is," Juan said with a sigh. "I will take a ride out to Alkali Creek and see what I can find."

HE did not find any rustlers, but, examining the ground in the arroyo, he did see the tracks of half a dozen mounted men leading off toward the border. "Perhaps *mañana* we will follow them," he told Diablo, and reined the horse around.

Going back to Tres Rios, he took a short cut across the badlands. As he rounded a bend in a canyon, he met a rider headed in the opposite direction. He reined up.

"*Buenos días,*" he said genially.

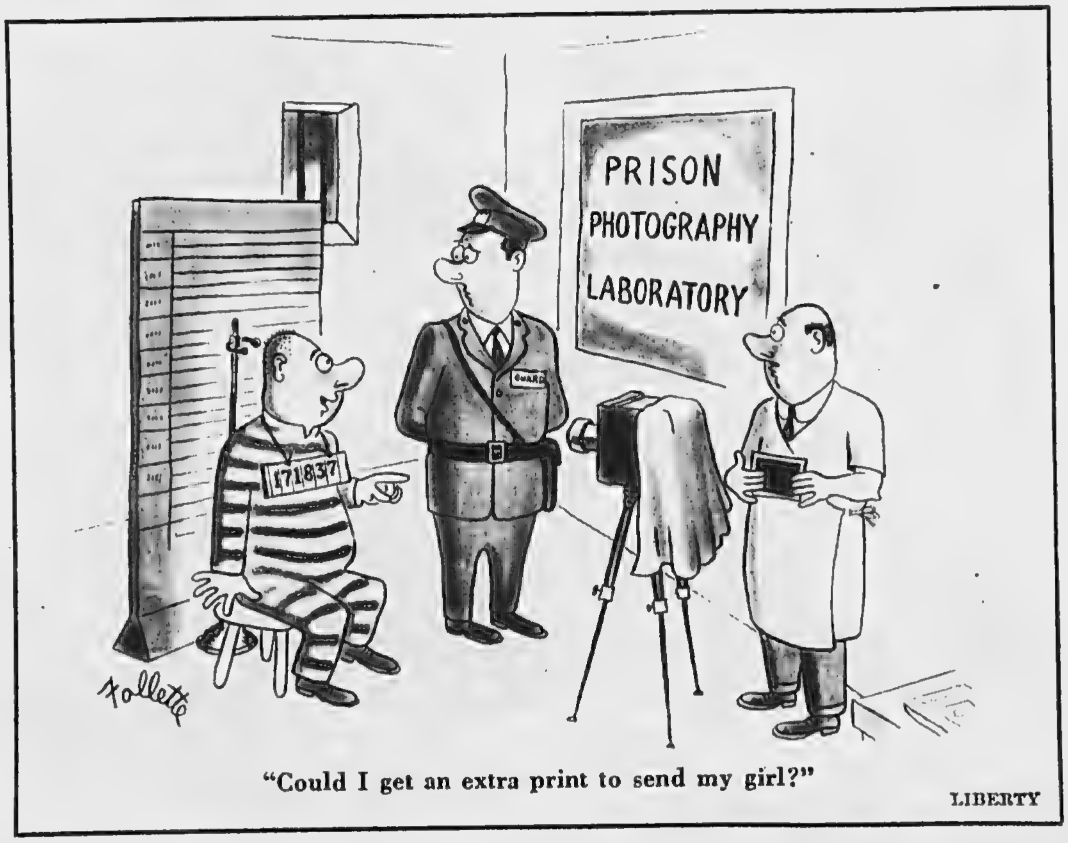
The rider, a gaunt bony man with a hooked nose, gave a startled exclamation and laid a hand on the butt of his six-gun. Then he saw the badge on Juan's shirt and his face relaxed. "Oh, it's you, sheriff. Out riding for your health?"

"I am looking for rustlers. Have you seen any?"

The man chuckled. "You're a good one, all right—just like Sam said." His face grew thoughtful. "No, sheriff, I ain't seen any rustlers. Say, what's this I hear about you throwin' Big-Fist in jail?"

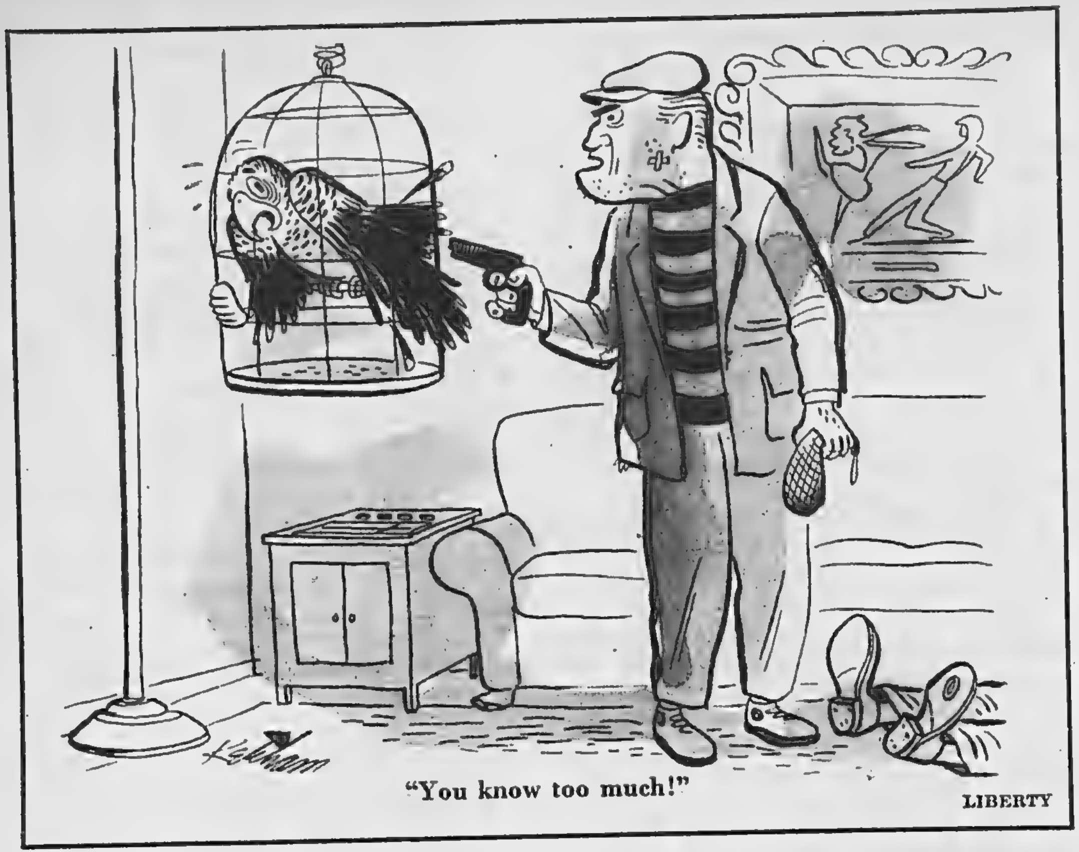
"*Sí*—he was disturbing the peace."

"That's a good one!" The hook-nosed man slapped his thigh. "You'll turn him loose in time for the affair tonight, won't you?"



"Could I get an extra print to send my girl?"

LIBERTY



"You know too much!"

LIBERTY

Juan said that he would turn Big-Fist loose as soon as the damage to Señor Riley's saloon was paid for. The man laughed and rode on.

"A very pleasant person," Juan murmured to Diablo as he jogged slowly toward town. He scowled. What kind of affair was occurring in Tres Rios that night that Big-Fist would want to attend?

THE long ride made Juan sleepy, so when he got back to the jail he prepared to take a nap. He was just dozing off when Hoss Perkins came in with the mail. "Well," the deputy said with poorly concealed sarcasm, "did you see any rustlers?"

"I saw some tracks," Juan answered.

Perkins' eyes narrowed. "Where? What direction were they headin'?"

Juan told him. Perkins nodded, muttering, "It's the same bunch, all right." He gave Juan a sharp look. "Did you follow the trail?"

"Only for a little ways. I met a man who said he had not seen any rustlers lately in the badlands, so I knew it was of no use."

"Huh!" Perkins grunted contemptuously. He tossed a couple of letters on the desk. "Here's the mail. Say, is it all right if I take the rest of the day off? My wife wants me to paint the chicken house."

Juan said he could paint as many chicken houses as he wished, as long as he was back at the jail in time to let Juan go home for the night. Perkins left and Juan opened the letters. One was an advertisement of a new kind of handcuffs. The other contained half a dozen wanted-men dodgers. Most of these concerned outlaws from other parts of the country, but one picture made Juan's eyes suddenly widen. It was the hook-nosed man he had met in the badlands.

The man's name was Hawk-Nosed Hannigan. He was wanted for cattle rustling in Oklahoma and was worth one thousand dollars, dead or alive.

"A thousand dollars!" Juan murmured.

He looked at the last dodger and gave a second exclamation of surprise. The face pictured was that of Big-Fist McGurk. He, too, was wanted for rustling in Oklahoma—wanted to the amount of seven hundred and fifty dollars.

Juan was stunned at his good fortune. Already he had seven hundred and fifty dollars' worth of outlaw in jail, and all he need do to acquire an additional thousand dollars' worth was to ride out to the badlands and arrest Hawk-Nosed Hannigan.

"I am rich!" he exclaimed.

He got up and went back to the cell row. Big-Fist McGurk was lying on his bunk, smoking gloomily. Juan waved the dodger at him.

"Señor, is this your picture?"

Big-Fist leaped up. "Where did you get that?" he demanded.

"Is it you?"

"I—it's all a lie! They can't prove nothin' on me. Besides, that happened way up in Oklahoma." He looked pleadingly at Juan. "You wouldn't turn me over to 'em, would you? I've gone straight since then, I swear it."

The sound of the office door opening and closing made him break off, and Sam Murdock came walking down the corridor. "Well," the political boss said with a frown at Big-Fist. "I see Sheriff Ibáñez had to punish you for your drunken spree. Are you prepared to make amends for the damage you did?"

Big-Fist wiped the nervous sweat off his forehead. "Sure, boss. But—"

"Then I'll pay the two hundred dollars. It will be taken out of your salary, you understand."

"Sure, boss. But—"

Murdock handed Juan a sheaf of bills. "There's the money, sheriff. Now you can unlock the cell."

Carefully Juan folded the greenbacks and put them in his pocket. "I am sorry," he said, "but Big-Fist stays in jail. And now, if you will excuse me, I will take this money to Señor Riley."

JUAN ate supper that evening at the restaurant where Rosita worked. She looked at him, puzzled. "Why are you so pleased with yourself tonight?"

Juan smiled. "Because, my little potato, we are going to be rich."

"How? When?" she asked skeptically.

"You will see."

Hoss Perkins was sitting at the desk when Juan got back to the jail. He grunted in surprise, "I thought you'd gone home for the night."

"I am not going home," Juan said. "I have work to do."

"Work? Since when did you get interested in that?"

"I am going out and arrest a thousand-dollar outlaw."

Perkins dropped the magazine. "What in tarnation are you talkin' about?"

Juan saw no reason why he should not tell the deputy about Hawk-Nosed Hannigan. Perhaps Perkins would help him catch the outlaw, for which assistance Juan would gladly split the reward money with him—eighty-twenty. He took the dodgers out of his pocket and was starting to show them to Perkins, when the door behind him suddenly opened and a voice said, "Reach, gentlemen—and I don't mean for your guns."

Juan dropped the dodgers. He saw Perkins' face go pale, then slowly the deputy lifted his hands. Juan turned. Not six feet away stood Hawk-Nosed Hannigan in the flesh. The six-gun in his hand was pointed squarely at Juan's stomach.

Juan's hands fluttered ceilingward. "What—what do you want?"

Hannigan gave a thin smile. "Murdock tells me that you've got my buddy Big-Fist in jail and won't turn him loose."

"So," Perkins grunted, "it was just like I figured—Sam Murdock is behind all this rustling."

Murdock himself stepped into the room. He was puffing placidly on a cigar, smiling. "What if I am?"

"And you got Juan elected just so you'd have a sheriff you could push around," Perkins said grimly.

Murdock laughed. "You're smart, Perkins. But you figured it out a shade too late. This is the night we've been waiting for. The boys are already rounding up every head of cattle along Alkali Creek, and by daylight we'll be across the border." He turned and snapped at Hannigan, "Get Juan's keys and let Big-Fist out. We've got to be riding."

Numbly Juan kept his hands raised while the outlaw lifted his keys.

(*Continued on page 74*)

Picking choice wines

PRIVATE STOCK
Italian Swiss Colony
CALIFORNIA
Port
BOTTLED AT THE

Picking fine wine is easy. Simply look for the label that reads "*Italian Swiss Colony.*" Choose this bottle and you will pick a wine with exquisite bouquet—with clear color—with wonderful flavor. For *this* is world-famous wine from California's historic Colony ... wine made with skill handed down through *three generations.* Brighten your dinner tonight with a dry, golden California Sauterne or a rich, ruby-red California Burgundy from the Colony cellar. Try, too, a delicious Italian Swiss Colony dessert wine—perhaps a California Port or Sherry. One taste and you'll know you've picked the *pick of them all!*

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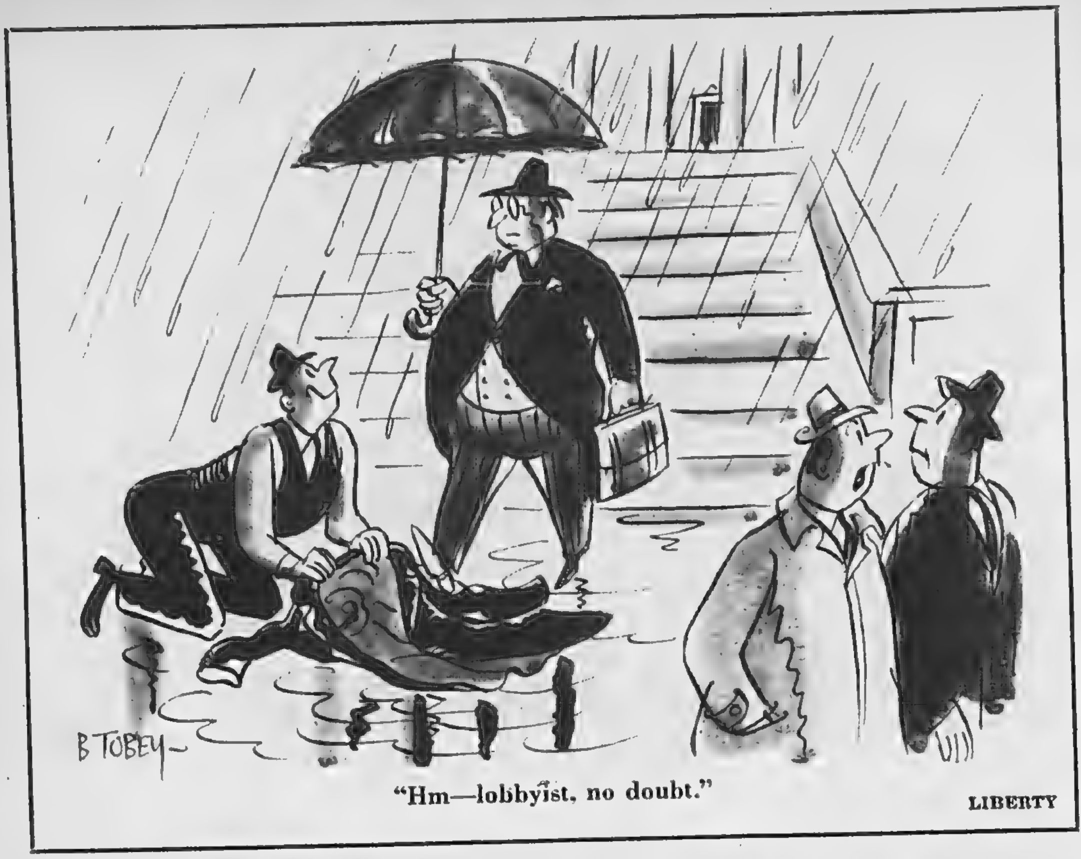
ITALIAN SWISS COLONY'S WORLD-FAMOUS WINES include de luxe *Private Stock* and popular priced *Gold Medal Label* dinner and dessert wines, as well as *Tipo Red* and *Tipo White,* the Colony's finest table wines.



"Hm—lobbyist, no doubt."

LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 72*)

Murdock drew a gun and kept Juan and Perkins covered while Hannigan unlocked the cell. Big-Fist hurried down the corridor, chuckling.

"That was slick. Did you bring me a horse?"

"No," Hannigan said, "but there's plenty of nags around."

"Take Juan's," Murdock said, "it's standing outside."

"Por la Madre de Dios!" Juan exclaimed. "Never would I let you have Diablo!"

Hawk-Nosed Hannigan brought the barrel of his pistol down firmly on Juan's head.

The roof suddenly blew off the jail, sending Juan hurtling out through red, whirling space. Dimly he was aware of Murdock's jeering voice, *"Adiós,* sucker!"

GRADUALLY the whirling of the room slowed until Juan was able to distinguish between walls and ceiling. He opened his eyes and sat up with a groan. Beside him, Hoss Perkins was beginning to stir.

"My head," Juan muttered, "she is flying off his hinges!"

"Just wait till those Alkali Creek ranchers get ahold of you," Perkins grunted sourly. "They'll make you wish it had flown off."

Juan struggled to his feet, too sick to care what the ranchers thought of him. He looked down at the star pinned on his shirt and winced. That badge had brought him nothing but trouble. He would be in disgrace for life. Rosita would hate him. Not only that, but he had just lost seventeen hunded and fifty dollars' worth of outlaw-on-the-hoof. He groaned. Worst of all, he had lost Diablo.

Grimly he unfastened the star and laid it on the desk. "I do not want to be sheriff," he declared. "I resign." Then he turned and shambled out of the office, a broken, beaten man.

The cool night air made his aching head feel better. He stood for a moment staring at the How Many Saloon, wondering if it would help him forget his woes if he got drunk. He had just about decided that it would, when he heard a horse nicker at the hitch rail.

"Diablo!" he cried.

The street was dimly lit. Stumbling to the hitch rail, he found Diablo standing with head lowered, pawing at something on the ground. Kneeling, Juan discovered that it was the unconscious body of a man. He struck a match, held it down so that its glow illuminated a face.

"Señor Murdock!" he breathed.

Not far away, Juan found Big-Fist McGurk and Hawk-Nosed Hannigan—also very unconscious. He realized suddenly that he had underestimated Diablo's aversion to being ridden by anyone but his master.

Putting his arms around the horse's neck, he whispered fervently, "My little armadillo, you have saved my honor and my life! For this I will buy you a tub of tequila!"

COMING out of the post office with the letter in his hand, Juan Ibáñez—retired sheriff of Tres Rios County—was a happy man. Also, he reflected as he fingered the two checks, a rich man. He wondered how much tequila seventeen hundred and fifty dollars would buy.

He entered the café where Rosita worked. "See," he said proudly, "I am rich."

She took the pieces of paper and studied them carefully. She turned them over. "These are worthless," she said at last. "You have not endorsed them."

Juan scowled. "What is this endorsement foolishness?"

"I will show you."

When she had explained how checks were converted into money, Juan chuckled. "Foolish little chicken, this is a simple matter. If I had a pen, I would show you how easily I can write my name."

"I have a pen."

She gave it to him and showed him the place where he should write his name. With a flourish he did so, then said, "See, now I have turned the checks into money."

She picked up the checks, folded them, and stuck them in the bosom of her dress. "I will put them in the bank for you. When you need money, I will show you how to take it out."

Juan sat very still. Somehow he had the feeling that it would be much more difficult to take money out of the bank than put it in.

"I need money now," he said meekly.

Rosita gave him a sharp look. "For something useful?"

Juan sighed. Diablo was very thirsty, he knew, and so was he—but would Rosita consider a tubful of tequila something useful?

THE END

FIFTY MILLION TAX-PAYERS *CAN* BE WRONG!

Continued from Page 19

scrupulous of federal taxpayers. Many of them regularly make a substantial overpayment just to be on the cozy side. "But what they do in making out their state reports," one deputy recalled recently, "is murder."

Tax boss Nunan takes the bureau's extraordinary power seriously.

"No other agency of the government," he told me, "has the right to mete out punishment to offenders against it except the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Our punishment is impartial, it is immediate, and it is certainly salutary. We recognize that this unusual authority carries with it a great responsibility; it must not be abused. We therefore lean over backward to give the taxpayer every break due him—to give him the advantage of any reasonable doubt."

However, for persons who are heavier with dough than with conscience, publicity is an excellent goad. When the news broke of the conviction of Henry Lustig, Longchamps restaurant-chain operator, for a scandalous multimillion-dollar tax evasion, there was a great rush by people who suddenly "remembered" huge chunks of income which, up to then, had somehow slipped their minds. An hour after Lustig's conviction was announced, one tax miscreant handed over a check for some $300,000 which it had just occurred to him he owed. In one year, 115,500 taxpayers voluntarily coughed up $172,000,000 in neglected tax payments—one man turned in $2,000,000—most of them after hearing that somebody who had just held out a little too much for a little too long was being fitted up with a cell, rent free, at Atlanta.

Prosecution on criminal charges is rarely resorted to by the bureau. Of 50,000,000 taxpayers, only 5,000 are under indictment or criminal investigation at the moment. The 50-per-cent penalty imposed on most fraudulent malefactors is usually considered sufficient. Repeaters are rare; once a taxpayer comes under suspicion, he gets a special sort of treatment guaranteed to make successful future evasion impossible.

A major bureau headache is the legal dodge. At the moment, a number of movie stars and producers have made use of a means of legal tax avoidance which, briefly, works like this: Susie Worthay, a high-salaried movie babe, has to pay over 50 per cent of her income in federal taxes, a circumstance which makes her life almost unbearable. To avoid such unhappiness, Susie organizes a corporation, which she controls, for the purpose of making her next picture. When the picture is made and sold, to realize the considerable profits Susie dissolves the corporation, paying over its assets to herself. This money, the law is believed to say, isn't income but a *capital gain* and taxable only at 25 per cent. Considering the size of Susie's income, such legalistic machinations net her around $100,000 a year.

THE discovery of this splendid device spread over Hollywood like wildfire. The government has been taking a terrific beating, but not quietly. The smartest tax brains in the bureau were detailed to work up a case against this practice. They've been secretly working on it for months now and are about ready to apply the tax hotfoot to Hollywood. A test case will be instituted any day now as the opening gun of the government's most important income-tax battle since they whipped the personal holding company dodge in 1938 and the family partnership scheme a year ago.

During the war, when black-market operations swept the country like a plague, Internal Revenue Bureau men got the toughest mass assignment since the income tax was adopted thirty-four years ago. Literally hundreds of thousands of people were involved in these filthily profitable schemes, some of which affected nearly every community in the country. There were also huge localized syndicates which a patriotic citizen couldn't buck, like the Texas turkey market, or fish in Boston, raisins in California, or poultry in New England. Every day now, scores of farmers, wholesalers and retailers, are receiving a spine-chilling visit from a quiet but ruthless bureau man who heralds their doom simply: "I've come to ask about your 1944 and 1945 income tax."

The New England poultry operation is typical. At this moment, regional collectors have detailed information on the earnings of some 1,400 New England poultry farmers. The evidence proves conclusively that each of these farmers failed to report hundreds or thousands of dollars of income from 1943-45. This money came largely from black-market operations in which 99 per cent of the farmers and dealers took part. So far, the internal-revenue people have closed in on 250 of these Yankee jokers and from them collected $350,000 in taxes and assessments.

It took eight men about a year and a half to break the New England poultry tax cases. The story of gathering evidence is a modern saga of scientific sleuthing, a little of which can now be told. Hundreds of farmers, who kept few or no records, dealt for cash with dealers who fraudulently disguised their own records; all banded together by a sense of guilt sharpened by the knowledge that their greed had endangered the national economy during a war. There were, for example, 150 wholesalers in four states who falsified records. One of these alone dealt with 600 farmers. Some farmers sold to as many as twenty dealers, every

LARRY SCORED A DOUBLE SCOOP WHEN ...
TELEVISION STATION WFFX IS GIVING ON-THE-SPOT COVERAGE OF A LARGE PIER FIRE THROUGH THE LATEST TYPE PORTABLE TELEVISION CAMERA...
AND NOW, LARRY RICHMOND, ACE REPORTER OF "THE PLANET", WHO'S BEEN COVERING THIS FIRE SINCE LAST NIGHT, WILL TELL US HOW IT STARTED ...
THAT'S MY BROTHER'S MISSING BOY! I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE!
GREAT SCOTT! AFTER A FIVE-YEAR SEARCH. GWEN, GET "THE PLANET" ON THE PHONE!
...AND AS THE REPORTER'S IMAGE APPEARS ON A DISTANT TELEVISION SCREEN, AN ELDERLY HOUSE-GUEST OF JUDGE McGEE STARES IN WONDER
YES, MR. RICHMOND IS FROM CALIFORNIA ...ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO... I'LL CALL HIM RIGHT IN
HE CAN COVER HIS OWN STORY!
MANAG
I KNOW YOU'RE TIRED, BUT THIS STORY WILL GIVE YOU THE THRILL OF YOUR LIFE
WHEW! THAT'S "PLATINUM ROW". I'D BETTER CLEAN UP FIRST
THANKS FOR THE RAZOR, JOE. THIS BLADE'S A HONEY!
THIN GILLETTES ARE ALWAYS LIKE THAT... PLENTY KEEN AND LONG-LASTING
...AND TODAY, AT LONG LAST, WE FOUND THE MISSING HEIR. HIS NAME... LARRY RICHMOND!
GREAT STORY ...WHY, THAT'S ME!
EXTRA! PLANET REPORTER MISSING HEIR!
THIS ALL SEEMS LIKE A WONDERFUL DREAM, MISS MORRIS
GWEN TO YOU ...AFTER ALL, WE'RE FOSTER-COUSINS
HE'S SO HANDSOME
EXTRA! THIN GILLETTE SHAVE SCORES AGAIN!
THIN GILLETTES ALWAYS GIVE YOU SMOOTH, REFRESHING SHAVES THAT MAKE YOU LOOK IN THE PINK AND FEEL THAT WAY, TOO. THEY'RE THE KEENEST, LONGEST-LASTING BLADES IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD. THIN GILLETTES FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR TO A "T"... PROTECT YOU FROM THE SCRAPE AND IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
THIN Gillette
4 10

one of whom jockeyed scale weights in accordance with a prearranged formula.

Because bureau men must offer convincing proof that taxable income was received, they were faced with an apparently impossible task in securing evidence. They asked the agricultural colleges of Maryland, Connecticut, and Michigan to collaborate on providing a formula showing how many chicks a competent farmer should raise to maturity for each pound of feed purchased. These formulas involved complete mortality tables, feeding and marketing schedules.

ARMED with these statistics and other data from equally disinterested and authoritative sources, the bureau men began a check of feed and baby-chick sales records. A file was established for every farmer, and into this was dropped each bit of telltale evidence, including bank statements, records of war-bond purchases and, occasionally, reports of free spending. Investigators checked black-market prices as carefully as brokers watch stock-exchange fluctuations, to discover exactly the over-ceiling mark-up that was being charged at all times. In New England poultry, this mark-up averaged one half of 1 per cent for 1943; 10 per cent for 1944; and 30 per cent for 1945. For every $1,000 in recorded sales, $1,300 of income should have been reported—and invariably wasn't. And the careful check of feed and baby chicks bought against poultry sold revealed huge transactions which had not been reported at all.

Because many thousands of war profiteers are currently under scrutiny, intimate details of this investigation may not now be revealed. But as a result hundreds of millions of dollars will soon come into the Treasury and a lot of thoroughly deserving people will spend "the season" next winter in a nice warm jail.

Fun-loving taxpayers often attach a bit of white cloth to their tax return and mail it with a caustic comment about the collector "taking the shirt off my back." One sent in a lock of his hair, complaining, "You have scalped me." But collectors will go out of their way to help an honest guy in trouble.

A Pennsylvania machine shop, a small corporation, invested heavily in new equipment on the basis of orders received from the automobile industry. Strikes caused cancellation of the orders. If the owner had met his tax bill he would have lost some of his new equipment. The collector knew the man's record for integrity and did not press him for tax payment. A year later, when the orders were renewed and filled, the collector got his money.

Such examples of what the bureau calls "forbearance" are more widespread than tax collectors like to admit. "We want to keep our reputation for toughness," one New York official told me. "If the public gets the idea we're an easy touch, we'll be swamped with requests for deferment." Any such request, unless backed with substantial proof, is fruitless. Nevertheless, a business man with a straight story, a good reputation, and a real need shouldn't worry about the federal tax collector's closing him out.

Veterans get a legal break because tax payments on their service pay may be deferred up to three years after discharge. On other income earned while in service, they get a deferment of eighteen months. Also, collectors readily drop interest and other charges, being content merely to collect the amount of tax due. They also give clean-record vets an extra break in making out their tax forms, going out of their way to discover for them deductions they're entitled to—a service not given the average taxpayer simply because the tremendous volume makes it impossible. This extra break is estimated by one deputy collector to save vets hundreds of thousands of dollars a year.

In industrial cities, collectors ask plants to send their bookkeepers and auditors to round-table discussions and three-day short courses on the problems of filling in the income-tax form. These quick-trained people can then assist thousands of their fellow workers with the simpler tax problems.

BUREAU officials are unanimous in denouncing as racketeers the thousands of "experts" who spring up annually with offers to advise taxpayers for a fee of from twenty-five cents to $100. One Washington stenographer overpaid her tax last year by $121 on the advice of such an "expert." A recent Gallup poll reported that 9,000,000 taxpayers paid an average of $7.50 each for such service. "Most of it was absolutely worthless," one official told me. "A man with an income of more than $10,000 might need help, but if he wants to pay for it—and we give it to him free—he should get a bona fide tax adviser who is in business the year round. These fly-by-night 'experts' are parasites. Often they advise the innocent taxpayer to take deductions that are illegal, so as to show him the 'advice' is saving him some money. When we bill him for it, the taxpayer screams to high heaven. And when he looks for the 'expert,' he has disappeared."

The numerous books on income tax, which sell by the millions, are also useless to the small taxpayer, bureau officials believe. "They are designed to help a man with a complicated income," I was told. "Anyone of small income who needs help should consult his tax collector. He's the poor man's expert."

The Bureau of Internal Revenue believes that the severe headaches occasioned by filling out an income-tax form are purely psychological—a comforting thought, but one which hasn't succeeded in appreciably diminishing the pain.

Actually, the form used by some 20,000,000 taxpayers, the withholding statement, is so absurdly simple that it should present no problems to any high-school freshman.

The internal-revenue people did a house-to-house canvass when the new form was in preparation, testing it out on people of low income to see if they could understand it. When they found misunderstanding, they simplified. Finally, though, they had to give up. To devise a form understandable to every taxpayer would have required inventing and popularizing a four-letter synonym for interest. Lots of people, it seems, just don't know what interest means. So

PARK 5¢
PARK 5¢
PARK 5¢
Follette

"Well, I guess it's all right—as long as your nickels hold out." LIBERTY the super-simplified form is still complicated with a few three-syllable words like interest and dividends. But at least one three-syllable word gives no trouble at all; everyone understands it at once. That word is "deductions."

The bureau could do with a few thousand more trained tax auditors. What they can turn up is astonishing —$546,000,000 in unpaid taxes during the first four months of the current fiscal year.

Because the statute of limitations gives the bureau only three years in which to discover any income-tax fraud or error, there is a certain fever to collect all taxes due on war-swollen incomes before it is too late. Hundreds of millions of dollars of taxes due the government will never be paid simply because the bureau doesn't have the manpower to check up on them. Said one collector, "Half our time is devoted to making refunds and correcting mistakes on withholding taxes. In five months last year we made more than 30,000,000 such refunds. That takes manpower. By the time we get through doing a few such essential jobs, we don't have much time left in which to check on chiselers."

To teach millions of new taxpayers to report accurately, the entire field personnel of the bureau turns itself into a vast service organization from January through March 15. This is effective. One office last year cut taxpayer error 50 per cent. They comfort themselves with a vision of the day when all taxpayers will be educated and every tax return an errorless gem. Which proves that collectors have a pretty high regard for taxpayers. In fact, taxman Nunan sums it all up pretty neatly. "American taxpayers," he says, "know that their tax dollar is buying them the best government on earth. That's why I hear so often, about this time of year, a remark that warms me up inside. People come up to me and say, 'You know, I'm proud to pay my taxes to this country.' "

THE END

THE INEVITABLE

By Phyllis I. Rosenteur

He's noble and wealthy,
  A clean-cut young chap,
Whose idea of heaven
  Is me on his lap.

The other is moody,
  And mooches his drinks.
And tender romancing?
  He thinks that it stinks.

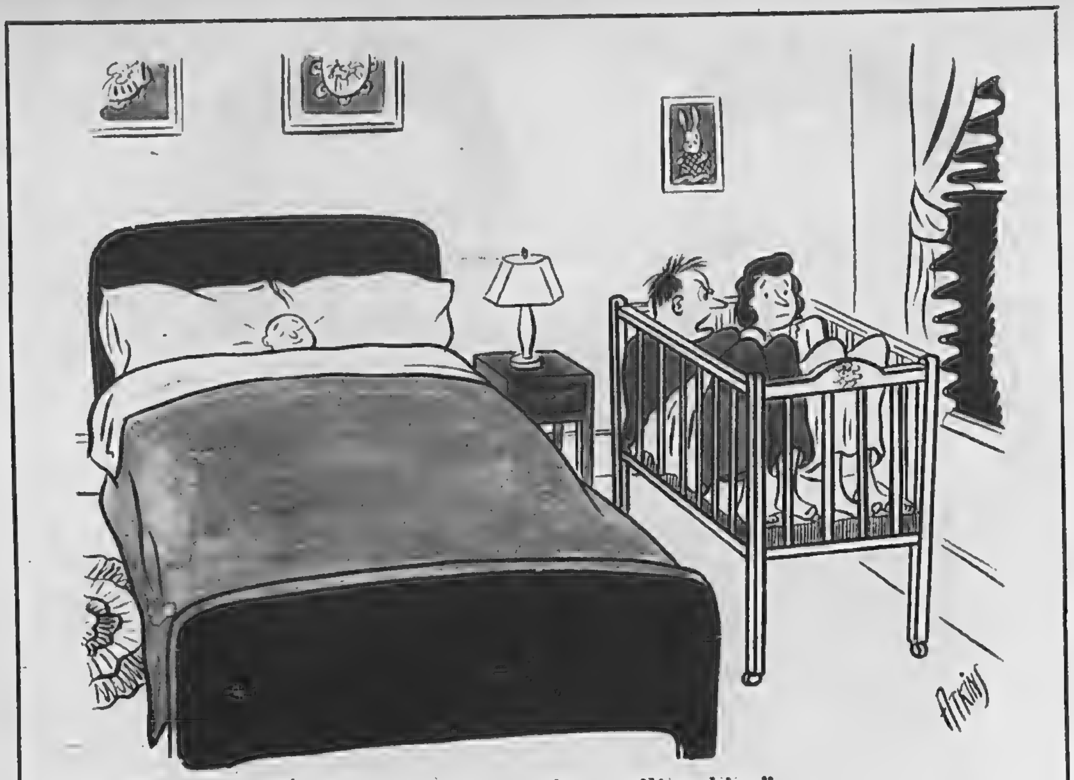
The choice is so easy,
  There's never a doubt.
I can't stand the hero,
  But I love the lout.

How Do YOU Rate Them?
Van Johnson
PETER LAWFORD
Robert Mitchum
BILL WILLIAMS

A LOT HAS BEEN WRITTEN about the fads and phobias of the feminine movie stars...but what about the *men?* They have personalities intriguing as the characters they play. So, MOVIE SHOW's reporter interviews Bob Mitchum, Van Johnson, Peter Lawford and a full dozen more of your favorites, and rates the Romeos for you. Don't miss the March issue!

MORE LIVELY DOINGS... In the same issue, there's exciting news in HOLLYWOOD CHATTER, where MOVIE SHOW's super-snooper gives the latest filmtown gossip. SHIRLEY TEMPLE speaks up for the teens. RAY MILLAND tells why he made a Western. That fascinating Frenchman, CHARLES BOYER, talks about love. It's an issue packed with colorful photos, from GREGORY PECK on the cover to BERGMAN, BAXTER and many more, inside. Meet them all!

MARCH
MOVIE SHOW
NOW ON THE NEWSSTAND



"All right, but *you're* spoiling him."

LIBERTY

PARADISE WITH SERPENT

Continued from Page 42

general outline he was like a conical scoop of ice cream that had melted a little: smoothly flowing curves of fat from his heavily oiled black hair down to his crossed legs. There was a white flower behind his right ear, and the hairs on his chest were tied into a little bundle with a white ribbon. He wore a shell-encrusted white loincloth, and his vast abdomen seemed to be sitting in his lap.

"Oo-ee-lo-bee!" he said in his soft musical voice.

Bill bowed, saluted, and said, "Zhil-oo-EEL-y!" The king rocked from ham to ham in a rotary motion, and his long gold earrings with their glittering red stones rolled on his fat neck.

Bill introduced Angela, and the king considered her. He said something to Woolawei.

"'E says 'e 'ad no idea you was bringin' yaw own women, too."

"Too?" Angela repeated, looking up at Bill.

"Don't know what he can mean by that." To Woolawei he said, "Tell him she is not my woman. She is only a visitor for a few days."

"I don't belong to any man," Angela said.

But Jilouili smiled knowingly, shrugged his shoulders, and replied (through the interpreter) that the captain was a funny bloke.

The king narrowed his eyes, tilted his head, studied Angela critically—as if he were a casting director in Hollywood—and spoke to Woolawei, who asked her to walk abaht a bit. She humored him, and was rewarded with the remark that 'e couldn't 'ardly blime the capt'in: she was a jolly fine bit of fluff, right enough.

She stood in front of Jilouili and he continued his study of her. Without warning, he reached out and gave her a couple of quick well-placed pats that made her squeak. He sat back, unaware of any breach of good manners, and said something. Woolawei translated:

"'E says it beats 'im, capt'in, 'e says, 'ow you chaps let your women cover themselves right up, so you cahn't see 'ow they're myde. 'E says 'e likes to *see* a gel, and no 'anky-panky. 'E says tyking a woman oo's 'idden like this 'ere, it's like buying a fish in the ocean by the w'y it feels on your blinkin' 'ook."

Angela laughed and moved to a safe distance from Jilouili's uninhibited curiosity. She changed the subject by asking questions about occupation: how the islanders liked the Americans compared with the Japs; whether American occupation interfered seriously with their normal life; whether there were any complaints. The answers were favorable but brief, and she made no notes.

THAT night, when she suggested a swim by the light of the almost full moon, Bill agreed enthusiastically and took Lieutenant Biggs along, since he was the only one who could be trusted to find a reasonably secluded stretch of shore which would be safe at night. Next afternoon Angela proposed a climb up the volcano and Bill fell in with the plan eagerly and arranged for an engineer corporal to act as guide, lest they get lost on the heavily wooded slopes. The night it rained, when Angela decided upon a quiet evening at home and asked Bill to come over and amuse her, he brought Lieutenants Schmidt and Berry with him to make four for bridge.

Nevertheless, the impression got around that Captain Willoby and the author of To Forgive Divine were carrying on a passionate affair.

There was no denying that his manner toward her in public was reserved, they said, but he was a naturally reticent young man. If you wanted to see how things stood, you had only to watch *her* conduct with *him*. The way she acted was as good as a typewritten confession, signed before witnesses.

The gossip spread among officers and enlisted men alike, and the more tolerant expressed the opinion that it would do the Old Man good to have a whirl for once. Even the islanders, who referred to Angela Toland as Flame-Hair Woman, took an interest and dropped everything to gape when the captain and his lady appeared. The talk reached the Edgetts, and Mrs. Edgett asked her sister about it. Diana moved her shoulders rather crossly and said she supposed it must be true.

FOR her part, Diana had never seen anything so revolting. She was sorry for Bill Willoby at first, then angry at him for being such easy prey, and finally disgusted with his lack of discrimination.

The worst of it was that he had seemed such an admirable young man. She had liked him at once, liked his self-deprecatory one-sided smile. He was not handsome by any stretch of the imagination, but he had that pleasing scrubbed look that seemed to her so typical of American young men. He accepted his responsibilities with mature serenity and an even temper.

That was before the Toland woman came along. Diana had watched his disintegration. Watched him give Angela Toland his arm and bend his head close to hers to exchange inaudible intimacies. Watched him neglect his work, delegating some of it to subordinates and letting the rest lie on his desk unattended to while he trotted after the woman with dog-like devotion.

He should have known better. The woman's obviously purposeful behavior should have moved him to nothing more serious than gales of laughter. She was funny. She would have been funny if her unabashed flaunting of her sex had not been so terrifyingly effective. For no man seemed to be proof against the invitation in her every glance, every intonation, every movement. It was Bill Willoby's misfortune that she had decided to focus her allurements upon him.

Diana regretted that she had ever agreed to help out as a stenographer at Camp Pentagon.

As for Bill Willoby himself, he had no suspicion of the gossip that pervaded the island like mustard gas. He had no way of divining Diana Forrester's feelings about himself and his conduct. When he noticed her manner growing stiffer, he supposed it was the inevitable result of her position in his office.

Without knowing her very well,

he accepted her as charming and good-looking and intelligent, and above all as the salvation of his paper work. He hadn't paid much attention, but he knew vaguely that Mike Sloan was making a big play for her and that he was getting a good deal of competition from Lieutenants Biggs, Schmidt, and Everly.

Rozouila worried him more. Angela's presence gave him little time and less opportunity to show an interest in her welfare. He did manage to pay her several brief visits, most of them early in the morning, before there was anyone about to question his trips up the path through the woods. She was as docile as ever, and much too pretty for her own or anyone else's good.

She seemed to be making the best of the situation. She pointed out the black remains of a fire and indicated by signs that she was getting enough to eat. She showed him a sort of nest of huge fresh leaves inside the hut and made him understand that this was her bed. On two occasions she tried to tell him something that he could not understand. She took his cap, pointed at the captain's bars, made a negative gesture at them that certainly meant *Not these,* then drew a small circle over them, and looked to see whether he got her meaning. He didn't. Maybe she was wishing he would be promoted.

Anyway, it couldn't be important. The vital thing was that she should continue to stay away from the bungalows, at least until Angela Toland went away. Later, he would think up some better arrangement.

His handling of the situation with Angela he considered masterly. His orders from SPIC were to co-operate fully in her study of the occupation operation; and he had done so. His understanding was that she was a great friend of General Hussey, and that her influential connections in Washington and New York were such as to give an army group commander pause, so it was only good sense to appease her; and this, too, he had done.

He was pleased with himself for delicate conduct of an explosive affair. He was confident of his ability to get through fourteen or fifteen hours more of it. The plane was due to call for Angela Toland and Major Curwin at about ten o'clock in the morning.

The officers gave a cocktail party at Mrs. Murphy's before dinner, as a parting honor to Miss Toland and the major. (Diana Forrester and the Edgetts alleged an unlikely previous engagement.) Everyone was gay, even Captain Gerson, who was only slightly sozzled. Major Curwin, showing an unexpected gift for public speaking and even less expected tact, made a speech, thanking everybody for everything. Bill replied on behalf of the occupation force, and ended by asking Miss Toland to say something.

She rose and demonstrated that she, too, knew how to speak. She said everything she should and only a few things she shouldn't—notably an anecdote about two schoolgirls and a French professor—and finished with the announcement that she was now going to kiss every one of them good-by. And she did.

Afterward, the gossip being universally accepted, the others melted away and left Angela and Bill alone.

"I don't believe you're a bit sorry to see me go," she said, and pouted her lips.

He stuck to the truth. "Oh, my dear lady!" he said.

"Are you *really* sorry?"

"What do *you* think?"

She fluttered her eyelids. "I think you're a coward. I think you're terrified of me."

"Jump at me and see if I run."

"You," she said, "and your old oaths!"

"Wild oaths," he murmured.

"And never mind the puns. Now listen to me. There's one place you haven't taken me, and that's the lake up in the hills—what's its name?"

"Goaro."

"That's the one. I hear that by moonlight it's one of the most beautiful sights in the world. Suppose I ask you to drive me up there."

"I'll be delighted."

"That's not the question. If we go, will you insist on taking a driver and a guide and an orderly and two other officers in case of a boat race?"

He laughed at her impression of the Defense in Depth. He said, "No. Not as many as all that."

"Will you take me alone?"

"H'mmmm," he considered. "All right. But I'll be armed to the teeth."

"Come along, then. Drive me home while I change my shoes. We'll have a drink, and by that time the moon ought to be ready."

The path from the road to the lake followed a small stream through dense woods that cut off the moonlight. He went ahead, leading her by the hand and swinging the beam of the flashlight. They came out into the open and pulled up short, speechless at the sight.

Lake Goaro was long and narrow, cupped in a high valley, and from the end where they halted they could see the perfect cone of a distant dead volcano. At one side, steep wooded slopes rose to a jagged ridge that stood in sharp relief against the sky.

On the other side, the still water lay against the base of an overwhelming, flawless cliff, formed by some upheaval in the earth that had split a mountain neatly down the middle. The light of the full moon bleached out all color: the scene was an etching in black and gray and silvery white, dreamlike and insubstantial.

"This is something to remember always," Angela murmured. "This—and you, darling." She leaned against him, warm and intimate.

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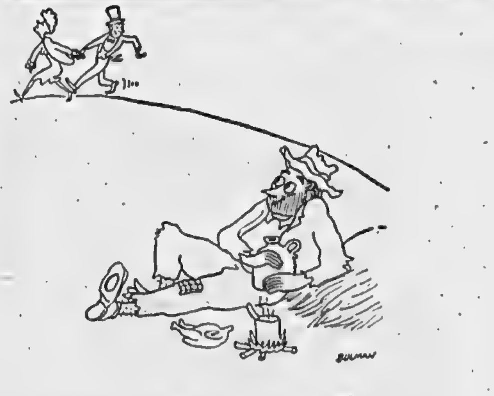

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He said, "This was a good idea of yours."

"Not mine," she laughed. "Lieutenant Sloan's."

"What? How do you mean? Did he tell you—"

"Not to come here with you, darling. He wanted me to come up with him, night before last."

"Oh."

"Look. See that enormous rock? It's a grandstand seat. Let's go and sit on it."

The huge boulder was a miniature promontory where the stream they had followed flowed into the lake. Bill climbed it, swept the torch over its flat top, and found it clean and dry.

"O.K.," Bill said, and stepped down to Angela's side. "Here, I'll give you a hand up. One foot here, then over to that ledge—that's it—now up! Good! You're very agile."

"From going around with so many old goats," she said. "Let's sit on the edge. Here."

They sat with their feet hanging over the water, very close together. A breeze ruffled the surface of the lake, shattering it into a million bits that flashed sparks in the moonlight.

Angela nestled into the curve of his arm and gave a sigh. Her hand caressed his cheek. Her hair brushed his chin and he turned his head and bent over her. She was really rather lovely in the moonlight.

MAJOR PHILIP CURWIN was bolder by several drinks than on previous occasions. He was also acutely aware that this was his last call on the beautiful native girl, on whom he had lavished two evenings, a flashlight (government property but pinched at some personal inconvenience), a cheap cigarette lighter, and a box of chocolate bars, without even a kiss in return.

He could see her sitting beside the doorway of her hut. She stirred and greeted him as he advanced across the moonlit clearing.

"Fee-leep . . ." He thought he detected a note of pleasure in her voice.

"Hello there," he said. He bent over, picked up her small hand, and kissed it lightly. He sat down beside her, close, so that his knee touched hers. He put the paper cups on the ground at his other side. He pulled the flat pint bottle from his hip pocket.

She watched him and said something brief which he took to mean: What the dickens is that?

"Brought you something," he said, uncorking the bottle. "Drink entitled South Sea Soothing Syrup. Two pale rum to one canned orange juice, sweetened to taste. A little sticky but a good scruple relaxer."

HE filled a paper cup and offered it to her. She accepted it dubiously. He filled a cup for himself, recorked the bottle and laid it on the ground. He raised his drink toward her.

"Down the hatch," he said. He held the cup under his nose registered delight, and took a sip.

"Go ahead and try it," he said. "Drink it. You."

She sniffed at the drink and looked at him over the cup. He took another sip.

"A short life and a merry one," he said.

She tasted the drink, considered the taste critically.

"Good," he said, smiling persuasively. "Warms the blood and soothes the sensitive conscience."

She sipped again and blew out a little breath, as she felt the warmth of the alcohol. She moved her head approvingly and said something he translated: Say! It *is* good, at that.

He raised his drink once more. "O.K. Bottoms up!" He drained the cup and held it upside down to show her. "You," he said.

She bottoms-upped her drink and smiled at him. The smile suddenly faded and her mouth opened in something he diagnosed as astonishment. She rubbed her slender abdomen and laughed.

"Good, eh?" he said. "Yes, ma'am. Makes the sun come out and the birds sing. Also helps people forget their inhibitions. Have another."

He refilled her cup and his own and had less trouble getting her to drink it. He drank slowly and, when the pint was finished, she had had nearly twice as much of it as he. And it was doing its work. She went into the hut, came back with her unmusical musical instrument, and sang him a gay little song, rolling her big eyes at him.

She laid the instrument down and leaned back, sighing happily. Major Curwin moved his hand across her smooth back and closed his fingers on her far shoulder. She sighed again.

He kissed her. She struggled violently and broke loose from his arm.

"Oh, now be reasonable!" he protested. "What's the harm of a—"

He heard a swish through the air and something caught him a nasty one on top of the head. It made a hollow *bong* and jarred his teeth. The girl scrambled to her feet, spitting native imprecations. She stood over him with the musical thing ready for another swipe.

"Hey!" he said. "No fair! Lay off!" He got up. The girl pounced on him, gripped his shoulder in her free hand and spun him around.

She stood back majestically and pointed toward the path. He shrugged.

It was then that, astonishingly, she spoke in English.

"Ah-ee bay-long to Cop-tin Ooee-lo-bee," she pronounced with difficulty but without a chance of misunderstanding. "Ah-ee om hees woomon."

He gaped at her. Because he did not believe she could have said what he had understood, he murmured, "What? What did you say?" and she went through it again. There could be no doubt of it:

"I belong to Captain Willoby. I am his woman."

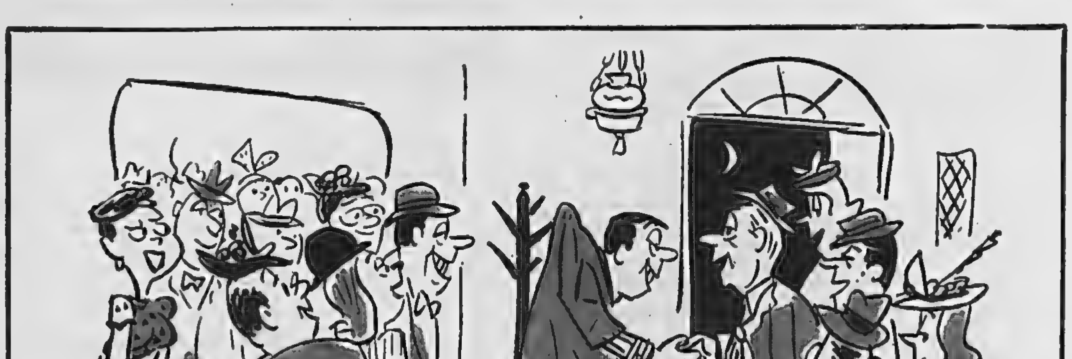
Major Curwin stated that he was of canine descent on the distaff side.

ANGELA TOLAND ran her fingers through Bill Willoby's close-cropped curly hair.

"Do you know that you're rather attractive?" she asked. "I suppose you do. Still, any time you need a testimonial, let me know."

"You might write one to General Hussey for my two-O-one file," he said. "If you like our work, tell others; if not, tell us."

"There's a funny thing I've noticed about the officers I've met," she said. "Combat men are as unlike staff men as if they were a different race. I



"Henry insisted on saying good night to everyone!" LIBERTY suppose it's because they've proved themselves to themselves—the combat men, I mean. They're calm and quiet and considerate. They don't get excited. Is it because you know nothing that can happen to you can possibly be as bad as what you've been through already?"

Bill said, "Do you mean to say *I* give you that impression?"

"Yes. I've often noticed it."

"Ah! Then I've got the answer."

"Yes?"

"Your romantic imagination. The same imagination you use to make up your other stories. If you're looking for one of these calm-confident-superior characters, how about your Major Curwin? Staff officer. Army press agent. Never been within V-two-bomb range of the enemy. But *there's* a guy who's sure of himself." He laughed. "Me, I know more about how to deal with six Japs in a machine-gun nest than how to deal with you."

Her hand slid down from his hair to the back of his neck. She whispered, "See if you can't think how to deal with me."

He bent forward and kissed her. She gazed into his eyes.

"Oh, Tom," she whispered. *"Tom!"* She tightened both her arms, pulled him down to her, brought her mouth up to his again.

Tom? Bill thought. Tom, eh? Bill, Tom, Jim, Joe, Gus—any guy for a wrastle.

HE tried to ease the one arm that was supporting him. He moved his hand an inch on the rock. His elbow bent under the weight that was dragging him forward. He threw out his other hand beyond her to catch his balance—

There was nothing there.

He fell against her side, jolted her. She let go her grip on him suddenly, whipped around, wriggled. Clutched at him and missed.

Tom, eh?

She rolled off.

Splash! Thrashing noises. Blubble-y-blub.

Bill was performing an acrobatic feat. Half of him hung, head down, over the edge of the rock, a yard above the wildly agitated water. His legs and arms and fingers strained painfully to hold him back.

Oh, well, he thought, here you go, Tom.

He fell forward obliquely, shoulder first, with a huge splash that swamped his companion once more.

He got his head out just in time to hear one sizzling Word.

"Take it easy!" he said. "I'll be right there."

"Don't bother," she snarled. "I can swim. Anyway, I'm touching bottom."

His feet touched at the same moment. The deep pool beside the rock was only a yard or two wide, where the swirling brook had channeled it out.

He swam a couple of strokes and felt the pebbles underfoot on the

Is the shadow of the "40's"

GETTING YOU DOWN?

How time flies—especially when a woman is getting along in her 'forties.' It seems only yesterday when she was the belle of her high school class. Only yesterday when she solemnly took her marriage vows. Only yesterday when she proudly held her first-born.

What a shock it often is for a woman in her 'forties' to wake up and suddenly realize she is in the class commonly referred to as 'middle-age'—the age when the menopause (change of life) creeps upon her—the age when so many women suffer from certain distressing symptoms.

Do You Suffer These Funny, Embarrassing Feelings Due to Functional Cause?

If you are in your 'forties' and this functional 'middle-age' period peculiar to women is causing *you* to suffer from funny, embarrassing symptoms such as hot flashes, nervous distress, irritability and weak, tired, highstrung feelings—then try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. This great medicine is *famous* for this purpose.

For over SEVENTY YEARS—Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of women to go *smiling thru* such 'middle-age' distress. Taken regularly—it helps build up resistance against such symptoms and has proved time and again that some of the happiest days of some women's lives can often be during their 'forties.'

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VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Pinkham's Compound *helps nature.* It's also a very excellent stomachic tonic. Simply take a tablespoonful before each meal and again at bedtime. It's certainly *worth trying!* All drugstores.

other side, as Angela started to emerge from the water.

She sloshed up the steep bank of stones. The dainty green dress with the yellow flower design was glued to her like wallpaper. (A very pretty figure, too.)

"I'm most terribly sorry," he said. "I had no idea you were so close to—"

"Oh, shut up!"

He stood, neck-deep, in the water, staring at the interesting curves of her rear elevation. "Hey, wait! I don't get this. Maybe I should have been able to catch you, but it happened so suddenly—"

She was wringing out the edge of her dress. "Shut *up!*"

"Would you mind telling me—"

"My fault entirely," she said. "My fault for having anything to do with a silly kid who doesn't know his—I should have known better. I will, next time."

HE made his way up the bank, slipping and splashing. She turned and stood stiffly erect, facing him. He said, "Look. I don't blame you for being furious, but I'm damned if I see how I—"

"Will you please drive me home at once, before I catch a chill?"

"Anything you say." He sloshed up out of the water and shoved the short lock of oozing hair off his forehead.

"My bag's up on the rock."

"Right. So's the flashlight." He climbed up and found the things they had left. "One piece of luck," he said. "My cigarettes and lighter are dry. Have one?" He handed her the green pocketbook.

"No, thank you. I've got my own." She found a comb and tore viciously at her hair with it.

He had some difficulty working the lighter with wet fingers. "Ready?"

He pointed the way with the light beam. She walked ahead of him. She was still pulling at her hair with the comb.

He said, "Any time you feel like telling me what you're hating me about—"

She walked on in silence, indignation in every line of her body. Conversation languished. He held the car door open for her, then walked to the other side and got into the driver's seat. They went half a mile before she spoke.

"Don't you suppose I know," she asked, "that you purposely pushed me in?"

The car swerved. "That I *purposely*—"

"Oh, don't tell me lies on top of everything else! You've been rather clever, haven't you? Kept your promise to your girl in New York. Finished off any interest I had in you. And punished me for leading you into temptation."

He slowed the car and swung it around a curve on the steep descent.

"You flatter me," he said.

To be continued in the next issue

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

GOOD NEIGHBORS: On our winter trip to Maine we were more than ever touched by the neighborliness of people who live in the country, in our little town of Thomaston. When we arrived at our small farmhouse, it was warm and snug, despite inches of snow outside, thanks to the McCarters and the Elliots, who had attached our new electric heaters and kept them going, with a brace of Franklin stoves also tended and watched over carefully. Beds had been turned down, sheets warmed, and there was a handsome turkey roasting in the oven, not to mention pine festoons on the living-room mantelpiece and a lovely mixture of pine and dogberry on the Welsh cupboard. All this swept us back into a Christmas mood, and when our youngster wished for a Christmas tree, neighbor George cut one and made a stand for it. Seeking Christmas-tree ornaments in a store well after Christmas, we didn't figure on the hospitality of Mr. Richardson, the proprietor, who catapulted to his cellar and returned with a carton of tinsel and balls which he insisted on *giving* us. The Chet Voses, and nine-year-old twin Whittens made us Christmas wreaths for the doors, and we had a gala second Christmas, topped off with a windfall of homemade rolls, and regal lobsters boiled and brought to us by the Al Elliots. Tish Creighton's mother baked us a mammoth double loaf of magnificent bread, and all our friends there made us feel that small-towners have extra-kind hearts. En route to Portland, our train was switched to the one from Bangor, and engineer Jack Trimby and his sidekick, fireman Isaac Hooper, came aboard to pay their respects to our boy. As our train pulled away from Mr. Trimby's locomotive, giant Jack added the last touch by tooting his whistle, ringing his bell, and blinking his headlights for our train-crazy tadpole.

GOOD CLEAN FUN: A wistful rhyme in which I yearned for laundry soap has brought me the jolliest gift of the year. Beautifully wrapped, a fine fat practical cake of Fels-Naptha arrived the other day from Mrs. Ralph C. Grove of Findlay, Ohio. Now for that washtub!

FAREWELL TO WINTER

As winter departs, what a wallop he packs
On March fifteenth, via income tax?

ALL AROUND THE NECK: Collars and cuffs, scarfs and dickeys paraded before a large gathering of woman's-page editors from all over the country at a breakfast fashion show given in New York's Commodore Hotel by the Neckwear and Scarf Association. Mary Margaret McBride was the commentator. A checked-taffeta ascot appeared on the neck of a suit, with a twin ascot expertly draped around the model's head. A white piqué collar and deep cuffs were trimmed with flared inserts of lace, very flattering to dress and occupant. Corsages were presented to the guests by Plexon, Inc., makers of a new plastic-coated colored wire developed for use in flower decoration.

TWO-WAY HATS: The spring hats which Lilly Daché presented to the press at her recent show were uniformly pretty and flattering. Men will like them so much they may not even mind paying for one, especially if it's one of the two-way models that are a tribute to Lilly's innate French thrift. Colorful flowers sewn on detachable veils were worn on simple brimmed straws, which thereupon became Sunday-go-to-meeting hats. *Without* the flowers the hats were suave complements to tailored suits, and the flowers on the veil became soft evening headdresses. Mme. Daché carried the two-way scheme even farther in a big toast-colored hat with a cartwheel brim. The straw brim, easily detached, left a sleek snug little round felt hat. Materials used were luscious straws, satins, striped taffetas, shimmering horsehair, net, and innumerable flowers. Spring *can't* be far behind!

AUTUMN HONEYMOON

Continued from Page 17

the lake, the top down, crowded with young people, the girls laughing and hatless, their hair blowing.

All the bitterness of Anne's girlhood seemed to live in that most vividly remembered hour. All the high-school recesses when the sorority girls gathered on the stone steps in gay little groups, and Anne walked alone, pretending that she didn't mind not having been asked to join any sorority; the stiff smile with which she listened to plans for the Senior Formal, and the Class Day picnic, knowing that no boy was going to invite her.

If she could just have accepted, once and for all, that she was fat and homely. But she would hope each time that if she could ever get the money saved up for this particular dress, it would make her look entirely different, that a new "Boyish Form Brassière" would really do what the advertisements said it would, that sometime she would meet a boy who wouldn't acknowledge the introduction with his eyes already looking over her shoulder for some other girl.

OF course, even then there had been Ed Marcher. But Ed was just one of the roomers, and older, twenty-one, already working, and going to textile school evenings. Worst of all, he was a foreigner. He was a Swiss and spoke with an accent and pronounced his name as though it were spelled Marshay. Once when he had come out to the kitchen and dried the dinner dishes for her, Anne had broken down and told him how terrible it was to be so fat and homely.

"But you aren't homely," he had said in honest surprise. "You have the so nice brown eyes. Maybe you will get thinner later. Anyway, I like better you than all these string-bean girls. It's well that a girl should look like a girl."

But this had merely confirmed the fact that he had queer ideas.

And yet she had married Ed, because she liked him in spite of herself, and because she wanted to get married and nobody else had asked her. By now, of course, she was fond of Ed. No woman could have lived with Ed for nearly twenty years without becoming fond of him.

The Marchers had prospered. Ed had been among the early men to realize the possibilities in rayon and to capitalize on it. He had moved his growing family successively from the large front bedroom in his mother-in-law's roominghouse to an apartment, to a rented bungalow and, ten years ago now, to their own charming house in the new Country Club section. He had even almost gotten over being foreign. Once, when they were engaged, Anne had made some troubled reference to his accent.

"I speak French and German and a little Italian without an accent," he told Anne. And when he saw that she didn't see what difference that made, "Don't fret, *Liebchen*. I learn well the English, too."

And he had. Men liked Ed. He had joined a hunting and fishing group that kept a clubhouse on one of the northern lakes, he belonged to Rotary, called the president of the bank by his first name.

Anne's lot in life had improved quite as much. Now one noticed her so nice brown eyes because the too ruddy complexion had faded with the end of adolescence into pleasant healthy color, and the permanent wave had taken care of her stringy straight hair. She had grown thinner. She no longer thought much about her looks, but she would have supposed if she had considered it, that people now thought of her as a fairly nice-looking woman. Ed still admired her brown eyes, but that was just Ed.

In the upward swing of fortune, Anne had learned how unsubstantial were the social divisions. Kay Browning beside her in the car today was one of the sorority girls she had once envied with such heartbreak. What with her home and family, her garden and friends, the Parent-Teachers Club, the League of Women Voters, the Wild-Bidders Bridge Club, Anne led a useful, pleasant life.

NOBODY but Anne herself knew that her marriage wasn't like those of other women. Ed was fine, nicer really than any other husband she knew. No husband was perfect. Anne knew that well enough, of course. But she knew, too, that when another husband's imperfections would crop up, his wife had deep within herself the answer. This is the husband of my choice, the other wife could say. It is my own romance that I am living. That, Anne felt, gave a kind of validity.

Well, Anne had no such magic memories. Ed was good and kind and he was fond of her. She was grateful for this and she did her best to be kind, too. But she couldn't lie to herself. She had never had romance. Ed was not the husband of her choice. She had had no choice.

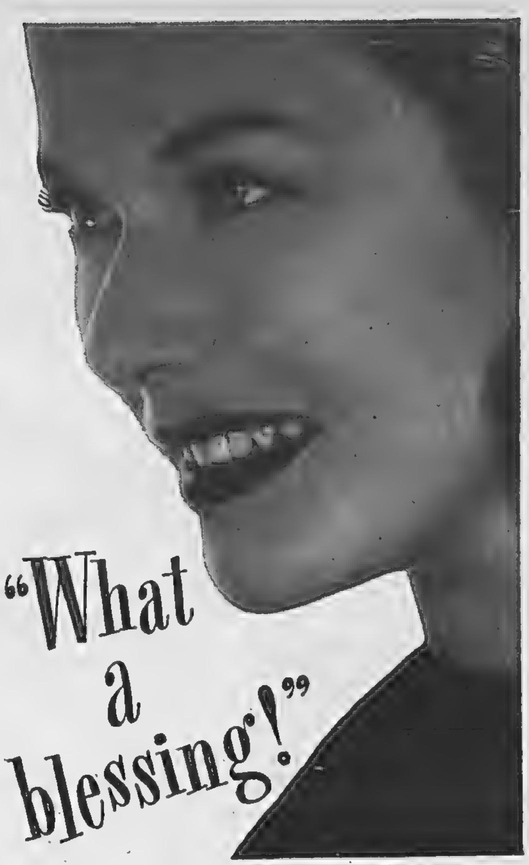
"You're not getting the dress for the high-school dance tonight, are you?" Kay Browning's voice called Anne back to the present, and she nodded.

"It's silly for just a dance in the gym," she admitted, "but you know how girls are about anything new. I really got it, though, for the big Country Club dance Saturday."

"Oh, I didn't know you and Ed had joined the Country Club."

"We haven't," Anne admitted. "Ed says he won't till I learn to play golf. I really ought to, now that Mary Louise is old enough to go to the dances. She's going to this party with Warren Hasty."

Mrs. Browning merely said Oh,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Irwin Caplan

"Why, Sidney Gorton! Aren't you the sly old fox!"

but Anne knew that she was suitably impressed. The Hasty family was one of the few very rich in the city. They had an apartment in New York and a house in Florida as well as the big one here, with its wide lawns and private landing field; each of Warren's older brothers was said to have his own plane.

"He saw Mary Louise at the Circle and arranged to meet her."

"Isn't that exciting!"

"Not to Mary Louise," her mother said. "One boy is just like another to that child just as long as he falls hard enough for her. She's much more excited about going to the party tonight with some senior who's on the basketball team than she is about the Country Club dance."

"It's lovely to see such a popular girl so democratic."

"I don't think she's so much democratic as just dumb," her mother said candidly. "I don't mean, of course, that she ought to like Warren Hasty just because he is who he is. But honestly, the silliest things are often what count with her when it comes to boys."

ANNE turned her car out of Third and into the city's shopping district, found a parking place.

"Let's go over to the Hibbard," Kay suggested, "and I'll treat you to a cocktail, or a nice long drink."

"I don't believe I'd better, thanks, Kay. I want to go right down to Biddle's, just in case there's any slip-up on the dress. I'd hate to disappoint the child."

"Well, then, thanks for the buggy ride. I'll ride home with Kenyon."

Carrying the dress box, Anne went right from Biddle's to the Circle. It was the favorite downtown hangout of the high-school crowd.

The soda fountain was huge and round. All around the circumference were little booths. Next to the front door was a tiny booth, comfortable only for one. This booth was usually empty, and into it Anne slid. The young people were packed six or eight deep around the counter, but Anne did not see her daughter.

"An orangeade without sugar, please," Anne ordered. She was always dropping in somewhere like this for the sheer pleasure of luxuriating in her daughter's beauty and popularity.

Mary Louise was a beauty. Everybody said so. She had her mother's dark eyes, combined dramatically with the fairness of her father's family. Her silky hair was so pale it was between gold and silver. She looked both warm and fragile, a combination to stir even a mother's imagination.

"She looks like my Aunt Ketty," Ed would say. Anne, who had seen only the photographs of a fat and matronly Ketty surrounded by her four children, would have to swallow an angry answer. And often Ed made it worse by adding, "They say Ketty was a silly girl, too, but she married a fine man and has turned out very well."

Of course Ed must love his exquisite little daughter. And he did take pleasure in her beauty. But he seemed obsessed with wanting her to be sensible, too, to be economical, to take care of her own room, to get good marks in school. At times Anne would be swept with anger, almost hatred of her husband. It was like watching a clumsy boy tearing a rose to pieces to make it into something useful.

Anne was always practicing harmless little deceptions to protect Mary Louise: doing errands herself when Mary Louise forgot them; quickly gathering the empty coke glasses and bottles after the crowd's departure, because it was understood that Mary Louise should tidy up after her friends; making excuses when she got home too late; convincing Ed she really needed a beaver coat.

Anne returned to the problem that had been preoccupying her all day: how to persuade Ed to let Mary Louise stay home this summer. The head of Camp Holly had offered her a position this year as junior counselor to help with the littlest girls. And until Warren Hasty had appeared on the scene, the plan had seemed ideal to everybody.

"It's marvelous," Mary Louise had told her mother. "Tom Baldridge and Morton Hoyt are going to counsel at the Holly boys' camp and it's only three miles away. The counselors have loads of fun together in their time off. And those littlest girls are too cute for words. I taught half of them to swim last summer, just for fun. This year I'll be earning fifty dollars, just for having a good time."

Ed too had been enthusiastic. "It'll be good for the kid to feel that she's earning her own way, and it'll be a healthy outdoor summer, with plenty of good times. She'll have some duties too, and she won't be able to coax her way out of them with Miss Scott, the way she does with you."

"Oh, she'll like the duties. That's the best part of it. She just loves little children."

"Yes, she does," Ed agreed, his eyes tender. "And she's sweet with them. It's a good sign."

Anne supposed that he was thinking of his Aunt Ketty. He suddenly laid his big hand over his wife's.

"We'll be packing the boys off to camp about the same time," he said. "It'll be fun, won't it, Nan? Have the house all to ourselves for a little while. You and I might go up to Lake Nokomis week-ends, have ourselves a little fishing, the way we used to."

IT would be difficult, Anne knew, to persuade Ed to a change of plans. But she must do it some way. She had her letter to Camp Holly right in her handbag now, explaining that Mary Louise could not accept the position. If she couldn't persuade Ed, she must fight. Why, Mary Louise's whole future life might depend upon this one summer! Mary Louise herself did not realize how important Warren Hasty's liking her was.

"I'm not sure," Mary Louise had said vaguely, "that this character isn't just a jerk."

"In what way a jerk?" her mother asked indulgently. The Hastys were away so much that she had never seen any of the sons.

"Well, for the principal thing, I'm afraid he may be too short."

Her mother laughed. "I wouldn't call that exactly a fatal fault."

"Oh, mother! It's absolutely fatal. Why, that's about the worst fault a boy can have! If he's too short, you can't ever wear high heels."

"Heaven forbid!"

"I'm not sure." Mary Louise ignored her mother's flippancy. "I was sitting down when I met him, so I can't tell. But I'll be seeing him before the dance, and if he's too short, believe me he'll get the old brush-off. I'm not going to ruin that divine dress with low heels."

"Mary Louise, that's a downright silly way to judge a boy." But underneath the reproof there was reluctant delight. The idea of a scion of the Hasty family being considered for the "old brush-off" had a perverse and satisfying flavor. It was a long way from Third Street of a sultry August evening.

Anne took her letter to Camp Holly out of her handbag and was rereading it when she heard Mary Louise speaking in the next booth. Her warm honey voice floated over the six-foot partition. The male voice with her was one Anne didn't recognize.

"If anybody had told me I'd ever be found eating a sundae in a dump like this!" it was saying disgustedly. "Why you didn't want to go to the Hibbard!"

"The Circle's no dump. It's the cutest place in the city. Everybody comes here. Why, you came in here yourself under your own steam the other day!"

"That, my favorite blonde, was because I'd seen you coming in. I wasn't under my own steam. I was moving by remote control." An appreciative honeyed giggle.

This must be Warren Hasty. The voice didn't sound like any that Anne was accustomed to hearing over the telephone, on the terrace, or in the family living room. It sounded older, and there was something about it, something Anne couldn't quite put her finger on.

"No, sir," it went on, "I didn't have any more control of my legs than if I'd been one of those magic-eye doors and had got the beam. Do you want to know what I was thinking?"

"M'hmm."

"All I could think was hubba-hubba-hubba." There was a brief silence. "Do you want to know what I was wondering?"

"M'hmm."

"I was wondering what a girl like you was doing with that bunch of high-school kids."

"Why?"

"Why? You simply don't fit. That's why. It was like finding Lana Turner or somebody playing with the kindergarten."

"Oh, I—I'm not—not much over eighteen myself."

ANNE could almost see Mary Louise's little smile of conscious virtue at having avoided the lie direct, her response to this surest of flattery. A girl is flattered at being taken for older than she is right up to the age where she is flattered at being taken for younger.

"I was all prepared to be introduced to Mrs. Somebody. It would have been just my luck. I said to myself, Watch your step, Hasty. That little lovely's probably got a husband who packs a wicked haymaker."

Anne decided that she disliked this Warren Hasty.

"And to think I was sore at having to come back to this dead burg for the summer! Little did I know who'd moved in!"

"I haven't moved in. I've lived here all my life."

"That's what you think! I'm going to show you that you never lived at all till you met me."

Mary Louise giggled. "You think you're pretty terrific, don't you!"

She was talking just the way she did in the interminable telephone conversations. Of course Anne had not known what the boys at the other end of the wire were saying in their conversations, but not even Ed had ever assumed that the remarks indicated anything beyond mere youth and silliness.

"Anyway," Mary Louise was going on airily, "I may not be in this dead burg myself this summer."

"You may not? Where do you think you're going?"

"Oh, away. I have a wonderful new position."

"Oh, you have a wonderful new position," Hasty mimicked her. "How about—" He stopped, with a bold insinuating laugh that sharpened Anne's uneasiness into angry sus-

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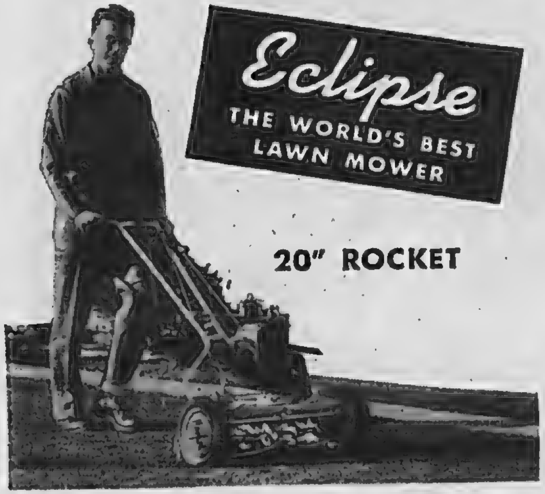

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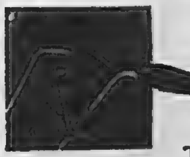

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picion. "You say the cutest things! Look, beautiful. You ever been in a plane?"

"Certainly I've been in a plane. What do you think I am—a child? I flew to South Carolina."

On Ed's last trip to the finishing plant, he had taken Mary Louise.

"Were you in the Air Corps?" she followed the conversation lead.

This Warren, then, must be one of the older Hasty sons. Again he gave his sly, derisive laugh.

"Look, beautiful, you don't fall for that wild blue yonder malarky, do you?"

"It isn't malarky. You had to be very smart to get into the Air Corps—mathematics and everything."

"Just propaganda. Listen, baby. Don't you know where the really smart cookies were in the war?"

"Where?"

"Out of it."

"How could they be?"

"Easy. You just had to know the angles. Our family owns a nice block of aircraft stock—wouldn't it be natural for me to have had a job in an essential industry? Could I help it if it happened to be a job that didn't take too much time or work?"

ANNE'S hands tightened over the handle of her handbag. Didn't Mary Louise have any sense at all? Didn't she see what kind of man she was with? Her father had worked two evenings a week on their local draft board; she had heard plenty of dinner-table conversations about the young men who knew all the angles.

"Of course, angles aren't everything. Take you, now. It's your curves that send me. Look, beautiful, about Saturday night. We've got something a lot better than a Country Club dance to look forward to. You just trust papa. I'll pick you up about nine and we'll start off in the general direction of the club. Or maybe we'd better go there for a few minutes first. And then—" he stopped. "Say," cautiously, "you—you're a *smart* girl, aren't you?"

"Well, I'm certainly not usually considered dumb. Not by anybody, that is," she qualified with her soft naïve giggle, "except daddy."

"Daddy!" Amused and contemptuous. "Say, I'll bet you know how to handle your old man! Tell him just enough to keep him happy."

"Well, dad is sort of strict. But mother can always fix him."

There was a brief pause.

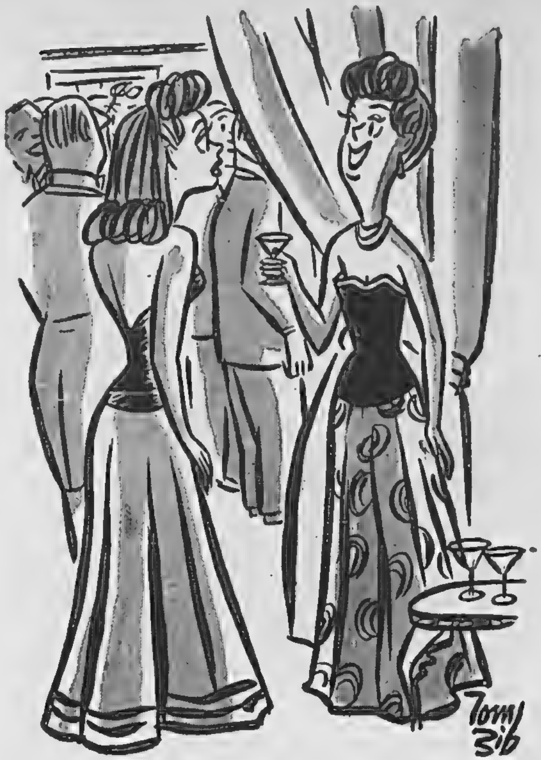
"And your mother?" warily. "She's a—a good scout? You know, been young herself, and all that?"

"Oh, yes. Mother's simply wonderful."

"Oh, well, that's oke then."

There was the rustle of impending departure.

"Look, starry eyes, why don't we give this character that's glaring at us over the fountain there the go-by? I've got the car right down the block and I'll drive you home."



"Scotch tape!" LIBERTY

"Oh, I do *wish* I could! You know that. But I promised Bob ages ago that I'd meet him here today. It just breaks my heart."

This was Mary Louise's automatic refusal line. Her mother had heard it a thousand times—but Warren Hasty hadn't.

"And—uh—give me a ring before the Country Club dance?" she said.

"Sure. Any special time?"

"Oh, no. Just in case anything should slip up or anything."

"What do you mean—anything slip up? Baby, when you have a date with me, nothing slips up. I don't let it."

"I simply adore a masterful man." This, too, was right off the regular production line. "Call me up before the dance, though. H'm?"

"Oh, sure."

They separated just outside Anne's booth. Their backs were toward her, so she couldn't see Hasty's face. Mary Louise glanced back at him over her shoulder. The mere curve of her lips and eyelashes made any glance of Mary Louise's provocative. But her mother knew that particular glance. Mary Louise was looking her prospective escort over. And the top of his sleek dark head came a good three inches below her silver-gilt curls.

For several seconds after Hasty had left and her daughter had been welcomed joyously into one of the soda-fountain groups, Anne sat motionless. Then slowly she began to breathe again. There was actually nothing at the moment to be afraid of. Ed—oh, thank God for Ed!—could take care of this Warren Hasty. It was quite possible that Mary Louise was already planning to take care of him herself. It was even possible that she felt the stirring of some warning instinct within herself.

The waitress paused by Anne's table and she absently ordered another orangeade. But she didn't drink it. She sat very still, staring over the top of it at her blithely unconscious daughter. Looking at Mary Louise for the first time in her life realistically—at the sweet pink mouth that, just a faint shade different, might have been loose and cheap; at the dark eyes that, lacking something they had of tenderness, would have been just vain and empty; at her own young daughter, just a sweet, pretty, silly high-school girl, giggling beside a soda fountain.

Anne took the letter to Camp Holly out of her bag and tore it into a hundred pieces. The very gesture was decisive, maternal, the same combination of firmness and affection with which she treated her two little sons. She was not actually concerned for Mary Louise. She and Ed could protect their daughter. Protect and guide her. For the first time, Ed's constant insistence on the need for teaching her "sense" seemed thoroughly intelligent.

She wasn't worried, but she did feel strangely sad. As though in the motherly planning she was already beginning, she was sacrificing something precious of herself. Sacrificing it voluntarily but sadly.

She rose, pulling the Biddle box out from under the table. Of all the foolish dresses to buy for a girl like her daughter, a dress to make her look more provocative, more sophisticated than she was, more accessible to the Warren Hastys of the world! Honestly, Anne thought in disgust, anyone would think I didn't have any more sense than Mary Louise!

The truth, of course, was that she had never bought the dress for Mary Louise. She had bought it for a dream girl, the dream of a fat homely girl on the steps of the shabby roominghouse of a sultry August evening. Till this afternoon she had never really seen a flesh-and-blood daughter, only this fantasy—her own second chance at girlhood; the chance to play the game all over again. this time with better cards, to pay off old snubs, bind up old hurts, live out old frustrated hopes. It was this girl, not Mary Louise, that she was sadly leaving behind.

Joining the line at the cashier's window, she automatically glanced over her pencilled list of errands to do on the way home. Clippers, Sneakers, Chintz—she read the list quickly. But something caught her attention and she reread it with a startled sense of guilt. Put last of all, after the children, the house, the lawn, after even the puppy biscuit! Call Ed.

THE road home from Lake Nokomis winds through the woods. Anne tossed her hat onto the back seat of the car, leaned her head on her husband's shoulder, and closed her eyes in luxurious relaxation. It had been a good day. A good summer. It was the first time she and Ed had been alone together since they had had their children. People joked about a second honeymoon, but, for Anne at least, it had been much better than her first. She and Ed had had fun together.

"Let's get an earlier start next Saturday," Ed suggested. "Not fool around getting breakfast. We can stop for toast and coffee at that diner on Route Six."

"Fine!"

"We've only got one more Saturday before the kids get home. Have to make the most of it."

"M'hmm." They drove a mile or so.

"Mary Louise must have made out all right at Holly," Ed observed. "Scott wouldn't have wanted her back next year if she hadn't."

Anne nodded contentedly.

"I've been thinking," she said. "As soon as it cools off a little, I really am going to take some golf lessons."

It wasn't every husband, she thought, who after nearly twenty years still liked to spend his Saturdays going fishing with his wife, who wanted her to learn golf so that they could play together.

THEY drove slowly into the city and, as usual, Ed turned the car the nearest way home along Third Street. Memories of humiliation and frustration rose, as they always did, at the familiar scene. But they seemed to have lost their actuality, like a toothache you remembered but no longer felt. True, the girl she had been on Third Street had been poor and fat and plain. True, Ed was the only man who had ever wanted to marry her. So what? This summer, at last, she had found the answer to that.

As they drove past 287, Ed glanced at the shabby old house, took one hand from the steering wheel to lay it over his wife's.

"We owe that old place something, don't we, Nan?"

For an instant Anne was silent. Then—

"Why, yes," she said, surprised that she had never thought of it that way before. "Yes, we certainly do."

A great wave of tenderness for Ed swept over her, warm and sweet. No silver-gilt might-have-been danced before her. She rubbed her cheek against the corduroy shoulder of his fishing jacket, contentedly accepting her own path. All of it. If one step had been different, it might not have led her here.

THE END

Answers to
. . How Do You Doodle?

A—Russell Patterson.
B—James Cooke.
C—Dick Flanagan.
D—James McCarthy.
E—Anna M. Kross.
F—Dorothy Kilgallen.
G—Otto Soglow.
H—LeMoyne Page.

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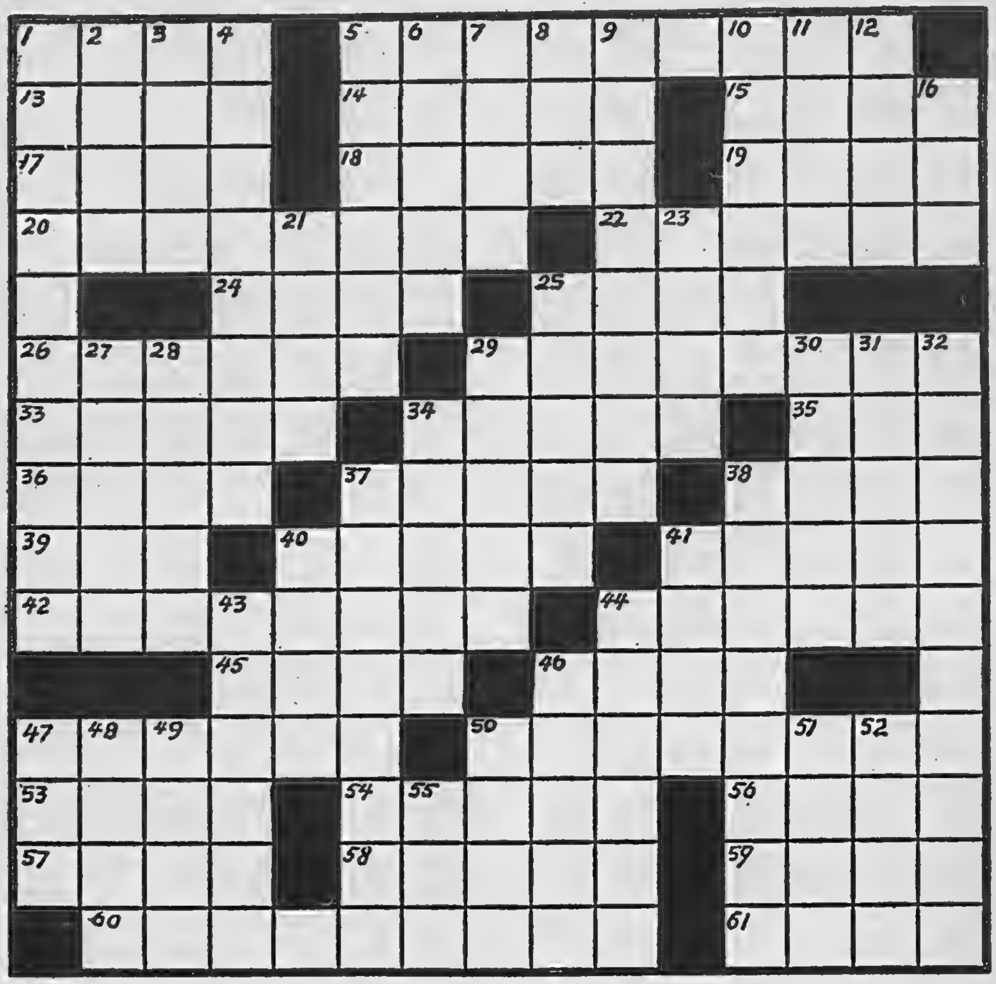
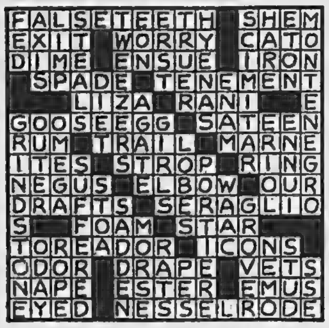
BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Fido's hubba-hubba
5 Baseless man in the diamond business
13 Kind of lasting
14 Bag in which the kangaroo carries its male
15 Big thing Hitler left Germany
17 Bugle used on scentry duty
18 It has a lot of pull in the Far North
19 *Roan* River (anag.)
20 What the bank prexy regarded his pretty sektry with
22 What it did the day of the weathermen's picnic
24 Ripped
25 Quiz program on which you get nothing (form your own opinion on it)
26 What relatives, neighbors, and guests often do
29 Sloppy
33 Circles aviators get around in
34 The average evening gown contains six of these, and is held up by a prayer
35 Human thing for anyone but 5 Horizontal to do
36 It's in the red
37 Bursts into emotional flame
38 French God
39 Illegitimate Sin Emasculators (abbr.)
40 Excessively large feet
41 Reabuse a male in *anger* (anag.)
42 Get your golden goose to lay a few, then store 'em (two words)
44 Upright quarrelsome creatures
45 Otherwise, *lees* (anag.)
46 Roar in esrever
47 If you've got this, you've got everything; doctor frustrater
50 Man Portia faced life with
53 Pea jacket
54 Scented iris root



FALSETEETH■SHEM
EXIT■WORRY■CATO
DIME■ENSUE■IRON
■SPADE■TENEMENT
■■■LIZA■RANI■■E
GOOSEEGG■SATEEN
RUM■TRAIL■MARNE
ITES■STROP■RING
NEGUS■ELBOW■OUR
DRAFTS■SERAGLIO
S■■FOAM■STAR■■■
TOREADOR■ICONS■
ODOR■DRAPE■VETS
NAPE■ESTER■EMUS
EYED■NESSELRODE

March 1 Answer

56 To see in France
57 *Dame* manufactured (anag.)
58 Flirt with the skirt
59 Ghostly water
60 Most selfish people in France
61 Platform things're *said* on (anag.)

VERTICAL

1 It's wonderful if you sulfa from a disease, but it's a drug on the market
2 Shakespeare went swimmin' here in his bare midriff
3 This apartment comes awful high
4 High points in American forestry
5 That giant eight-ball, the world, is one
6 Only thing we can't find for the veteran
7 Apply pressure to the rear and push
8 Hollowed-out rock
9 Adam's apples
10 They were a blazing success in American highway construction
11 In the possession of hillbillies
12 Turpentine tree
16 What the long-winded after-dinner speaker was greeted with
21 She flagged the George Washington Colonial express as it rumbled toward victory
23 Large bumps in the way of European forward air progress
25 Advance agents
27 Hunters say no, this is bad this
28 Impostures
29 Dries up
30 German Shelley
31 Old Man of the Mountains' dotter
32 Places where girls can pick up a lot of glamor
34 After forty, G.I.s will fight the battle of this at the front
37 Thunder birds with booming voices, impressed with own importance, very hard on small fry (two words)
38 What the Victorians called women who smoked and used lipstick
40 What thermometers do in Lana Turner's dressing room
41 Amazons are these in S. A.
43 Check wrestler
44 Men can't go much lower in the scale than these
46 Hard to ask for, harder to get
47 Actor who winds up marrying himself
48 Unscramble *pear*, reverse it, then peel it (anag.)
49 She was massacred by the Metropolitan Tonsil Tearers Ass'n
50 Any kid but your own
51 Name of a popular kitchen policewoman
52 Four things an egotist talks about
55 Roving Educated Indians (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

WHAT CHANCE HAS A GIRL IN ALASKA?

Continued from Page 29

splashy prints to rooms which must combat the dreariness of arctic winters, and has made many friends in the course of her work. Nevertheless, she says, "There is really very little social life for young single people. The marrieds have their dinner parties and so on, but there's practically no demand for an extra woman." How can there be a surplus of men in a place where a lovely and talented girl like Margot Bailey refers to herself as an "extra woman"?

DESPITE the infrequency with which the festive note may be struck, you won't find life dull if you have interesting work to do. Miriam Dickey, who has probably the biggest job of any woman in Alaska—she's executive secretary to millionaire "Cap" Lathrop—says, "Time passes much too quickly to do all one wants to do." During the fifteen years since Cap hired her, Miss Dickey has done everything from keeping books and supervising a radio station to buying the films for the Lathrop theater chain and furnishing the luxurious apartment building that was put up to house the Lathrop employees.

Helene Niles writes Tundra Topics, probably the most listened-to radio program in Alaska. It takes the place of a newspaper for people living out in the wilds. Helene has another program called In the Air Today which gives a daily weather forecast and tells what planes will be flying into the bush.

Unfortunately there are few such engrossing positions in Alaska, and unless you share the native passion for hunting and fishing, you are likely to turn into the lending library's most lucrative customer in order to fill up your spare time. There are no golf courses, no sporting sailboats, few bowling alleys, and fewer tennis courts. There is skiing, but there are practically no tows, and skating is usually limited to the period between the initial freeze-up and the first snowfall. Until you've been there for a couple of years, you will have seen most of the movies before you left home. Automobiles are scarce and very expensive. If you decide you'd like to learn to fly so you can rent yourself a plane and go for the Alaskan equivalent of a canter through the park, the cost may stop you. Traveling about from point to point within the territory is also expensive, because distances are enormous.

Alaskans don't mind this dearth of recreational facilities because they're never happier than when hunting or fishing. If you genuinely prefer being outdoors, sniffing up fresh air and trying to kill something, to dancing to a name band, your free time will be delightfully occupied.

For my taste the most enchanting aspect of Alaska life is the way the scenery practically leans in your window and asks to be admired. It's a photographic paradise.

Perhaps you've heard some tales about the size of Alaskan salaries, and think at least it would be a good place to save up some money. From a distance the figures look good. Teachers are paid $3,000 to $3,500 a year; stenographers $200 to $250 a month, and bookkeepers $250 up; beauty operators pocket 50 per cent of the take; and waitresses get $8.35 per shift plus their tips, which are often tremendous.

Your thrifty hopes shrivel, however, as you discover the cheapest rooms rent for between $25 and $50 a month, with tiny apartments going for as much as $100. Dry-cleaning rates are two to three times what they are in the States. Legitimate, normal food bills are terrific. The explanation is that almost everything Alaskans use or eat has to be freighted in from the States. You pinch nickels instead of pennies to make a $2,500 Alaskan salary do the work of a $1,500 one back home.

This matter of expense is one of the reasons why a lot of men stay single—they know that it will almost certainly be necessary for their wives to continue working if the family is to make any sort of financial progress. For all I know, every one of the single girls mentioned here may have been led to the altar since I saw them last summer, but if so, I suspect they are still holding down their jobs and keeping house besides—assuming they can find a house to keep.

Many Alaska women work outside the home long after there is any financial necessity for their doing so, as they cannot bear to be idle when they see so many constructive ways to use their time.

Mrs. Kenneth O'Harra from Oregon, wife of the man who owns the biggest bus system in Alaska, puts in a twelve- to fourteen-hour day as bus dispatcher, ticket agent, lost-and-found department, and general travel counselor. Mrs. Fred Guider from Oklahoma, whose husband is manager of the sprawling Curry Hotel where rail passengers between Anchorage and Fairbanks pause for the night, does anything that needs doing—in the laundry, the dining room, behind the desk, or whereever. (She can even speak calmly of chasing a bear out of the kitchen when it was discovered carrying off a frozen lamb.) Mrs. Rodney Darnell from Mississippi helps her husband run his sporting-goods store and acts as hostess and cook aboard the dude fishing cruiser he operates out of Juneau. Mrs. Harold Mayo from Maine, whose husband is assistant manager of the luxurious Baranof Hotel, keeps books in a grocery store to shorten the time before they can open their own tourist lodge.

LIFE in Alaska is definitely not patterned to fit the female whose idea of a good time is going to matinees and eating chocolates. But if you have something worth while to contribute, combined with a willingness to take in your stride whatever primitive conditions and inconveniences you may encounter, you can make a place for yourself among the vigorous people of this challenging land. Only, don't go with the fourth finger of your left hand hopefully extended.

THE END

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Dick Ericson

"Never mind anything else—get me custody of the apartment!" LIBERTY

POCKETFUL OF STARS

Continued from Page 21

mechanic. Wasn't for him I'd been stuck plenty of times." He looked over at gramp. The funny little tuft of white whiskers on gramp's chin quivered like the tail of a rabbit.

"Don't you think he'll change his mind?" mom asked.

Dad shook his head. "You know Nelson. Must have got his stubbornness from your side of the family."

Gramp rammed his glasses up on his forehead and glared at dad. "Don't you blame Nel's stubbornness onto me, Joe. I remember how your father wanted you to read law in Judge Weston's office. But no, you were so all-fired anxious to hook up with Nancy, you couldn't wait a couple of years. Why, you're so stubborn that if you ever needed a transfusion, the only thing they could pump into you that would match is mule's blood." Gramp yanked his glasses down and started reading again.

"I want Nelson to go to college," mom said, "even if we never get a tractor."

Dad suddenly looked up at the clock and then at me. "Your homework done?" he asked.

"All but one problem," I said. "Guess the answer in the book's the one Nel was telling about. Remember? Miss Newton must have forgot to tell us."

"Let's see," dad said. He began figuring. "What did you get?" he asked after a while.

"Thirteen thousand two hundred rails," I answered. "An' they weigh five thousand nine hundred and forty tons."

"Hold on," dad said. "I didn't work it out to tons. Yep, that's what I get." He studied the answer in the book and scowled. He tried it again.

"Let me see that," gramp broke in.

Dad grinned and handed the book and paper over. "Suppose *you're* going to prove the answer in the book's right."

"Usually are," gramp snorted and reached for my pencil.

Pretty soon gramp sniffed and tossed the paper over to dad. "Did you think they were going to use trains equipped with gyroscopes?"

"What do you mean?" dad growled.

"Takes two strings of rails to build a railroad, doesn't it?" Gramp grinned and winked at mom.

A silly look came over dad's face. "All you got to do is multiply by two," he said to me. "Hadda hunch it was one of those trick problems."

"Wasn't at all," gramp retorted. "Maybe you need this telescope I'm going to make. Help you see clear to the end of a problem instead of halfway. Trouble with you is you don't see far enough ahead."

"Did you say telescope? Don't tell me you're going to try to build one."

"I am," gramp said tartly. "A six-incher too."

"Oh, just a small one." Dad smiled.

Gramp could be very positive at times. "A six-inch telescope is one with a six-inch objective. Or, to put it in simple terms *you* can understand, it's the diameter of the lens at the big end. They've got a kit advertised in Illustrated Science for five fifty."

"If it turns out like your other tinkering," dad chuckled, "I'll bet you can't see the barn with it even if you are inside with the doors closed."

Gramp pushed his chair back. "Good night, Nance. Good night, Rod," he said curtly and stomped upstairs.

"You better get going too, Rod," dad laughed. "Twenty minutes past your time now."

SATURDAY morning a couple of weeks later, gramp asked me if I wanted to go to town with him.

Gramp still drove what must have been one of the first Model A's to come off the assembly line. But except for the engine block, little of the original car remained. Nelson always claimed gramp was a sucker for ads bragging up new gadgets which claimed twenty-five more miles to the gallon, or to rejuvenate a motor. The old jaloppy made racket enough to be doing eighty easy. But the speedometer needle generally held a notch under thirty-five.

First we went to Fisher's, where he talked them into giving him one of the six-foot heavy cardboard tubes linoleum rugs come rolled around. From there we went to Pete Hanson the plumber. There gramp finally selected a brass tube about two feet long.

"After we get a can of gray paint and some putty," he said, "we'll stop by and have a double banana split. Think I'll try sarsaparilla on mine this time." That was gramp. Always experimenting.

HE must have worked on the telescope while Nel and I were at school. Dad and Nel heckled him for awhile, and then forgot it for the burglary over on the Judson place. After a week without the telescope being mentioned I concluded it must have been discarded.

One night I was awakened by a sound that sent goose pimples rippling up and down my back. The kitchen was directly below my room and I was certain I had heard the window being opened.

Scrambling out of bed, I did a fast tiptoe over to dad and mom's room. "Burglars are in the kitchen," I said. "I heard 'em."

"You've been dreaming," dad grunted. "Get back to bed."

A thud came from downstairs. Bessy began barking like mad.

"Jumpin' junipers!" dad blurted. "Where's my gun, Nance?"

Dad had kept an old single-barrel sixteen-gauge upstairs ever since chicken thieves had been around the year before. While he rummaged in the top drawer for the shell he kept there, I could hear curses between Bessy's frantic barking and snarling.

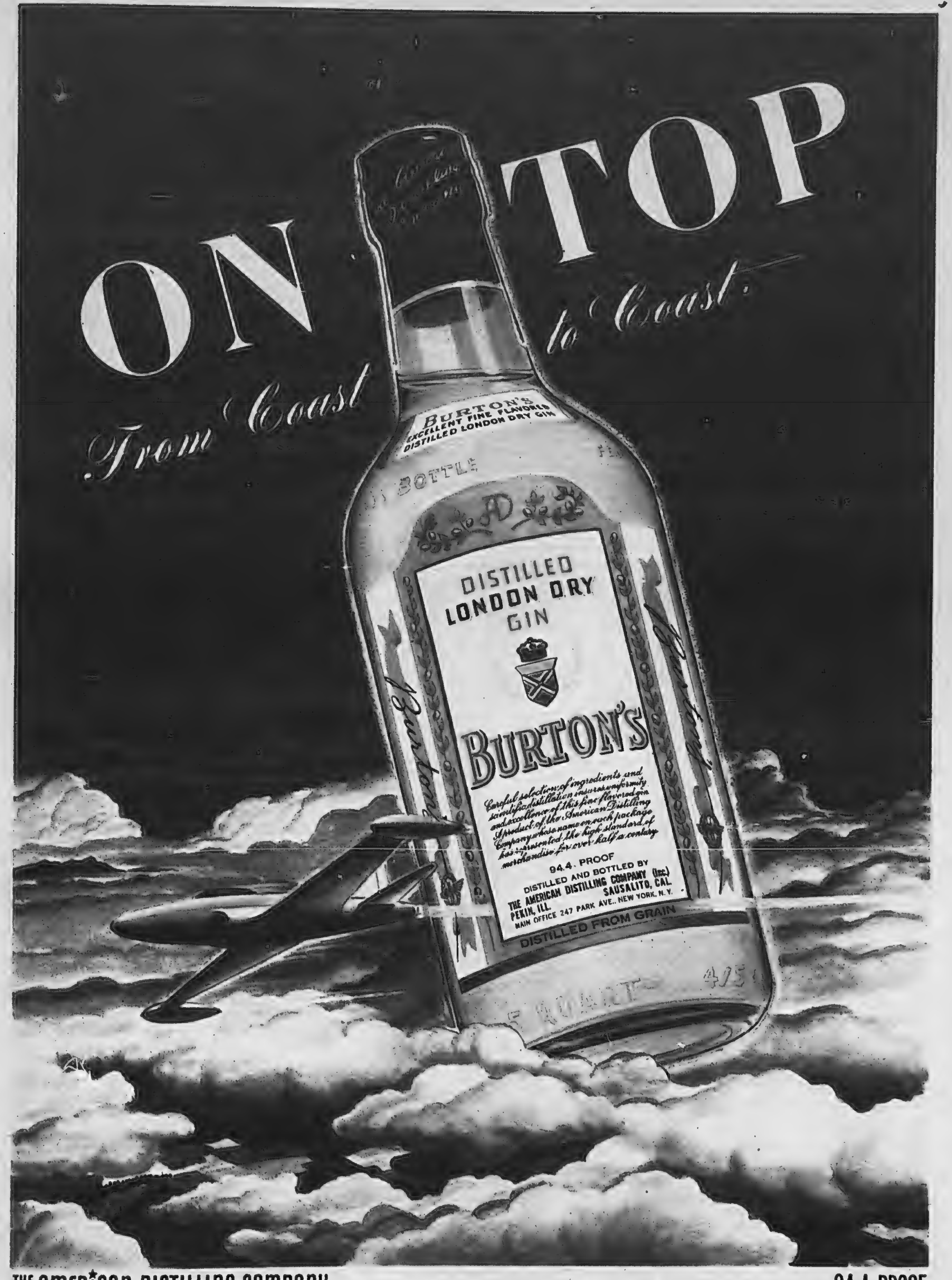
Nelson appeared as dad opened the door. "You three keep behind me," dad whispered. We started down the hall steps.

I felt certain dad was the bravest man in the world when he yanked open the kitchen door and called, "Put up your hands or I'll shoot the livin' daylights outta you."

A split second later I'd like to have died of fright when the shotgun went off and dad began screaming, "Help! They're cutting me to bits. For God's sake, Nel, help me!"

As Nel found the light switch I saw mom disappear through the kitchen door with dad's heavy-handled umbrella held over her head

(*Continued on page 92*)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(*Continued from page 90*)

like she was about to split a length of kindling wood. Then, mixed with dad's yells, I could hear gramp's voice. I figured he must have come down to tackle the burglar. I was kinda proud of *him* too.

WHEN I reached the door, I couldn't make up my mind which to look at. Gramp looked awfully comical standing by the overturned table. He was covered with flour from head to foot.

Dad was dancing around in his long nightshirt and yelling. Mom and Nel were chasing after him. Sharing the hole in the nightshirt where dad's head came through, was Tobias' head. It sort of made him look like the picture of a two-headed man I'd seen in one of gramp's magazines. Every time Bessy jumped and barked around dad's feet, Tobias spit back and clawed under the nightshirt.

"Get that fool dog outta here!" dad yelped as Tobias roweled his shoulder again.

Nel finally managed to grab Bessy and heave her out on the back stoop. Just then dad backed into the range and shot forward right into mom's arms. Mom grabbed both sides of the V in the nightshirt at dad's left knee and yanked. The nightshirt ripped clear up to dad's shoulder and Tobias dropped to the floor. Nel threw her out too.

For a minute it was awfully quiet in the kitchen, just like everybody was trying to get their breath. Dad stood holding his torn nightshirt together with his left hand while he cautiously explored his shoulder with his right. The kitchen was a mess. Besides the overturned table, the pan of dough mom had put on a chair by the stove to rise lay bottom side up in the middle of the floor. The kitchen stove was covered with chunks of plaster. That, I could see, came from the big hole in the ceiling. Dad must have yanked the trigger when Tobias started climbing.

Gramp picked up the telescope. "You shouldn't have shot in the dark that way, Joe," he said to dad. "Might have blown my head off."

"You'd never have missed it," dad growled. "What started this?"

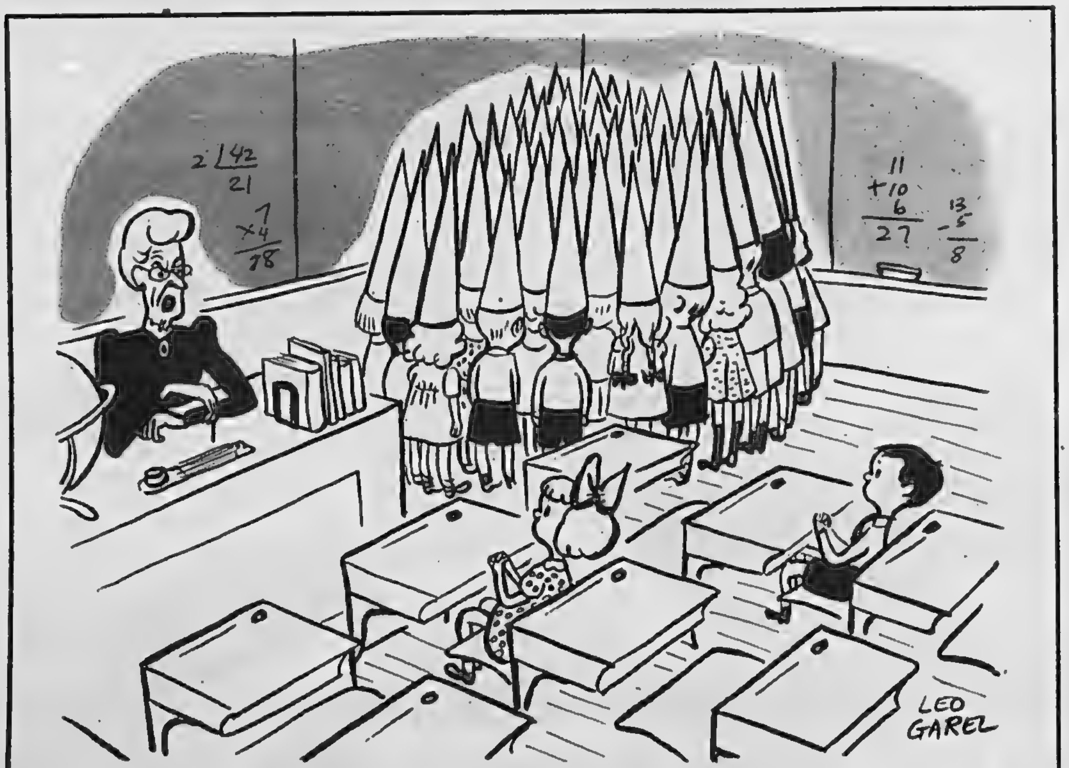
"Just wanted to try it out," gramp said unhappily. He began dusting flour off the telescope with his handkerchief. "Figured I'd test it on Polaris. Being's Polaris is on this side of the house, I came down here, opened the window from the top, and pushed my telescope out a ways. But the star was so high in the heavens I kinda had to scrunch down under the table to get at the eyepiece. Musta slipped or something. First thing I knew the dad-blamed thing had me pinned an' Bessy was barking right in my face. Then the table upset." He looked accusingly at mom. "You ought to have put the lid back on when you finished with the flour, Nance."

Mom smothered a giggle and nodded.

When I came home from school the next day, gramp had rigged a clamp for the telescope on one of the cedar clothespoles in the yard.

Next afternoon I got a message at school that gramp was at the public library. That meant I could ride home with him. I found him at a long table with a lot of books spread open in front of him. "Studying more about stars, gramp?" I asked.

"Making sketches of a few of the important ones so I'll recognize them," he said. Gramp was a pretty good artist. The drawings he'd made looked almost exactly like the pictures in the books. "Is that a star?" I asked and pointed to a photograph which looked like a tennis ball sticking through a piecrust.



"Maybe now we'll have a little order in this class!"

"That's Saturn," Gramp said. "Looking at her last night."

"Why do you have to draw it to recognize it, then?" I asked.

"Shush," he said. "See that No Talking sign over there?"

As I recalled it, it was about three days after we'd been to the library that Gramp told me to get my homework done before supper and come out with him after dark.

"What do you want to see first, Rod?" he asked when I came out.

I said "The moon, gramp."

For a minute he didn't answer. Then he said, "It's built specially for long-distance observing, Rod. Moon's too close. Only see a blur of light." He fumbled with the eyepiece. "Take a look. Make it fast, though. Might burn your eye."

Gramp was right. A fuzzy light filled the whole opening. "How about Saturn?" I asked, recalling the strange star in the book.

"O.K.," he said. "Think I left my pipe over on the cistern cover. Mind fetching it?"

"It isn't there," I reported a minute later.

"Found it in my pocket," gramp said. "Here's Saturn."

Hunkering down, I squinted through the eyepiece. I saw a ball of light floating within two wide bands of light which in turn were divided by a ribbon of shadow. I was awed, but my imagination had led me to expect it to be larger. "It's kinda small, isn't it, gramp?" I asked.

"Small!" Gramp piped. "Saturn's over seven hundred times larger than our earth. Those rings you see extend fifty thousand miles into space."

"Gosh, you know a lot about stars, don't you, gramp?" I murmured.

"Been making quite a study of them," he said. "Lot of calculations I'd like to make, but I haven't time. Wondering if you could help me."

"Jeepers, gramp, do you think I could?" I exclaimed. "If I could work problems about the stars, Miss Newton would think I was awful smart, wouldn't she?"

"Supposing you go in the house and get a pencil and paper," gramp said. "I'll have Jupiter and his moons lined up when you come out."

GRAMP explained Jupiter and his moons to me. While gramp adjusted the telescope for Polaris, I noticed for the first time that he hadn't changed its position since I looked at Saturn.

"It's a new lens mounting I worked out," gramp explained when I asked about it. "The angle at which I set the objective lens reflects the light of the moon, making a sharper image. I think it could be improved, though. But first I need to know how long a beam of light takes to reach the lens from the moon. Write this down, Rod. If the moon is two hundred and forty thousand miles away and light travels at one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, how long does it take a beam of light to reach my lens?" He paused and looked around. Then bending toward me, he said softly, "Don't breathe this to anybody, but I'm figuring on building a rocket some day. One that'll do a couple thousand miles an hour. Could you figure out how long it would take to get to the moon?"

"I'll try," I said with an unsuspected enthusiasm for numbers. Just then mom called from the door to tell me it was time to go to bed.

The next evening I worked out the two problems. I showed them to gramp and was amazed, when he checked them, to find I was only a point off in the decimal in the one about the beam of light. Every afternoon he had a new problem for me. Before I realized it, I was doing my arithmetic first. I never knew it could be fun before.

At mealtime gramp and I talked astronomy with every forkful. It finally began to get under the skin of dad and Nel. Dad even gave up talking about the new tractor he had bought. Then one night Nel came right out and asked when he was going to be allowed to see some of the sights we talked of so glibly.

Gramp leaned back and studied a crack in the ceiling. I knew he was thinking hard, the way his whiskers bobbed. Finally he looked at Nel. "You'd only find something to make fun of. Girls an' fixing broken-down automobiles doesn't leave much room in a man's head for heavenly phenomena. Be wasted on you." His eyes twinkled like stars.

Nel's eyes popped like marbles. "Why you—you—"

"Nel!" mom said sharply.

"I was only going to say if he won't let me look through that cardboard telescope of his, I'll build one of my own," Nel flared. "What's more, I'll grind my own mirror. I read an article about it in school."

"Doubt whether you've got the gumption to make a reflector, Nel," gramp said after a minute.

"What makes you think so?" Nel demanded.

"Because you took a job at Burt's garage rather than spend four years at college," gramp said very deliberately. "Takes gumption to go after an education. Tell you what I'll do, though. If you're a mind to build one, I'll help you."

"You *will* not," Nel glared. "I'm building one I won't be ashamed to let anybody look through."

I thought maybe gramp would get peeved. But he was smiling.

AFTER Nel got the catalogue from the optical company, our house broke out with a terrible rash of telescopitis. Nobody but gramp appeared to know what Nel was talking about when he showed us the two round pieces of glass he'd paid four dollars for and said one was the tool and the other the mirror.

(Continued on page 94)

The Fire Marks of Elfreth's Alley

BY HERBERT G. MOORE

NO. 129 Elfreth's Alley, in Philadelphia, is a quaint old brick house which was built about two and a half centuries ago. On its front wall is a small metal plaque—a fire mark. The alley boasts half a dozen of these curious relics among its thirty-three houses, each of which dates back more than 200 years. Elsewhere, American fire marks are museum pieces. In fact, most of them—117 old specimens, collected from eighteen states—are on exhibit at the Philadelphia office of the Insurance Company of North America.

To trace their history we have to go back to seventeenth-century London. It was in 1667 that the first insurance company, known as the Fire Office, was established there. This was the year following the Great Fire, when Londoners had suffered losses of more than ten million pounds. But it was soon realized that insurance, while it cushioned the losses, neither prevented fires nor put them out. So, in 1680, the Fire Office organized a "company of men versed and experienced in extinguishing and preventing of fire."

Naturally, the first brigades thus formed were supposed to extinguish fires only for people who were insured. To guide them, an identifying metal plate was designed. The original mark showed a phoenix rising from the flames, and the Fire Office became known as the Phoenix Fire Office. This plate was nailed prominently on the insured's building, usually at the second-story level.

It wasn't long before rival insurance companies were formed, each organizing its own fire brigade and designing its own distinguishing fire mark. The members of these brigades were colorfully garbed and indeed a sight wondrous to behold. A property owner was very proud to have his fire attended by men resplendent in high hats and gay capes. In fact, the accouterments of the fire brigades were often a more important consideration to the buyer of insurance than the financial soundness of the company.

When the alarm sounded, all the fire brigades in London would respond as quickly as their legs would carry them. Their first concern was to ascertain whether the house was insured, and by whom. If a mark was found, the brigade whose company it represented then proceeded, with their leathern buckets and axes, to extinguish the blaze. All the other companies either returned home or remained to cheer—and frequently jeer—their rivals.

IF no mark was found on the building, the hapless owner was left to his own devices and the help of his neighbors. That was London. In America, the fire brigades were organized first, the insurance companies later. In the earliest colonial times volunteer fire-fighting groups were formed to put out whatever fires started. The first fire insurance company in America—bearing the rather cumbersome title of the Philadelphia Contributionship for the Insurance of Houses from Loss by Fire—was established in 1752 by Benjamin Franklin. One of its first acts was to order 100 fire marks from John Stow, one of the two men who recast the Liberty Bell.

In 1792 the Insurance Company of North America was born in Philadelphia—and the fact that it's still in business at the old stand makes it the oldest fire and marine insurance company in the country. It, and other companies which rapidly followed, designed their own distinguishing fire marks. These companies did not maintain fire brigades, but relied on already existing volunteers. Hence, the fire mark in America served a very different purpose—and fire-fighting here soon developed into a good old-fashioned rat race.

The fire mark stood guarantee that its company would handsomely reward any brigade extinguishing a blaze on the premises. So, when the alarm sounded, every fire brigade in town tried to beat its rivals to the scene. Determined to win the reward, latecomers pitched right in. Consequently the firemen spent more time fighting one another than they did fighting the flames.

As the first paid fire departments began to be established in the latter part of the nineteenth century, the fire mark lost its significance. Only a few markers, like those in Elfreth's Alley, are still to be seen *in situ*, rare relics of a colorful era in our history.

THE END

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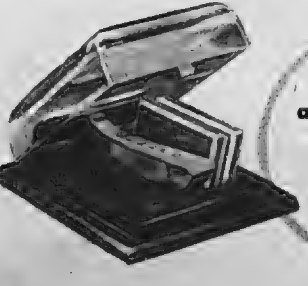

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(*Continued from page 93*)

Then, instead of Nel going over to Beth's house almost every night, she came to ours. She'd sit in the cellar by the hour talking to Nel while he moved slowly around a barrelhead, working the glass blank over the abrasive-smeared surface of the tool. When he wasn't grinding the mirror, Nel was busy with a working drawing for the telescope and mounting, or reading books about telescope building.

By the time school was over, the mirror had come back tested and aluminized so it really looked like a mirror. Then, with his first week's pay from Burt's, he sent an order off for a prism and eyepieces. His last purchase was a rusty old Ford chassis he said he was going to dismantle and make a mounting from.

Nel worked at Burt's in the daytime and on the telescope at night. Then one Saturday while I was in town with gramp, we met Mr. Burt. I heard him tell gramp he was going to fire Nel. "Always making something for that telescope instead of paying attention to business," Mr. Burt growled.

I was studying the accessories in Burt's window. I heard gramp say, "Look, Steve. I'm kinda responsible for his getting interested in the telescope. How much you paying Nel?"

"Twenty-two fifty a week," Mr. Burt said. "Why?"

"Don't let on to Nel or anybody about this," gramp said, "but you keep him on and I'll pay his wages. Settle with you every Saturday. How 'bout it? A deal?"

Mr. Burt shrugged. "O.K.," he said.

As we walked to where gramp's coupé was parked I asked why he was so anxious for Nel to finish the telescope.

"Did you hear?" gramp glared. "How'd a couple of double banana splits do right now, Rod?"

"Swell," I said and gave him back his wink.

It was about the middle of August when Nel announced at supper that his telescope was ready. He drove over and got Beth first. When he came back he opened the neat wooden shelter he had built to house it. To me, it looked more like a trench mortar than a telescope. Besides, it had the eyepiece almost at the top instead of at the bottom, like gramp's. But Nel claimed all reflectors were like that, using a mirror at the bottom which concentrated the light up through the prism and into the eyepiece.

"Lemme look at the moon?" I asked.

"Sure," Nel said and turned the telescope toward the moon.

I squinted into the eyepiece and saw the moon. Its mountains, plains, and craters shimmered before my eye. I turned away and looked smugly at Nel. "Ain't as powerful as gramp's. His is so powerful the moon's just a big blur."

Nel began to laugh. I couldn't see anything funny in what I said and walked away. I was still of the opinion that gramp's telescope was the better of the two.

The next morning mom called to me from the path leading to the barn.

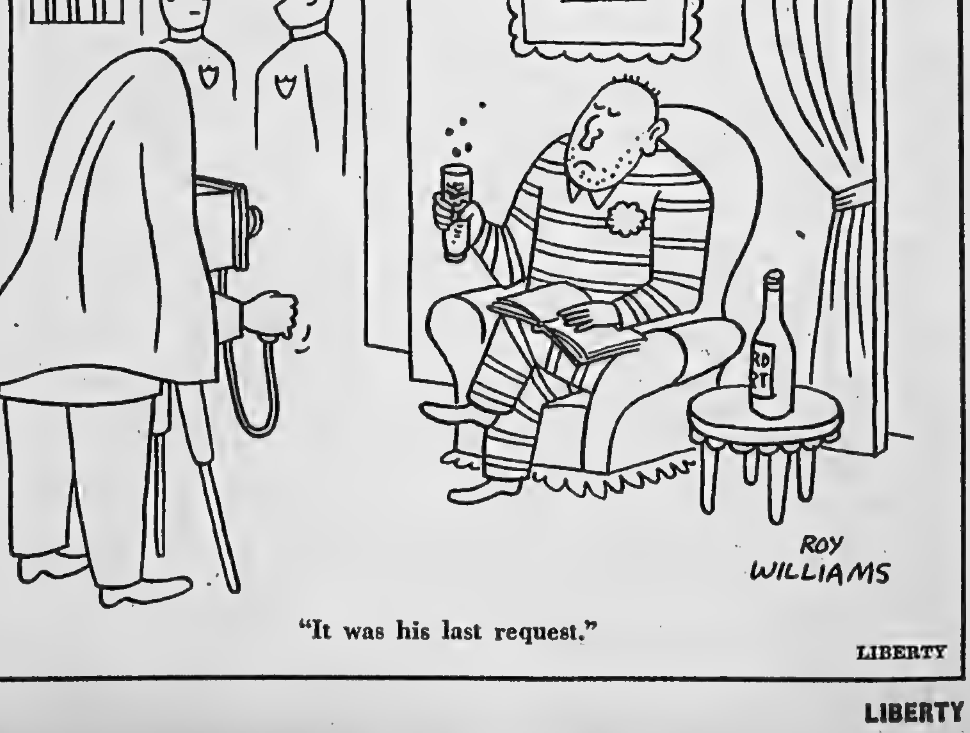
"Where is your father, Rodney?" she asked. "I've got wonderful news for him. Nel's decided to go to college. Says he's going to be a mechanical engineer."

Gramp came out just then and sat down on the cistern cover. When mom went on to the barn I walked over and sat alongside him.

"He's cross-grained, just like his father," gramp was mumbling.

"Who, Nel?" I asked.

"Yep." Gramp pouted. "Offered to help him through college, an' he tells



"It was his last request."

LIBERTY

me he can manage by himself, just like he did with the telescope. Got a idea maybe he will. He built a jim-dandy telescope."

"Ain't better'n yours, though, is it?" I demanded.

Gramp's chin whiskers bobbed while he looked up at a couple of turkey buzzards circling over Judson's meadow. "All depends on the way you look at it—or through it," he added as the buzzards dropped from sight. "Mine's just a cardboard job, while Nel's is a finely tooled instrument with which you can really reach into the heavens and bring stars close. But maybe some day, Rod, when your sense of values goes beyond material things, you'll look back an' compare these two telescopes again. I got a notion you'll rate this makeshift job of mine the best telescope you ever saw."

"Better'n Nel's?" I asked hopefully.

"Yep," gramp nodded. "Better'n Nel's."

I ROCKED slowly in the hot attic and tried to decide who had been proudest—mom, dad, or gramp—the day Nel graduated from Tech with a contract in his pocket to be a junior engineer out West where they were going to build the world's biggest telescope.

It wasn't until I started to get up that I noticed the brown envelope tied to the eyepiece tube. When I opened it, oblong pieces of heavy black paper fluttered to the floor. I picked one up and held it to the light. There, cut in the center of the paper was a tiny but perfectly cut stencil of Saturn backed by thin white paper. Holding up another one, I saw Jupiter and his moons. I located the slot where gramp had slipped the stencils in front of the eyepiece tube. I knew, then, why he always kept the telescope pointed toward the moon so the light shone through the stencil. And why he always had an errand for me while he pretended to be focusing. Gramp had a pocketful of stars, ready to slip whichever one I called for into the slot the moment my back was turned.

My faith in gramp was suddenly shattered. I got up and went over to the window for a breath of fresh air. What a little nitwit I was! I thought, and tried to follow gramp's reasoning when he said I'd discover one day his telescope was better than Nel's. It didn't make sense. Slowly my thoughts began focusing on the events centering around the useless telescope. At first they seemed far off, blurry. Then, just as if I'd been using Nel's telescope, they gathered to a clear bright point of light.

I had planned on fishing the creek bend for bass that morning. Instead I carried gramp's telescope down to the back stoop and waited for dad to come back. I had the answer to his question, and gramp's gadget to back it up.

THE END

PICK OF THE PICTURES

Continued from Page 60

well-ordered life. For John, preferring petting to pedigrees, courts a nobody from Worcester, while Cousin Agnes, selected by the Apleys as his bride-to-be, gets the freeze. And Eleanor is so difficult about the upstart Yale man that she has to be shipped off to Europe.

Apley rolls up his stuffed-shirt sleeves to fight the changing times. He manages to lose his high hat and square things with the children.

The cast, made up mainly of Britishers and Broadwayites, cavorts nimbly through a top-notch, fun-poking script. Colman, appearing in his first film in more than two years, gets Apley more sympathy than he probably deserves. Other polished performances are turned in by Percy Waram, Mildred Natwick, Richard Haydn, Vanessa Brown, and Edna Best.

All in all, Twentieth Century-Fox has done right by Mr. Marquand's most famous character and has come up with a clever, entertaining film.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

THE LOCKET (RKO). An absorbing case history of a pathological liar and thief, with Laraine Day, Brian Aherne, and Robert Mitchum.

THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM (20th Century-Fox). The city of Boston takes a Technicolored teasing from Betty Grable and Dick Haymes.

THE RED HOUSE (United Artists). Edward G. Robinson and Lon McCallister have the leads in this engrossing psychological melodrama.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE (Liberty Films-RKO). An outstanding inspirational comedy, directed by Frank Capra and featuring James Stewart.

13 RUE MADELEINE (20th Century-Fox). James Cagney and Annabella dramatize some of the espionage exploits of Army Intelligence.

DEAD RECKONING (Columbia). A slick whodunit in which Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott appear in familiar dead-eye and dead-pan roles.

THE YEARLING (M-G-M). This inspiring tale of Florida farmers stars Gregory Peck, Jane Wyman, and Claude Jarman, a remarkable eleven-year-old boy.

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES (Goldwyn-RKO). A superb all-star movie which deals brilliantly and boldly with the problems facing returning veterans.

HOW WE CAN GET MORE MONEY FOR EVERYONE

Continued from Page 15

ings, on the other hand, had risen by 28 per cent. The plant owner, the consumer, and the worker all had benefited.

It is not important to a manufacturer if his wage rates increase, or if his total plant expenses increase, *if at the same time the cost per item drops.* This unit labor cost, after being forced upward by wartime conditions, leveled off as conversion became widely effective this year, and it has shown a slight decline through the latest period reported. I am confident that the line on the chart will continue downhill.

THE worker's stake in this down trend is, of course, the hope of a steady job and higher pay. Wages above the minimum are the best way for labor to share in profits. In the long run they are more satisfactory than so-called incentive plans based on calculations of the individual worker's output, which too often turn out to be "speed-ups" under another name. Compensation tied to the cost of living is also unsatisfactory.

I believe thoroughly in private enterprise, and private enterprise for labor as well as for management. We welcome the removal of price controls and wage controls as permitting management and labor to return to real collective bargaining. The best way to settle matters in dispute is at the conference table, with the absolute minimum of government interference.

* * *

A loose tongue gets you in more tight places than anything else!—*Jimmy Barksdale.*

* * *

The strike is a weapon which labor must keep for its own protection, but which should not be used except as a last resort. Within twelve months after V-J Day, the A. F. of L. had won more than a billion dollars' gain in yearly income for American workers, entirely without a strike. True, there were strikes by A. F. of L. unions in certain fields, but the great majority of stoppages were by C.I.O. and independent unions.

The C.I.O. steelworkers' and automobile unions forced the break in the government's price ceilings early last spring. The General Motors workers were offered a 15-cent wage increase without a strike and without a price increase. By striking and bringing government intervention they gained only an additional 3½ cents after the longest and most costly automobile strike in history. This 18½-cent formula was first applied in the settlement of the steel strike, and was later extended to other disputes. The C.I.O. strikers lost many weeks' wages, and their meager wage gains were soon wiped out by higher living costs.

The Labor Department has announced a heavy loss of time through strikes involving 3,800,000 workers for the first three quarters of 1946. The number of idle days in the nine months was seven times that for the corresponding quarters of 1945. This means a heavy financial drain on industry, labor, and the community, which could have been largely avoided by collective bargaining with good faith on both sides.

ONE school of thought, which is found notably in the C.I.O. and its political affiliates, would bring the government into labor negotiations at the slightest excuse, and would encourage it to set up fact-finding boards, wage formulas, and all manner of regulations. Its followers aim to control government, and thus indirectly to control labor conditions. This viewpoint is closely allied to the Communist's: If you tell a Soviet worker that his unions aren't free like ours, but are government-dominated, he is quite likely to retort, "Ah, but we control the government."

This philosophy is alien to the American people. The A. F. of L. holds to the belief that the less government in labor-management relations the better. Labor difficulties should be settled at the point of origin, by direct contact between the union and the employer.

The way out of the present impasse in which America finds itself is voluntary co-operation. Only by working together can management and labor produce the greatest amount of goods for the greatest number, with the minimum of bureaucratic intervention.

THE END

THE WALL BETWEEN

Continued from Page 39

her perched on a tool chest between a parking lot and a crowded street, thrusting her confidences upon a fat man in coveralls! The thought amused her, and she knew then that her homesickness was being healed.

While they drank their coffee Willie spoke of Mrs. Fields.

"She's just a troublemaker. She wouldn't have come if it weren't for Betsy. She's not much on church. She favors the other end of the moral scale. Betsy—well, she's about fifteen, an attractive girl. Probably takes after her father, though I wouldn't be able to name him. About a year ago she drifted into church one morning. She liked it, and she came again. Mr. Mark made a place for her where she could see a slice of life the way it ought to be, and not the way it was for her—squalid and cramped and dirty and filled with men and all-night orgies. That's her mother's business. And she began to despise her mother."

"You sound as though you know Betsy well."

"I got to know her this summer. She used to come evenings a lot. She wanted to sit here and talk about you, Mrs. Mark."

"Me!" Christy felt strangely stirred.

"Yes, we knew Mr. Mark was going to bring you back. Betsy, she used to talk about it a lot. She's counting so much on you, and her mother knows it. You can help the girl over this hard time. I hope you will; but you'll be playing with fire. You can give that girl something to hang on to until she can work up out of this hell."

"Look," Christy rose and buttoned her coat. "Look, I'm not the one to do this. I don't know anything about guiding young girls on the brink of —of hell. But I've got Mark. And I'll try. I promise you I'll try not to disappoint her if she needs me."

Christy held out her small hand to Willie. His fat paw covered it. His round eyes examined her solemnly. "You'll not disappoint any of us," he said.

THE first time Christy saw Betsy Fields the girl was singing the offertory anthem, and the magic of her voice blotted out all else. Afterwards they met among a group of giggling girls.

Betsy appeared older than fifteen and at the same time younger, wiser than fifteen and at the same time not so wise. She was not just pretty, but beautiful. And she was withdrawn. It was as though she wore a shell to shut out the squalor, the hurt, and the sordidness that surrounded her.

Christy showed friendship, welcoming Betsy to the parsonage, making sure she had partners at the dance and was a member of one committee or another, and asking her to sing often—because singing made Betsy happy and at ease. She was haunted, when they were together, by Betsy's eyes following her —asking, begging for something.

Mark scowled when she told him about it and tossed the matter off: "It's a silly obsession, Christy, and you'd better forget it."

But Willie agreed with her. He told her: "Mr. Mark doesn't want you to get involved in any way with that Fields crowd. They're not too savory a bunch. But I think you're right about Betsy. She needs you."

"What can I do, Willie? What more, I mean?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Mark. I don't just know—yet."

MARK sighed and looked around. He was in his own living room, with his own glowing fire and his own wife. Christy was on a footstool at the edge of the hearth, holding a coffee cup in her fine hands.

"This is a wonderful way to spend the evening," Mark said.

He expected to catch pleasure in her face, but she frowned. Nellie Fields, she told him, had telephoned demanding that he come over, and without a pause she told him again her feeling about Betsy, that she owed the girl something. Maybe tonight was her chance.

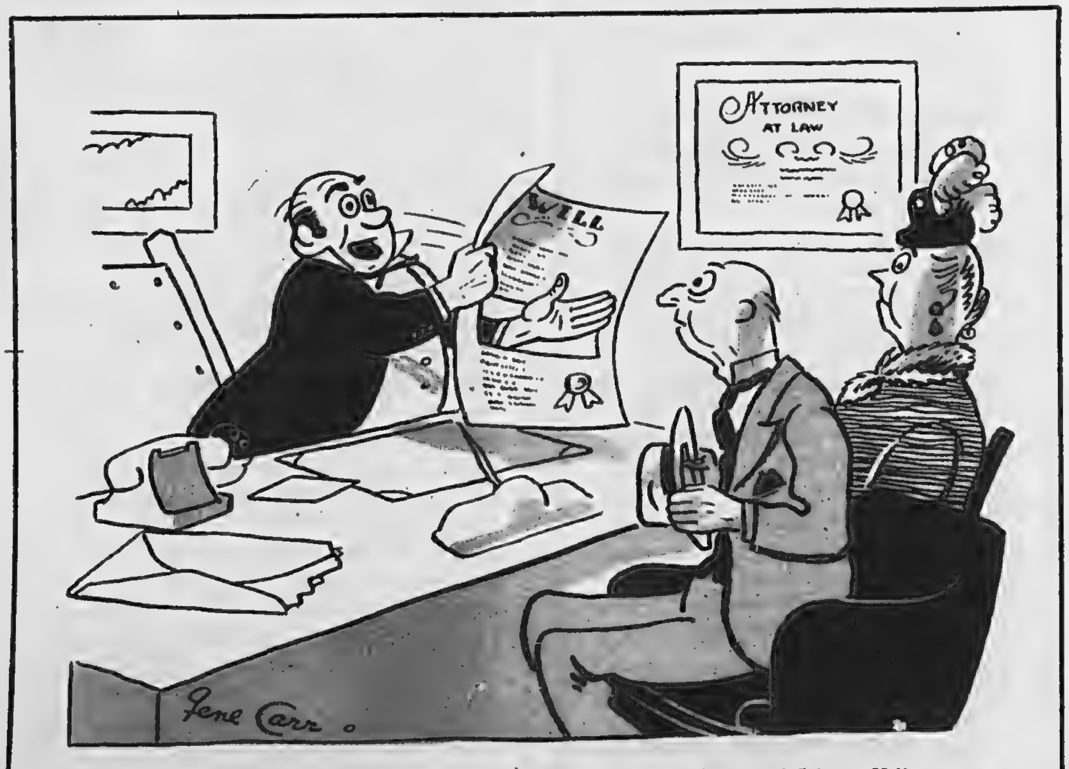
"You can't go with me, Chris. I won't have you going there."

She replied very quietly, "But I am going, Mark."

When she spoke like that it was no use to argue.

She went upstairs. This was going to be a battle, and she wanted to be in her best armor. The blue wool dress she was wearing would do nicely. She brushed her hair high. From her jewel box she selected a bracelet set with rubies. Her father had presented it to her on her last birthday. She had never liked it be-

(*Continued on page 98*)



"You can see for yourself where he cut you out of his will." LIBERTY

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING—

(OR IS IT?)

BY GROUCHO MARX

WHAT do you want to save up a lot of money for? You'll never need the stuff.

Why, just think of all the wonderful, wonderful things you can do *without* money. Things like—well, things like—

On second thought, you'd better keep on saving, chum. Otherwise you're licked.

For instance, how are you ever going to build that Little Dream House, without a trunk full of moolah? You think the carpenters are going to work free? Or the plumbers? Or the architects? Not those lads. They've been around. They're no dopes.

And how are you going to send that kid of yours to college, without the folding stuff? Maybe you think he can work his way through by playing the flute. If so, you're crazy. (Only three students have ever worked their way through college by playing the flute. And they had to stop eating for four years.)

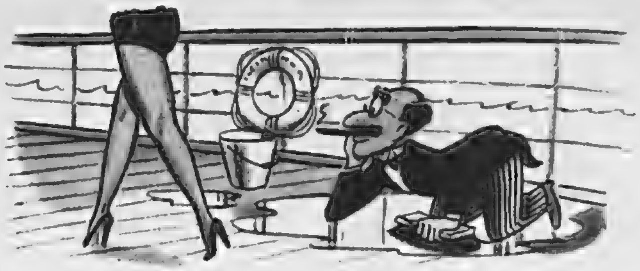
WHERE'S MY DOUGH ?

And how are you going to do that world-traveling you've always wanted to do? Maybe you think you can stoke your way across, or scrub decks. Well, that's no good. I've tried it. It interferes with shipboard romances.

So—all seriousness aside—you'd better keep on saving, pal.

Obviously the best way is by continuing to buy U. S. Savings Bonds—through the Payroll Plan.

They're safe and sound. Old Uncle Sam *personally* guarantees your investment. And he never fobbed off a bum I.O.U. on *anybody*.



You get four bucks back for every three you put in. And that ain't hay, alfalfa, or any other field-grown product.

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So stick with the Payroll Plan, son—and you can't lose.

SAVE THE EASY WAY... BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

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in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

"Come in! We're patching up a quarrel!"

LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 96*)

cause it was flamboyant. She snapped it over her sleeve, observing herself a moment in the mirror, then went to join Mark downstairs.

In the car she asked, "Mark, why haven't we done anything real about Mrs. Fields before?"

Mark's jaw was set. "I tried before you came, but Joe Daluccia has the police department and the health department and every politician in his pants pocket. I couldn't touch them."

"Who is Joe Daluccia?"

"He's Nellie's so-called boy friend, and the political boss of New Hampton. He could finish me like that." Mark snapped his fingers.

They climbed rickety stairs—three flights that smelled of cooking cabbage and sounded of mice scattering and a baby crying wearily.

Mark knocked on the door at the head of the top flight. Nellie, in a purple-ballooned wrapper with her back hair in curlers, threw open the door. With a glare at Christy, she barked at Mark: "Well, I see you've brought your bodyguard."

Mark grinned amiably. "Oh, Mrs. Gardner is a good friend of Betsy's too. She wanted to come."

Nellie stood aside for them to enter. "I'll bet. Slumming?" she sneered as Christy went by her.

The tiny box of a room was heavy with supper smells and Nellie's eternal jasmine. Its plush divan and chair, its tattered rug, and its crowded bric-a-brac had Christy sitting on the edge of her straight chair. Then she forced herself to relax.

Mark sat down on the worn divan and crossed his long legs casually. Nellie was watching him. She lit a cigarette, puffed twice, and put it out only to light another.

Christy said abruptly, "Where's Betsy?"

Nellie whirled on her. "You keep the hell out of this. You weren't invited."

"Shut up, Nellie," Mark's voice was knife-edged.

BUT Nellie didn't shut up. She had a lot she was burning to say to this Christy Gardner.

"I warned you to keep out of my affairs. And that means Betsy. I don't like your giving her these highty-tighty ideas. I don't like the way she looks or talks when she comes home from that damned church of yours. And my friends don't like it either, see? They don't like the way she looks down her nose. She ought to be friendly-like. She's a big girl now."

Christy gasped, "You mean you expect Betsy—"

Mark said coolly: "What's the matter, Nellie? Joe getting bored?"

Nellie flung at him. "We gotta eat," she stormed, "and have clothes and a roof over our heads and a lot of other things. Betsy's been getting them off me for free fifteen years now. Time she helped out a little." She spun on Christy. "You wouldn't know about fighting for crumbs, would you, you orchid? Look at you sitting there with that bracelet flashing all over the place like it was an insult." Christy had been twisting the bracelet on her wrist without realizing it.

Nellie paced the carpet. "Betsy's getting ideas at that church I won't stand for. She's no better than me, and I don't want her acting like she was. She's been getting sassy lately, saying, 'Mrs. Gardner does this and Mrs. Gardner says that,' and I'm sick of it. She can't go there any more. Do you hear?"

Mark sprang up, and for the first time Christy saw him losing control of himself.

"I wish I could talk your language, Nellie. I'd know how to buy you off."

Nellie chortled shrilly. "Brother, that's one for the books. You buy me!"

Christy rose slowly. In a low voice that reached beyond the others' anger, she said to Nellie, "I can speak your language."

Taken off her guard, Nellie sputtered.

"You want money, most," Christy aimed unerringly at her target. "You want the things you see in the windows now at Christmas. Well, I'm offering to buy them for you, but the price to you is Betsy's peace. I'm offering that as a Christmas present to Betsy."

Her eyes were steady on Nellie's. She unfastened the ruby bracelet and held it in the palm of her hand. Nellie moved toward her, staring greedily.

Mark choked a whispered "No, Christy," but did not try to stop her.

"You understand"—she laid down her terms clearly—"that Betsy is to be allowed to come to church as much as she wants. And—" She closed her fingers over the bracelet, pulling it away from Nellie. "Not yet. And you and your friends are not to bother her at all. This is worth over seven hundred dollars. You can pawn or sell it. I don't care. It'll be yours, but it's got to be a bargain. Understand?"

Nellie was regarding her with unveiled respect, and Christy felt suddenly strong and successful. She added impressively: "I want it in writing. Mark, give me your pen and paper."

Mark obediently unscrewed his fountain pen and handed her a penny notebook.

Christy wrote boldly, "I, Nellie Fields, do hereby promise not to interfere in any way with my daughter Betsy." She held out the paper. Nellie took it and signed in a loose scrawl, still saying nothing.

Christy laid the bracelet down on a table, and then started toward the door, tapping Mark's arm. "Let's go." Nellie was still looking at it as if hypnotized.

IT was a glittering blue and white day. They drove from the gray city down through the rolling snow-tipped valleys of Connecticut and over into New York State to spend Christmas with the Allens. In the late afternoon Christy snuggled down in her fur collar and pretended to sleep. There was something she was going to have to explain to Mark pretty soon. Finally she plunged. "Mark, you don't know my family very well. My father, Tom—he's a rather conservative businessman. I mean he—he doesn't have much use for the kind of people you and—and I love. He doesn't try to understand anything or anybody outside his own narrow domain. He— Well, what he doesn't understand he's not apt to like. His hobbies are baseball and politics. You two can talk baseball to your heart's content, but please, please don't talk politics. You won't agree at all, and he hates young men who don't agree with him. I don't want him to hate you."

"So you want me to shut up at all times."

"Oh, no, Mark!" But it was a feeble protest. "Just don't argue."

He sensed that she wasn't through. "Any more instructions for a wayward husband?"

"Yes," she said in a small voice. "Liz doesn't know about our—our friends, like Betsy and Willie. I'd rather you didn't mention them. Liz wouldn't like it."

"So now you're ashamed of your friends?"

"No. I'm not. It's just Liz. She wouldn't understand about them—about Nellie, or about Willie living in a parking lot."

"Anything else?"

"They—they— It goes without saying, of course, they never say grace at meals. I mean—"

He said tautly, "In Rome we do as the Romans do, naturally."

She leaned closer toward him. She had to touch him. She rubbed her chin against his shoulder.

"Mark," she said, "I love you just the way you are. It's only that I want them to love you too."

When Mark turned into her driveway the big house gleamed in the winter moonlight. All the windows were aglow. The door swung open and the light, gay music, and warmth reached out and tugged them in. And quite completely Christy changed. She was home for Christmas. She was suddenly gay, gay as she had forgotten how to be.

And afterwards everything was Christmas for a while. The skating, skiing, dancing, the cold stars and the roaring fire, all belonging to her and she to them.

For three days Mark resolutely stuck to his noncommittal attitude, avoided Tom Allen politely and followed Christy around faithfully. The girls found him charming, and the boys dubbed him "Rev" merrily. And Christy wondered how she could have been so foolish as to worry.

ONE night before dinner Tom Allen began on the war. He thought the statesmen of Europe were alarmingly dull-witted in not compromising further with Germany. The real enemy, he said pontifically, was Russia. Maybe this Hitler was a smart man. At all events it was none of America's business. The uncles and the cousins chimed in. In the persecution of the Jews, they admitted, the Nazis went pretty far. But then, they said, the Jews—Well, after all, they were rather asking for it, running things to make money for themselves.

Mark thought of Rabbi Greenberg, one of the finest, keenest minds he knew. Izzy Klein, back in college days, whose surgeon's fingers were already beginning to create miracles —and Papa Klein sewing night after night so Izzy could have a good education. The Jews! The splendid intelligent Jews. If he were anywhere else, he would be speaking urgently, fiercely in defense of his friends. But now and here in his wife's home it was expedient to be quiet.

The men took apart that man in the White House. And government policies—this unwarranted leniency toward labor unions, this generosity toward the so-called poor, this fetish for feeding and housing, especially the handsome housing of a lot of stupid, criminal bums who loved their slums anyway. Tom was overheated about this. It was un-American, he said, to snatch the income out of a man's pockets so that a lot of howling, sickly brats and a lot of foreigners might have an equal chance with people like the Allens. It was communism pure and simple, that's what it was.

MARK looked slowly around the room. Would there be anybody on his side? There were the great-aunts who favored his distaste for Liz. They were both examining him now, and the elder denied her aristocratic appearance by winking at him. Then she made an almost imperceptible gesture as though suggesting, "Come on, boy, and toss a few pearls before the swine." Mark smiled suddenly, stretched his legs, and began talking:

"I think Hitler is a monster, and evil committed anywhere is every man's business. I think also the Jews are no better or no worse than the rest of us. I'm not going to quarrel with you. My wife asked me not to. But when you talk with such abysmal ignorance of matters close to me, matters so dependent unfortunately upon the good will of men like you, then—Christy or no Christy—I must speak out. I know poor people. They are my friends. Some of them go to my church, thank God. I have called in their homes, visited their sick, baptized the babies, married the young, and buried the old—and many of the young too, for that matter. I've met with their labor unions. I know what they want and need, and how they must fight for it. They are not stupid or lazy or foreign. They are Americans, and they love America as you do; and they have a right to expect something of her—as you do."

"Boy, you talk like a red." Tom bit off the end of his cigar and glared at his son-in-law.

Mark said quietly: "Not a red, sir. A Christian minister, I hope. Jesus laid down the pattern for us."

Christy thought frantically, turning her face to avoid Liz's: Ye gods, he's not going to preach! He can't!

He didn't, but what he said was worse, she thought afterwards. He said: "We live next door to the slums in New Hampton. We can't shut our eyes and our ears to them as you can. We have friends there, Christy and I."

He would have gone on had not Liz interfered. Her voice dripped ice

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water. "Come in to dinner now," she ordered.

There was the customary process of getting settled at the table, and Christy was just beginning to breathe again when Mark's voice tossed her back into tense confusion. He said, "Father Allen, I wonder if I might ask a blessing for this dinner and for the family ties?"

Into the heavy pause one aunt injected her prim soprano: "I think it's a splendid idea, Thomas. We all need it. Go on, son." Tom growled and bowed his head. Liz's chin remained up arrogantly, but the others followed Tom. Christy kept thinking, Wait until I get Mark alone—just wait! But underneath she was buoyed up by a wholly unexpected surge of pride in her husband.

She kept thinking that she was going to scold Mark, but it never quite worked out that way. His own words had permeated her mind by the time she got him alone, and interfered with her anger. In spite of that, however, Christy was far from ready to go back to being a minister's wife just yet. Two more days, she gave herself, to be stuffed with gay times and to forget her father's disapproval. She told Mark about the next two days. There was to be morning skating on the river, a luncheon with college classmates, and tomorrow night Liz was giving them a small dinner before the club dance, and the next day—

"Listen, Baby"—Mark shut off the bed light—"I'm a working man. Remember? I want to go home!"

"But, Mark, we can't just yet. We can't disrupt people's plans, especially Liz's."

THE next morning Mark received a penny postcard in Willie's untidy scrawl. It read simply:

Old Shad Coons has the flu. He needs help. Thought you would want to know.

WILLIE A.

He marched up the stairs into Christy's room. She was yanking on the pants to her ski suit.

"Hurry up," she called. "It's getting late."

"Listen." He read the card to her, anxious for her to understand why he must go.

But she didn't understand. "You can't mean you're going back right now because that old, repulsive—"

"Chris!" Mark was amazed at her vehemence.

"I don't like being thrown over for Old Shad Coons," she said. "Besides, I couldn't possibly let Liz down."

"You won't have to. I'll go back alone, and you can come when you're ready."

"I'd look pretty silly dining and dancing alone."

Mark had an answer for that too. "Van could take you, Baby."

"You mean you'd let someone else take me?"

"Of course, I trust you. I know you love me—that is, you do, don't you?"

He had come up and put his hands on her shoulders. Still she did not turn to him. "Don't be idiotic, of course I love you. That's not the point."

"That's always the point, Baby. With that to start with, we can get anywhere. Only I wish you would try to understand this—it's my business, my duty—well, my hope, maybe—to be wherever I'm needed in my parish. Without me Old Shad won't have fire or food or medicine. He lives in one of those places your father—I'm sorry." He felt her stiffen beneath his hands. "Anyway, the point is, Shad Coons needs his minister very badly—and you don't. I hope you won't mind too much."

"I do mind," she said stonily. "But you'll go."

"Yes, I'll go," he said, and twisted her toward him. "Some day you're going to see it my way," he promised her fiercely.

LIZ came in while Christy was dressing for her luncheon. She sat down and said abruptly: "Frankly, Christy, I'm glad your husband has gone. There's something about him I find just a little hampering, and, besides, his ideas are extremely—shall I say embarrassing?—to your father."

Christy kept on brushing her hair. She remarked with a heaviness that intended to be light: "You are speaking of the man I love."

"I know." Liz scanned her daughter's lovely face. "Christy, you've changed a great deal since you've been married. I don't know what that man is doing to you, but I don't like it."

"I do," Christy replied.

Liz shrugged indulgently. "Well, of course, you're blindly devoted now. But you'll wake up one day and be tired of being a minister's wife, and when you do your father and I want you to know there'll be a place for you here."

Christy turned, her face set in disdain. "Don't talk like a silly fool, Liz," was all she said.

No one, least of all herself, had ever spoken to Liz Allen like that. Liz was too taken aback to reply.

Christy went through the luncheon, the dinner, and the dance. She made all the appropriate excuses for Mark, and tossed off Van's amorous advances. He brought her home soon after midnight, muttering sadly that she had forgotten how to have fun.

She climbed the stairs slowly. She could not face crawling into bed alone. Her eye fell on the timetable on the dresser. Why, she could go home to the parsonage now. She did not have to ponder it. When she had packed she wrote the word "Goodbye" on a sheet of paper and left it on the bureau.

IT was morning when the train puffed into New Hampton, but it was not yet day. Christy jumped into the first cab she saw. All she could feel now was her need to see Mark. She tore up the steps of the parsonage. But Mark was not there.

Thinking Willie might know where she could find him, she went at once to the parking lot. At the hut she knocked, and opened the door. Willie's huge bulk stood over the toy stove, frying bacon.

"Hello, Willie. Where's Mark?"

"He's over at Shad Coons' place. The old man is pretty sick."

"Where's that? I'm going there."

"Don't know's he'd want you to," he observed dutifully. "It's a bad place for ladies like you. Not pretty."

"Ladies like me!" she echoed. "Where is it?"

"It's 20 Oak Street. Fourth floor and turn left." He watched her go, hoping it would be all right.

Christy slowed at last before the

"You might have told me you weren't going to propose—
We could have taken in a movie."

LIBERTY

dirty doorway of 20 Oak Street. The building itself was scrawny and tall and grime-ridden like all the rest of the buildings in this area.

She sped all the way up the four flights of stairs, pulled herself into a semblance of composure and knocked on Shad Coons' door. Mark came at once.

"Chris!" he said, and picked her up and held her as though he could never let her go again. At last he set her down. "Baby, how did you get here?"

"I took a train," she said. "Willie said you would be here. So I came."

"Golly, Baby!" he murmured.

Finally she asked, "How is he?" She became aware of the labored breathing in the room.

"Better. He's had a bad time."

"Can I help?" She asked that against her desire to flee.

Mark studied her expression, and when he smiled she knew she had passed judgment. "You can wash up the dishes and heat up a can of soup."

"All right. Where's the hot water?"

He laughed. "You take a pan," he explained, "and you trot down the hall to the faucet. You fill said pan and return and set it on the gas plate and—presto!—in five minutes you have warm water. That is, if you've paid your gas bill." And he disappeared behind the screen where Old Shad was trying harshly to breathe.

Christy was just returning with the water when a door opened and a child emerged, a boy about three with great black eyes. He spoke wistfully. "Hello."

"Hello," Christy replied.

"I like you." He toddled back through his door, not taking his eyes from her. "You're pretty."

She returned to the room. Mark said, "I told Shad you were here. He wanted to see you. He said—and it hurts like Hades for him to talk—he said you were the most beautiful thing in the world."

She shook her head. She could not endure the sight of Shad Coons now.

Mark did not persist. "He'll be asleep as soon as I give him this. Some other time, maybe."

CHRISTY blamed the screeching fire engines when she woke after midnight. Then the telephone rang. She leaped to answer it, her feet frigid against the bare stairs. It was Doc, Mark's best friend.

"Chris! Oak Street's afire, and all hell may break loose. Maybe Mark can help. Get him there."

She met Mark at the top of the stairs and shouted to him above the gathering uproar. He stood stunned. "There'll be death. There's always death there."

She never knew how they dressed, but in no time at all they reached the street. They sprinted along crammed sidewalks. Mark kept whispering, "Shad, Chris—we've got to find Shad."

And then they came to the fire. Where there had been buildings yesterday there was now a bellowing furnace, vomiting flames and belching smoke. There was a mob jammed behind taut ropes, people come to seek a morbid thrill—or come to help, and dazed now to inertia. And there were those other people grouped apart with their scant household savings at their feet and with children in their arms.

Mark was searching faces, his lips forming one question: "Shad, the old man—have you seen Shad?" Christy called out, "Go and find him, Mark—I'll wait here." Mark lifted a hand toward her and strode off.

When he returned, his white face declared what he had found. "We must go over to the drugstore to see if I can identify the body," he explained. "Doc's there working like the devil. And his wife too. I've promised to help. Maybe you can be useful."

She followed him toward the lighted store. Inside people were milling about the injured.

CHRISTY worked as Doc's wife, Ann, directed her. She heard Mark say to Doc, "There was just about enough left of him to identify." Finally the ambulances came and were loaded and went away again, and the decrepit store began to empty, and there was space to breathe but no air. Her head felt as if it must burst; but her hands and her feet moved on. At last Ann noticed her and exclaimed: "For heaven's sake, Chris, go get some fresh air! You're going to pass out."

Christy stumbled outside and welcomed the winter wind reviving her senses. She wandered back to the fire. Most of the people had vanished, but she saw one family forlorn and unbudging beside the ruins. A police officer was pleading with them. The haggard-faced woman was cradling a baby in her arms. Beside the mother stood the father, stooped and beaten. Over his shoulder he carried a small boy with black, unafraid eyes. It was the boy that made Christy stop.

He said "Hello" just as he had said it yesterday morning in the hallway, with wistfulness.

The policeman called on Christy for help. "I wish you'd get some sense into Kelly's head here. He can't stay here all night. The kids got to be warm anyway."

"I won't take my kids to the police station," Kelly growled.

Christy said, "Won't you come home with me just for tonight? You could get a good sleep, food—"

The woman glared at her. "Who are you?"

"I'm Mrs. Gardner. My husband is the minister at the Good Tidings."

The hostility fled. Kelly straightened up, saying, "Thank God you came. That Mr. Gardner is a friend. See, Mary"—he turned tenderly toward his wife—"he'll want to help. It'll be O.K."

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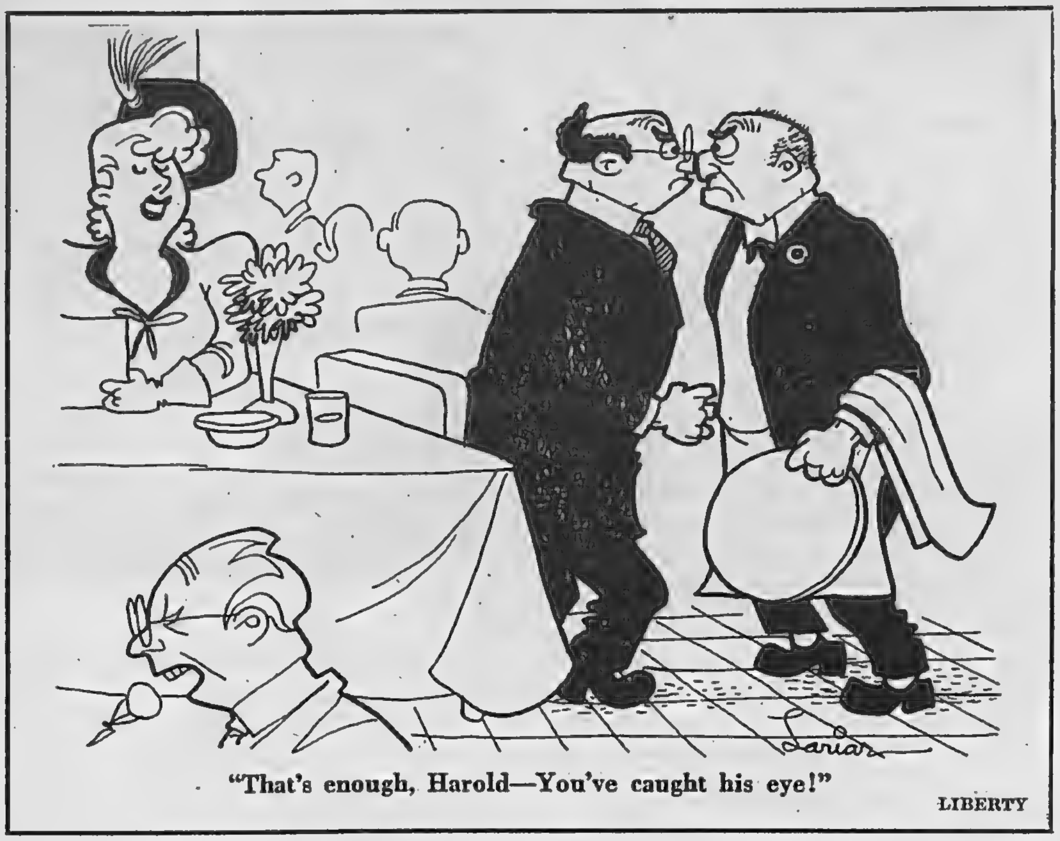

"That's enough, Harold—You've caught his eye!"

LIBERTY

FOR Christy the next day began early when she prepared breakfast for them all. She telephoned Ann, requesting old clothes. She cooked and cleaned and played with the little boy while Mary bathed the baby. She gave up her blue wool for Mary's wardrobe. And she was happy, with a content she had never known before because she had never given of herself quite like this.

FEBRUARY rained most of the time. It washed out the last snow and set the streets swimming. Christy glanced over the front page of the morning paper and read how the flu was putting the whole city to bed and its germs plus tuberculosis and pneumonia had a terrific percentage over in their section of town. Well, naturally—look at the conditions.

But she listened warily when Mark told her at lunch that day about his work on the citizens' committee for better housing.

Mark wanted her help and he told her so for the hundredth time.

"Oh, heavens! Mark, I don't know anything about that sort of thing. It's pretty technical."

"Not at this point," he explained patiently. "That's all taken care of—the money raising, government aid, building laws, and so forth. We just want someone with a flair for dramatics to head the publicity. We've got to wake the people to get their co-operation and—"

"No," she reiterated. "I don't know anything about it. I don't think I want to. I'm not sure I believe remodeling the city has much to do with me."

"O.K.," Mark sighed. "Let's drop it. I was just hoping."

Then on the day after Easter Christy received an invitation to lead the worship service for a Women's Association convention in New York.

"Heavens," she told Mark, "I couldn't get up in front of people and preach!"

"You wouldn't have to preach. And you could do a beautiful job. You know it. I hope you'll do it. Please, Christy." His last words were pleading, but his voice was not.

"Golly, Mark! I don't see what you have to get mad about."

"I'm not mad, Chris, just exasperated. Just wondering when you're going to wake up and assume your duties."

"Assume my duties!" She was honestly outraged. "Good grief, just what do you think I've been doing all winter?"

"Just what you liked to do. But there's more to life than doing just what you like. I saw you once when you did something entirely for others. I saw you happy too."

"If you're talking about the Kellys, you know that was a crisis. Not every day is a crisis."

"To some people," Mark said, "every day is a crisis. You could help them."

"For heaven's sake, Mark, what has that to do with this worship service business?"

"I don't know."

He got up suddenly. "I'm going out to make a couple of calls. I'll be back early."

She ran to the window to see him disappear into the dusky evening. If it meant that much to him, she supposed she could take the service. Anything for a peaceful home and husband. What was more, now that she thought about it, she would give them a talk to pin their ears back, all of them, the sweet-intentioned ladies and all the nice ministers and Mark, too.

CHRISTY let her hands touch the sides of the pulpit desk.

"You have given generously of your goods, of your money, for the suffering in far places," she was saying. "And it is splendid. But you need not go beyond your city streets to encounter life in crisis. For some every day is a crisis."

Then she told them about the slums she knew, told them with haunting detail about the fire. And they listened. And Christy herself listened to the very end, even to the prayer she had borrowed from somewhere among Mark's books.

When she and Mark were on the bus going to the hotel she said, "Mark, do we have to go back to the convention tonight?"

He hauled out his program and seemed to study it briefly. "No," he said. "What'll it be instead?"

"Oh, nothing super or exotic. Just nice middle-class," she suggested.

"Would 'Life with Father' do?" He laid the pair of tickets in her hands, and was delighted with the effect of his surprise. "I bought them before the service."

"Oh, the service!" Christy swallowed hard.

He smiled. "The speaker," he said gently, "was a knockout."

"Mark, I—"

"I wonder"—he wouldn't let her finish—"how many people will be inspired to go home and do what she says. She spoke so stirringly I imagine some really think they'll do it; but good intentions are tricky things sometimes."

Christy thought: All right, Mark, I've trapped myself—I give in. She said aloud but very low, "I will, Mark. I'll go home and do as I—as the speaker said."

Mark caught her hand and bent toward her. "You won't be sorry, Baby. I promise you."

But it would take one last straw, he thought, to make Christy give herself for others. How it would come, he couldn't predict; but it would come.

It came the night they returned to New Hampton, and it came through Betsy Fields.

BETSY pondered often over her few lustrous hours in Christy's company. Her own life seemed drearier by contrast. Sometime something was going to happen, and she would go where there was music and sunshine.

But she knew she was not ready yet. She was fifteen.

Tonight, as she splashed home through the May rain, the nightmare that something was going to destroy her before she was ready became a physical torment. Her key to her sanctuary, her room, was safe in her pocket; even so, she was gasping when she reached the top flight of stairs. But there were no lights on in the flat. No one was home. There could be nothing wrong.

Gladly she set her key to the lock on her door. The lock was broken. The door sprang back. She stifled a cry. Her hand went to the light switch by the bed. A heavy, sweaty hand closed down over hers and held it. She knew before there was light that it was Joe Daluccia, her mother's boy friend. He roosted on the edge of her bed, his coat and shoes off, his shirt open to his black and hairy chest.

Betsy stared spellbound in horror. Joe smirked at her and yanked her toward him, his grip unyielding on her wrist. With his other arm he circled her waist and stroked it. His large black head fell forward against her. His breath was hot and wet. With the supreme effort of fright and anger mixed she snatched her hands free and tangled them in his mop of hair, pulling hard.

"Hey, kid! So you're going to play rough." Again his powerful hands captured her wrists. "Cripes, kid! I'm not going to hurt you. Just want to be friends, eh?"

But Betsy had no illusions about Joe's friendship. She whirled back at arm's length and kicked him sharply on the shins and stamped her heels on his fat unshod feet. He let go with an injured yell: "Damn you!" She was gone before he could bear to stand up.

She ran, hardly touching the stairs. Her haven had been violated. She would never come back again. That was all she was sure of now. She did not know where she was going. It was late night, and it was raining; and she had only $2.17 in her pocket.

She stopped once to lean for breath against a no-parking sign, her hands gripping the sign as though it had been Joe's throat. Suddenly she knew where she was going. She had seen the Good Tidings' Cross against the city-lit sky. She ran on and hurled herself against the parsonage door. Mark opened it, and she stammered: "Mrs. Gardner. Where's Mrs. Gardner?"

Christy was a motionless figure at the stair top. The hall light made a halo about her golden head. As though understanding everything at once, she took the stairs in a rush, put her arms around the girl and held her, waiting for the first paroxysm of weeping to pass.

Mark said, "Let me carry her upstairs."

"No!" Betsy's nails bit into Christy's arm. "Don't let him."

Christy said gently: "I won't let anyone at all hurt you, Betsy. Come with me."

Betsy let Christy lead her toward the stairs. And Christy's face, when Mark beheld it then, was no longer too young, but calm and newly wise.

CHRISTY was still sitting looking out of her bedroom window when the rooming houses across the street and Willie's station showed as black hulks in the raw, first dawn. She rose suddenly and found her way into bed very carefully, so as not to disturb Mark. But when she was settled he said, "What's the answer, Chris?"

She rolled over on her elbows and beamed down at him. "Willie," she announced.

"Willie!"

"Look, Mark, Willie must have money. He has a swell business and he spends almost nothing on himself."

"He does have it," Mark agreed. "He told me once if we ever needed it at the church—"

"There, you see, Mark? He needs Betsy, too. They need each other, and he can afford her. I want her to go to a school in Maryland where some of my friends have gone. Oh, Mark, imagine that! Willie and Betsy. And we can be her family, too!"

Betsy was still sleeping when Christy and Mark finished breakfast. Mark decided that he should go at once to Willie. But on the front porch he stopped short, surprised. There stood two paper cartons, and surmounting them a small square white box with C.G. boldly scrawled on its face. He dragged the boxes into the hall.

"What are they?" Christy asked him.

"I don't know, but I should judge this little one was for you. You're the only C.G. I know."

She pried off the lid hurriedly. She gasped. There on a fold of blue tissue her ruby-eyed bracelet glared redly back at her. She turned it over and over.

"What does it mean?" she asked. "Good or bad?"

"It means Nellie was here." Mark opened one of the big boxes. "Betsy's things."

"Mark, what is Nellie up to?"

"I don't know, but I'm going to find out."

WHEN he banged on Nellie's door, she did not respond. Nobody did. And the door was locked.

There was a padding and a puffing behind him. The landlady sailed solidly down the hall and hove to, her hands astride her hips.

"Well, bub, what ya tryin' to do—wreck the joint? If you're one of Nellie's men ya can just beat it. She ain't here no more."

Mark veered about. "You mean she's moved out? When?"

"Sa-ay!" She drew it out, licking her lips thoughtfully. "Say, ya don't look like anybody'd who'd be lookin' for Nellie."

Mark said quietly. "I'm the minister from the Good Tidings. I came about the girl."

"Oh, reverend! That's O.K. Well,

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she comes in and wakes me up last night, and she says: 'I'm gettin' out. Here's two weeks' rent.' And she throws it on the bed. 'Thanks be to the dear mother Mary,' I says. 'Good riddance. Where's the rest of the month?' And she goggles at me sort of mad and says, 'There's furniture I'm leaving.' But I says, 'Ain't worth the cash,' I says; 'but gettin' rid of you—that's somethin'. And she walks out."

"Is that all?"

"No. She comes in this A.M. and she says, 'If anybody asks where I am, tell 'em it's none of their damn business, but I ain't comin' back.' Then off she goes. Only"—the landlady slowed her recitation—"only she ain't mad-like now, just kinda sober."

IT was the first week in June when Christy and Mark drove Betsy to the station to put her on the Baltimore train. At the last, standing by the train gate, Betsy turned on her with the old pleading look.

"I can't go," she said.

Christy put her arm through Betsy's. "Listen to me," she commanded. "You can go. And whenever you think of home and your family, think of us. Mark and Willie and I, we're your family now, all of it. And the parsonage is your home. There won't even be your old house when you come back. That's going to be torn down."

Betsy kissed them then. She went through the gate, drooping a little at the steps. She waved to them, climbed aboard and was gone.

When the train had pulled out Mark touched Christy's elbow. "What did you mean, Chris, when you said even the house would be torn down?"

"Just that," Christy answered lightly. "I want to erase all the past for her—all that I can, that is. And that house can be torn down when the new housing project is built up."

WHEN Mark introduced Christy formally at the housing committee meeting, the circle welcomed her as if she were someone of immeasurable importance. She flushed and was a shade ashamed.

The architect hauled a map from his briefcase and stretched it flat on the table. "You see this square marked by the pencil? That's the heart of the section, the slums. That's the 'Trees'. The section starts over here." His pencil hopped from street to street. "Larch, Cedar, Oak, Elm, Chestnut, Walnut."

"Walnut?" Christy repeated.

"Mm-mm. That's the outer edge of the worst area." The pencil ran past the cross which marked the Good Tidings.

"That's where we live," she observed.

The young Negro, head of the Neighborhood House for Colored Children, leaned forward. "That is good," he asserted. "When you go to them you will not be an outsider. They will not rebuff you so."

"But why on earth should they want to rebuff any of us? Everything we try to do is to help them, isn't it?" Christy was perplexed.

"Yes, Chris." That was Doc. "But they don't quite trust us. All their lives they've had to pay a hundred times over for any good thing received. And we say to them, 'You can have comfort and play,' and they simply don't believe us. It's like saying: 'We're sending you a piece of heaven tomorrow, all done up in brown paper. Just pay the man a dollar.' It doesn't make sense."

"But they want it, don't they?"

A social worker spoke. "Some do want it, and some like their dirt. It's the first we want to help, for the sake of their children."

Judge Ruth Barton of the Juvenile Court said, "That's part of your publicity campaign: to stir them from apathy. You are heading the publicity, aren't you?"

"That's why I'm here." Christy made it sound casual.

"Then we need more money," The judge went on, "but we figure on government aid. Our greatest material need is the right to the land. We've got to make someone sell, someone who's now lapping up a rich income for doing nothing at all. It won't be easy. Joe Daluccia owns half the property."

"Joe!" Christy exploded the name. That was fine. She had her scores to settle with him.

BY mid-June Christy had several pamphlets outlined. She also composed a feature article for the Sunday *Times*. The whole housing committee spread across the town, talking to whoever would listen.

One day they received a letter: "I don't like it. Joe Daluccia." Christy was like a child enthralled with danger afar off, but Mark frowned.

"He's something to reckon with, Baby."

"But what could he do?"

"That I wouldn't know; but you can bet he knows!"

At the next meeting of the housing committee Judge Barton announced: "The immediate task as I see it is to get the land into our possession. To buy this we have available $35,000 from various sources, city, private, and federal if necessary."

"The whole territory isn't worth half of it," snorted the social worker.

"Right—and we'll try not to spend it. But we're dealing with a hard man in Daluccia and it's good to have that much behind us. I don't know about the Smith estate, the other owner, but I have an appointment with the lawyer next week. It strikes me Daluccia's next."

"And toughest," someone added.

Judge Barton paused, seeming to study each of the circle in turn. "I believe," she said, "that the Reverend Mr. Gardner would be the most suitable one to approach Daluccia. He has tact and determination and whatever else is necessary."

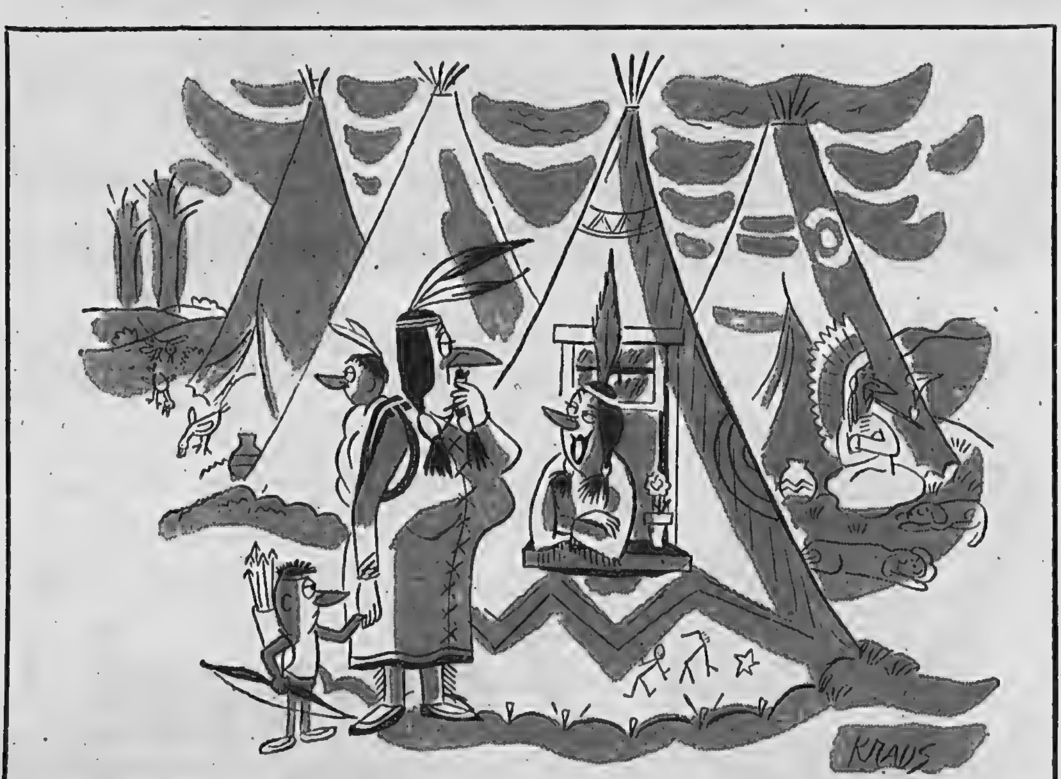
Christy's eyes flew to Mark's face. He had flushed, and she guessed how much he was wanting to refuse. But he said: "I'll do my best, but I guarantee nothing." Privately he told her, "Don't worry, Baby. I was boxing champion in college."

MARK stopped before Joe Daluccia's headquarters—the one slick café of the chain that dotted the city as disreputable taverns. The place was fancy with silver chrome and red and gold plastic. Mark propelled himself resignedly through the revolving door.

"Where's Joe Daluccia?"

The waiters exchanged glances. The nearest waiter, a minute man with a pimply face, inquired, "Who wants ta know?"

"Look, I'm here on business. Tell



LIBERTY

"You'd be surprised how much more bright and cheery it makes the place!"

him. Mark Gardner wants to see him." And then, because he thought the novelty of it at least might get action, he added, "The Reverend Mark Gardner."

The result was satisfactory. The head waiter gave a sweep of his head toward the stairway, and the man who had spoken before trotted off with Mark.

JOE was spread-eagled in a huge armchair in back of a titanic flat-top desk. He glared at his visitor.

Mark walked in briskly, shouldering aside the stubby waiter who had ushered him there. The waiter retired rapidly, but Joe bellowed:

"Cripes, Smitty! You gotta stay. I think I need a friend maybe."

Smitty sat disgustedly on the edge of the couch.

Mark measured Joe levelly and stated his business at once.

"I've come from the housing committee to offer you a fair price for your property between Oak and Chestnut streets, five blocks—"

"Well, well, if it ain't the little plaster saint himself!" Joe laughed in his face. "I've been lookin' for you." He ran his large tongue over his thick lips. "On business, of course. You understand I don't like what you're trying to do."

Mark waited.

Joe said suddenly: "And how's that fresh little Fields kid? Still parking on your doorstep?"

Mark still waited.

Joe said: "Cripes, so you wanta talk business. What's the proposition? I'm listenin'."

That surprised Mark. But he answered at once: "We're prepared to offer you a fair sum for that property with profit to you. But we'd like to know your price."

"Thirty-five thousand. No less."

Mark muffled a gasp. That was the exact sum meant to buy the whole lot, including the Smith estate.

"It's not worth a cent over twenty thousand, and you know it," he said evenly. Then with unexpected inspiration he warned, "And we can take court action to vacate every one of your tenements."

Joe lunged upward ponderously. "Cripes, Gardner! What do ya take me for? A sap? You didn't think I knew who the other guy was owning that property, did ya? Smith estate, my eye! It's you, you damned hymn-singing, goody-goody fool. You're smart, all right, but not smart enough for Joe Daluccia. Yah, I know the Good Tidings owns what I don't own down there—see—and intends to collect a handsome sum. Well, it won't, because I take all or I don't sell. I don't like smug mugs like yours—or your nosy little wife's."

The floor jerked under Mark's feet. "What do you mean?"

"What I say, bub. And don't give me that innocent baby drool. Your church gets income from those rents, and I know it, see? So quit playing."

What Joe said must be a lie, Mark told his reeling mind—but he wasn't sure. Then all his reasons for hating Joe piled up. And his anger let go. His fist came up smartly, powerfully, and landed squarely on Joe's jaw, crumpling him so that he fell back against the chair and lay open-eyed with clownish bewilderment.

Mark brushed his hands together with a kind of surprised satisfaction. Then he remembered Smitty and turned, ready for more action. But Smitty was placidly sitting where he had been—only his eyes were alert now. He jerked his head toward the door.

"Better beat it, son," he advised with open respect. "Some of the boys might be along. Me," he added tiredly, "me, I don't like him either."

Mark was quite serene now. He walked quietly down the stairs. He nodded absently toward the head waiter, who gawked as he went by. It wasn't every day they entertained the church—on business.

MR. ATWATER, president of the parish, coughed elaborately and then opened the meeting: "Mr. Bemis here has been contacted by the lawyer of the Smith estate to see if perhaps we might be—er—willing to sell—ah—you take it, Bemis."

Bemis was treasurer of the parish and vice-president of the bank. He rose and explained tersely how they were the receivers of the income of the Smith estate left by Elvira and Edward Smith, Edward Smith having been president of this parish for nineteen years. The income was sizable—and essential, of course, to the payment of the budget.

"Now," Mr. Bemis droned on, "we are informed that the Citizens' Committee for Better Housing is interested in buying said property immediately. The property, as you may not know, is located in the district sometimes referred to as 'The Trees' . . ."

Christy gasped, "Oh, no!" so audibly that two or three people turned around to stare.

Mark, who had been sitting quietly at one side, stood up. He reviewed briefly the work for the housing project he and Christy had been doing, and avowed his profound shock at his discovery this afternoon.

"I blame no one," he concluded; "but, since the facts are now clear, it seems to me necessary to move at once and publicly to atone for our mistakes. This church can have no part in fostering such conditions as everyone knows to exist on Oak Street. It cannot—"

"Oh, for the love of God!" Walter Ferguson's spare frame heaved upward. He was a big contractor and a generous contributor to the church, which he attended at Christmas and Easter. "I don't like the stuff you and your wife have been stirring up in this city. It's communistic, that's what it is—"

"Take it easy, Walter," Mr. Atwater begged. "We all don't think alike on these things. Every—"

"You bet we don't. This is a free

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LIBERTY

church, George, and I'm going to have my say. If you want to sell and they offer you a fair price, then sell, but leave off this nonsense about the morals of the thing. This is a business deal. Personally, I consider the housing project an outrage; but that's beside the point here. This is business!"

Mark went on as if there had been no interruption. "Having learned the facts at last, I propose that we atone for them, publicly. I would like to see the Church of the Good Tidings not sell its property to anyone but"—he paused—"but give it away."

There was a murmuring through the audience, and one snort from Walter Ferguson. Christy thought that Mark was rather like an avenging angel, Michael complete with fiery sword; and she was both awed and proud of him.

All eyes were fastened on Mark, who restated his position: "As for selling to the housing committee, I happen to know that Joe Daluccia, who owns the rest of that land, is demanding as his price every cent the committee can claim. He thinks we'll demand several thousand also and so defeat the whole thing. I propose to outwit him just there, and at the same time to wash our own hands as clean as we can under the circumstances. I recommend for action, at this meeting, the proposal that we give the property under discussion to the Citizens' Committee for Better Housing." He sat down.

There followed the panting hush that occurs when many people are thinking too much to say anything. Then a woman rose:

"Do you understand what you are saying? That by giving this property to the housing committee we voluntarily, so to speak, give up several hundred dollars of income for this church?"

"Yes."

"And how do you propose to remedy this subtraction?"

Mark was ready. "We can cut corners in several places. I have the figures here." He laid a paper before Mr. Bemis. "But chiefly I suggest that the minister's salary be cut as far as necessary." He looked full at Christy then.

There was a silence. Then Christy heard her own voice saying, "If you are wondering how I feel, I want you all to know that whatever my husband decides is what I want."

Suddenly everyone was clapping, and Mark was glowing as though a great fire had been lit inside of him.

"That being so," his questioner said when quiet permitted, "I propose that we cut corners wherever possible and give this property to the housing project. I propose also that the difference in our pastor's salary be made up by individuals adding to their regular pledges. I will give one hundred dollars more per year."

Willie stirred next to Christy, stretching upward. "No, no," she whispered. "You can't. You've got Betsy."

He ignored her. "Likewise," he boomed.

The noise of the reaction made a miniature chaos. Christy rushed toward Mark, who reached for her hand when she neared him. She thought that she had never seen so much happiness in one man's face before.

"It was awful, Baby," he said, "but now it's all right!"

THESE streets were hers, and the sidewalks, and the stores, and this patch of park in the city's core where she had come to sit this November afternoon. This was all Christy's by right of loving it for three years and three months—well, perhaps not loving it all the while but the last year surely, with the passion of one who knew she was going to leave.

In a way she had known it for months—ever since that December Sunday when she was alone listening to the radio and it said "Pearl Harbor" and "bombed" and, afterwards, "war."

At first Mark would say, "Christy, if I go you'll be all right, won't you?" Then, "Christy, when I go you'll understand?"

Each time her answer was the same: "Mark, I'll never really understand anything that takes you away from me; but you must decide for yourself."

They had gone to the railroad station one raw morning to see some two hundred draftees off. There was a blast of bands, a message from the mayor, and a prayer from Mark.

In the midst of the mayor's speech Christy spotted Joe Daluccia standing with a pair of swarthy boys, and she thought, with surprise at his being there at this early hour, that he was seeing them off. But Joe's disconsolate gestures and melancholic face made her aware that it was he the army was claiming.

"Mark!" she gasped. "Look at that. It's Joe."

Mark surveyed Joe contentedly. "'Vengeance is mine; saith the Lord, I will repay,'" he murmured. "I hope the army likes him."

THIS November afternoon Mark had said, "Christy, something bigger than I am wills me to go. It's like the feeling I had when I knew I wanted to be a minister." He hurried on, hoping to penetrate her wall against this. "Certainly, Chris, with all my heart I want you to understand; but, whether you do or not, I must go. In fact, arrangements have all been made for me to go to the Chaplains' School." He paused, and she said nothing. "I feel it's God's will, and I think the boys will need me."

She said dully, "And against God's will the parish and I don't stand a chance." That was cruel, and she was utterly sorry.

When he walked away from her Christy wanted to run after him. But she seemed to be mired in her misery to the spot. At the door Mark was matter-of-fact: "Tomorrow I'm going to read my resignation from the pulpit." He went out the back way toward the church.

She closed her eyes now and remembered her few years with Mark: how she had loved and begun to give and, giving, had had an astonishingly good and exciting time. At least that was the way with the housing project. She and Mark had gone down for the dedication of the first houses in the spring. There in the midst of squalor stood the rows and rows of pink houses; the large courtyard already verdant with small maples—live trees at last in the Trees, where there had been none. After that, they visited the place often; and she began to go to the recreation hall on

Saturday nights and direct the dances.

By the time of the first anniversary of these houses, two other units were being built—the George Washington Carver Courts in the colored section, and the Westside Gardens on the other side of town. But the first houses were still unnamed. There had been a banquet in the recreation hall. The mayor was there, and sundry dignitaries, and the whole original housing committee; and tenants and neighbors packed the place to the rafters. Mark and the Catholic priest, Father Santina, were seated together, and Christy next to them. Finally, Father Santina rose and held up his hands for quiet. At the end of his little speech he said, "We are proud to honor tonight one woman who has done perhaps as much as any single person for the spirit as well as for the actual building of these houses, now your homes. Tonight your committee on names for this housing project has by unanimous vote selected a name in her honor."

Christy was observing him with interest. She tried to guess whom they were honoring. He had stooped and lifted a huge bunch of red roses from a box by his feet, and, smiling, he laid the roses in her arms.

He said gently: "In your honor, my child, and in appreciation not only of the time you have given but of the love you have honestly shown your friends of this part of the Trees, our committee is happy to name the housing project the Christina Courts."

Sunday morning Mark read his resignation to his people. That afternoon he sat quietly with Christy in front of their fire. They did not talk about how it was going to be apart, but about how it had been these years together. They were even laughing about it when the delegation from the parish arrived. They filed in—five of the Board of Managers.

Christy asked, "Would you men like to talk with Mark alone? If that's it, I could go." She rose, but they stopped her.

"Oh, no, we want to talk to you, too—especially you."

Christy was startled. She sank onto a footstool before the fire. There was a brief silence.

The spokesman did his duty. He told Mark how much they loved and admired him, how grievously they would miss him, and how pleased some of them with boys already overseas would be to know that men like Mark would be with them.

Then he said almost tenderly, "We have decided not to accept your resignation, Mark. We have a better idea. We want to give you a leave of absence for as long as the army needs you. While you're gone we can get Dr. Heath from the boys' school to perform all the religious rites. But we would like very much to have Mrs. Gardner stay on here in the parsonage, working in the church as she always has done. You might say she would be holding your job for you, boy. That would be—that would be . . . fine." He smiled at Christy. "You don't have to decide at once. Take a day or two to think it over."

By then Christy had seen Mark's face, and it was filled with relief. She knew he wanted her to stay. And, knowing that, she had no choice. She rose and said, very low: "I don't need any time to think. I'll stay. Thank you."

THERE was endless handshaking and farewelling, and then she and Mark were alone together again. She began to cry. Ashamed, she said: "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to cry."

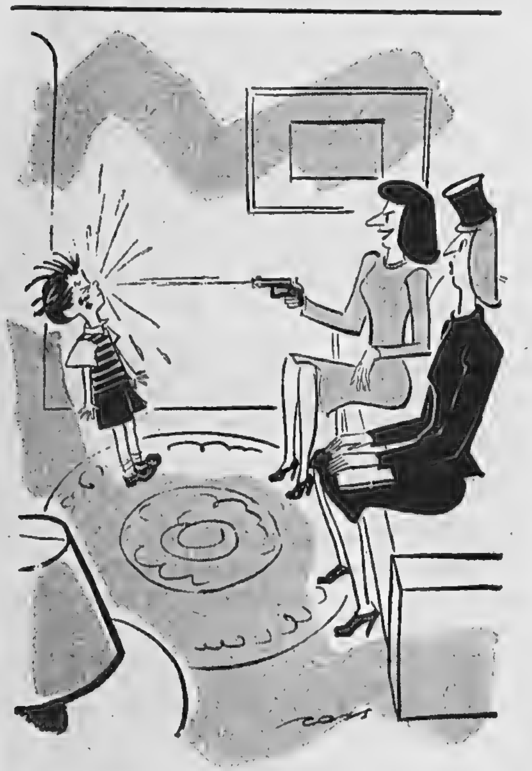
Mark picked her up and carried her to his favorite chair and held her in his lap like a child. On the verge of laughing, he said, "Why, Chris, Baby, knowing you, if you hadn't shed a few tears I'd have been mortally offended."

She was quiet a long time just feeling the restfulness of being Mark's. Then she searched his face. "Mark, you want me to stay, don't you?"

"Golly, Chris! It's like an answer to my prayers. To know you're here, you and the church sort of taking care of each other—that's going to mean a lot, Chris."

She said doubtfully, "But, Mark, I hope they won't expect too much of me. Because I'm not you, Mark—not even like you. I've tried to be. I've learned to look outside myself, to see people as—well, people; and to love most of them the way you do. But that other thing, that bigger thing—I just don't get it, especially in wartime. You call it God. I don't know what to call it."

Mark drew her back down into his arms; but she shrugged loose and got up to pace about the room.



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LIBERTY

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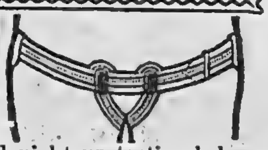
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"Don't try so hard, Christy," he admonished. "It's not something to be grafted on from the outside. It has to grow up within you."

"Mark, do you remember the first night you brought me here?"

"Yes."

"I said then there seemed to be a wall between us because of—well, this thing in you that you call your religion, and that was left out of me. I didn't like it because it made you so far away sometimes; but you said—remember, Mark?—you said that there was always a wall between any two people, and that, though we must do all we could to break it down, we must never try to remove it completely." She turned from the fire toward him. "This wall—it will always be there, and I'm not going to fight it any more. I'm only going to be grateful to have you at all. And, Mark, whatever happens—even if—even if you shouldn't come back—" The mere saying this made her ill, and so she ended with a rush: "I'll keep on doing your work the very best I know how."

Mark's hands gripped her shoulders, and he held her off so that he could see better every line and shadow of her lovely face. Then he told her gently: "But, Christy, I know that. I've known it all along."

Looking into his eyes that loved her so, she could not doubt him; and that surprised her, because she certainly had not known it until now.

CHRISTY thought that after a while perhaps the acute loneliness would dwindle into a dull ache of loss that she could get used to; but if that were true she was forever long achieving it. You could not grapple with emptiness. Loneliness was inescapable like the weather, and when you came right down to it it was also a fact that you had to adjust to in some fashion to keep going at all. At first Christy did the same things in the same way as with Mark—she let outward routine sweep her along; but it never failed to surprise her that it could be so—without Mark.

He came home three times that winter and spring and each time her happiness was a glorious thing. His third visit was in mid-spring. The daffodils and the elm buds, the city's sun through the smoke, and the church's people seemed to come out gay and friendly to welcome him. To Christy it was like another honeymoon; that is, it was when she could stop thinking beyond next Tuesday; and Mark could not bear to have her out of his sight.

Twice in the night she awakened to feel him gone; but she had only to turn over in order to see him standing at the window with his eyes toward the cross of the Good Tidings.

On Tuesday morning she took him to the station. They went as far as the roped-off area. There he put his arms around her again; and she said, "This is the last time before overseas, isn't it?"

"Yes," he admitted roughly, holding her so that her ribs hurt.

"It will be a long time."

"Yes."

The trainman plucked at Mark's tunic. "Come on, lieutenant, if you want to catch the train."

"Yes." Mark let her go finally. "Chris—" he rested his palms lightly on her shoulders and bent and kissed her once more very gently—"see you in church, Baby." Then he was gone.

FROM the first time Mark had left for chaplains' school Christy had known that her salvation lay in hard work. Systematically she set about spending her time and herself; first, for the Good Tidings, of course, and then for the Christina Courts, and after that for anything that pertained to the healing or the hurrying of the war—the Red Cross, the War Fund, the Russian War Relief, the USO, any cause that needed her.

Her mother kept urging her to come home, but the thought of going to Liz and Tom upset her. Betsy asked her to come down to Maryland for a while; but she couldn't be away from the Good Tidings. That was where Mark's letters came.

Mark was in Italy, and his letters were changing. She kept hers the same, overflowing with everything that went on in the church, tidbits of gossip, and scraps of Dr. Heath's sermons—everything went to Mark because it was really his and he must know it all when he returned.

But Mark's letters became less and less of himself, so that her picture of him grew hazy. She read everything she could find about Italy, and saw all the war movies.

He wrote once: "I'm afraid all the time, Chris; and if that's true of me, still believing in a life after death and in God, what must it be for those kids, who don't know what to believe, or who believe nothing?" And again: "I try to tell them there's hope and there's faith and there's love; but I don't know if it does much good."

Shaken by seeing several girls of the parish hanging around the railroad station, attempting to pick up servicemen, Christy started a club for teen agers in the church basement. The Sheepfold was opened the first week of Betsy's summer vacation, and she sang for them. The youngsters loved it. Christy sat with Willie at one of the tiny tables, and over the top of the candle flame she considered the work of her own hands.

Every night the Sheepfold was open she was there, singing with them, talking with them, dancing with them, because they wanted her. She found the Sheepfold her salvation that summer. The Sheepfold and Betsy together. She gained three pounds, and she converted her nights back to sleeping.

When September arrived Betsy was loath to go back to school; but Christy insisted, for she had but this year before graduation. With Betsy gone, loneliness walked with her again wherever she went; became thicker and sourer until she was running over with dread, for the day on which Betsy left was the last day she had heard from Mark.

CHRISTY was in the kitchen when the telegram arrived. Quickly she slit open the envelope and spread out the yellow paper flat on the table, because her hands shook so that she could not read holding it. The one word that lunged up and hit her squarely was to her a beautiful word, not because of what it was, but because of what it was not. It was not "killed." And it was not "missing." It was "wounded."

"I'm afraid this is going to be one of those days—"

LIBERTY

Then there was movement in the back entry. It was Willie. He had seen the Western Union girl, and he had come. "Mark's all right!"

"Only wounded."

"Oh!" Willie's face fell. "Christy—"

"I know, Willie. But he's alive. That's all that matters. I mean, if his mind and spirit are there, I can be anything else for him. If he needs an arm I can be it. If he's deaf, I can be his ears. If he's blind—" She stopped on that, her voice breaking in two. "If he's blind—"

Willie finished for her, "You can be his eyes."

"Of course." She walked to the window and stood looking out. She said simply out of consummate gratitude, "I thank God for the chance."

Then, quite without warning, she began to cry. She laid her face against Willie's broad shoulder, and he put his arm about her and said, over and over, "There, there, child." By and by he added, "Maybe you'll hear from him soon yourself."

ON the morning of the third day the letter came. Mark wrote:

My darling Christy:

There's too much to be said, and too little I can manage yet. But, Christy, I love you, and I'm coming home soon. Just remember that.

You were probably told I was wounded. My left foot. They tell me I'll carry a cane and limp a bit. That's all, and it's not much, Chris. I hope you'll understand that. When I look about at the other boys and see what they have lost I am humble. Some day I may want to tell you how it happened, but not yet. I'll say only that I was foolish, I suppose, trying like Shadrach and friends to walk into the fiery furnace without even the smell of fire passing onto me. (Go ahead, Baby, look it up—Daniel, O.T.)—It didn't work.

And now there's nothing more, Christy, save all my love and good night until tomorrow. MARK

She answered him immediately. She wrote that she and the Good Tidings were counting the minutes until he should come.

He began writing again as he had when he first went away, gayly, regularly, fully, sharing his hospital living with her. Then one day he wrote:

"I'll be home soon, Chris. They tell me I'll fly home before Christmas."

She leaped for the telephone whenever it rang, breathless with praying it would be Mark. And on December 21 she was not disappointed.

It was Mark's voice: "Hello, Baby, I'm in New York."

All the things she had meant to say dissolved in speechless wonder.

"Hey, Baby, don't you hear me? Chris?" He was anxious. It had been so long. "I'm Mark. I'm coming home."

"Yes. Oh, Mark! I can't say anything, Mark!"

"I know, Christy," he said. "But, listen, I'm leaving in twenty minutes. I'll be home in two hours."

"Two hours!"

"Be there, won't you? To meet me?"

"Oh, Mark! Yes. Yes, Mark. I'm so glad."

Christy hung up, quivering. That was the prize understatement, she thought. Glad! She was exultant, ecstatic.

In the station she stood watching the clock; and, though the hands seemed still, she decided they did move, and time passed. She roamed among the people until she became conscious that many of them were appraising her, some smiling, some surprised. She thought her slip must be showing, or worse. She retreated hastily to the washroom and examined herself in the wall mirror. There was nothing amiss. She consulted the ancient cleaning woman who was watching her curiously: "I feel as though people were sort of gawking at me. Is my slip showing or something? Would you investigate?"

"Don't need to, miss," the old woman smiled toothlessly. "It ain't your slip shows. Something else. Something good's happened inside you. Lights up like a beacon. Don't happen much nowadays. Everyone kinda gawks, maybe. But it's good."

"Good Lord!" Christy sighed.

SHE wandered back through the waiting room. Fifteen minutes more. She went out to the ramp, beyond the roped-off space to the iron grille that set the runway apart.

She took hold of the iron grille with both hands and leaned on it for support. From here she could see Mark first. When she saw him she would know. Now she chilled in fear again, fear that Mark was not Mark, that somewhere in the war she had lost him. But at the last moment she had no thoughts at all except the one:

"I'll know when I see him. I'll know then."

The New York train roared in.

She saw Mark the moment he left the stairs. He was limping, of course, leaning upon his cane. He was thinner, taller, older than she remembered him. His jaw line was sharper; his eyes were darker, but they were not bitter. He was laughing when she first saw him, and chatting to the sailor beside him, who carried his bags.

And, suddenly, she was released from all fear, shyness, loneliness and doubt. Her hands let go the iron rail, and she began to run, not heeding how she went. She must be there by the ropes when he came. She must be waiting where he had left her. He would want her there. And she was.

"Mark," was all she said when his arms closed about her. "Mark." After that, for a little while there was nothing between them, no space, no time, no doubt, no wall.

THE END

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MAR. 15, 1947

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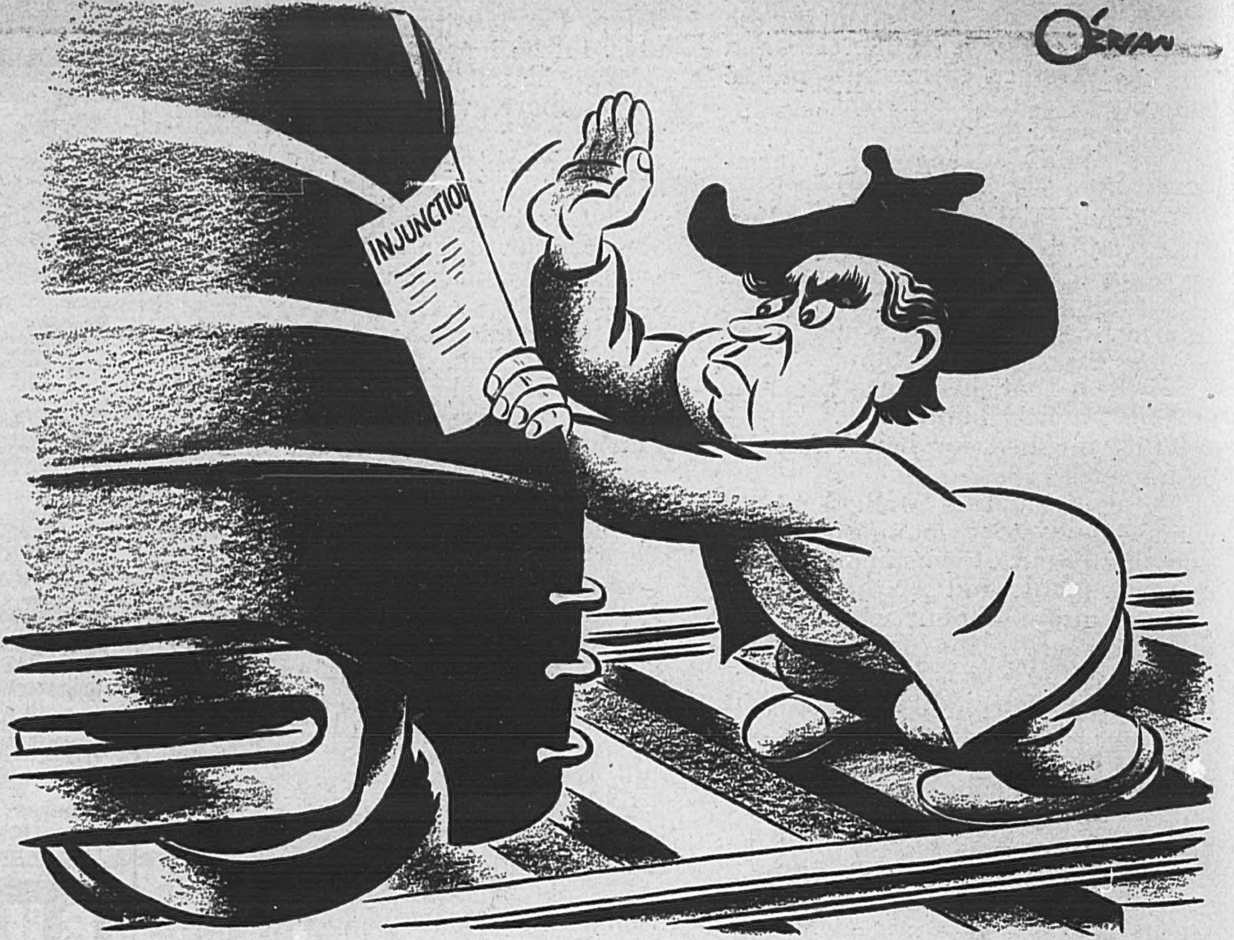


A Law Won't Stop It, John

NEWS Item: *Officials of United Mine Workers declare they will fight in state legislature the Pennsylvania Railroad's plan to replace some coal-burning locomotives with Diesel engines. According to the union officials, every time a steam engine is driven off the railroads, two miners are out of jobs. The railroad's twenty-five new Diesels will cut coal demand 2,750 tons a day.*

The above news item, tucked away in an insignificant corner of the paper, is cited here because it is both an object lesson and an example of a type of erroneous thinking all too common today.

It is an object lesson because in this development these same officials of United Mine Workers can see plainly the effects of past actions of their own union. When the supply of coal is undependable and its cost is forced steadily upward, large consumers must perforce turn elsewhere for an assured means of keeping their wheels rolling.

The thinking with which the union would combat this loss of coal consumption is wrong on four counts. In the first place, the maneuver will not work. History has shown repeatedly that nothing can stand for long in the way of mechanical advancement. No labor leader, business man, legislature, government, or dictator can restrain for long the introduction of a better, cheaper, or more effective way of producing or applying mechanical power. If Diesels will haul railroad trains more efficiently than steam locomotives, John L. Lewis can wave his eyebrows at lawmakers all he wants, but in the end it will do no good.

In the second place, an attitude such as this on the part of union leaders is shortsighted. Artificial economic advantages gained in this way cannot last. Successful industrial relationships can be built only on the firm foundation of mutual advantage for employer, employee, and consumer. If the consumer is forced to use a product which he knows is uneconomical and which he does not want, there can be nothing but dissatisfaction and turmoil.

In the third place, it is selfish. The United Mine Workers are saying in effect they intend to take care of themselves regardless of the effect on all the rest of the people of the nation. They would deny to shippers and travelers possible savings in money and increases in efficiency which might stem from a better way of hauling trains.

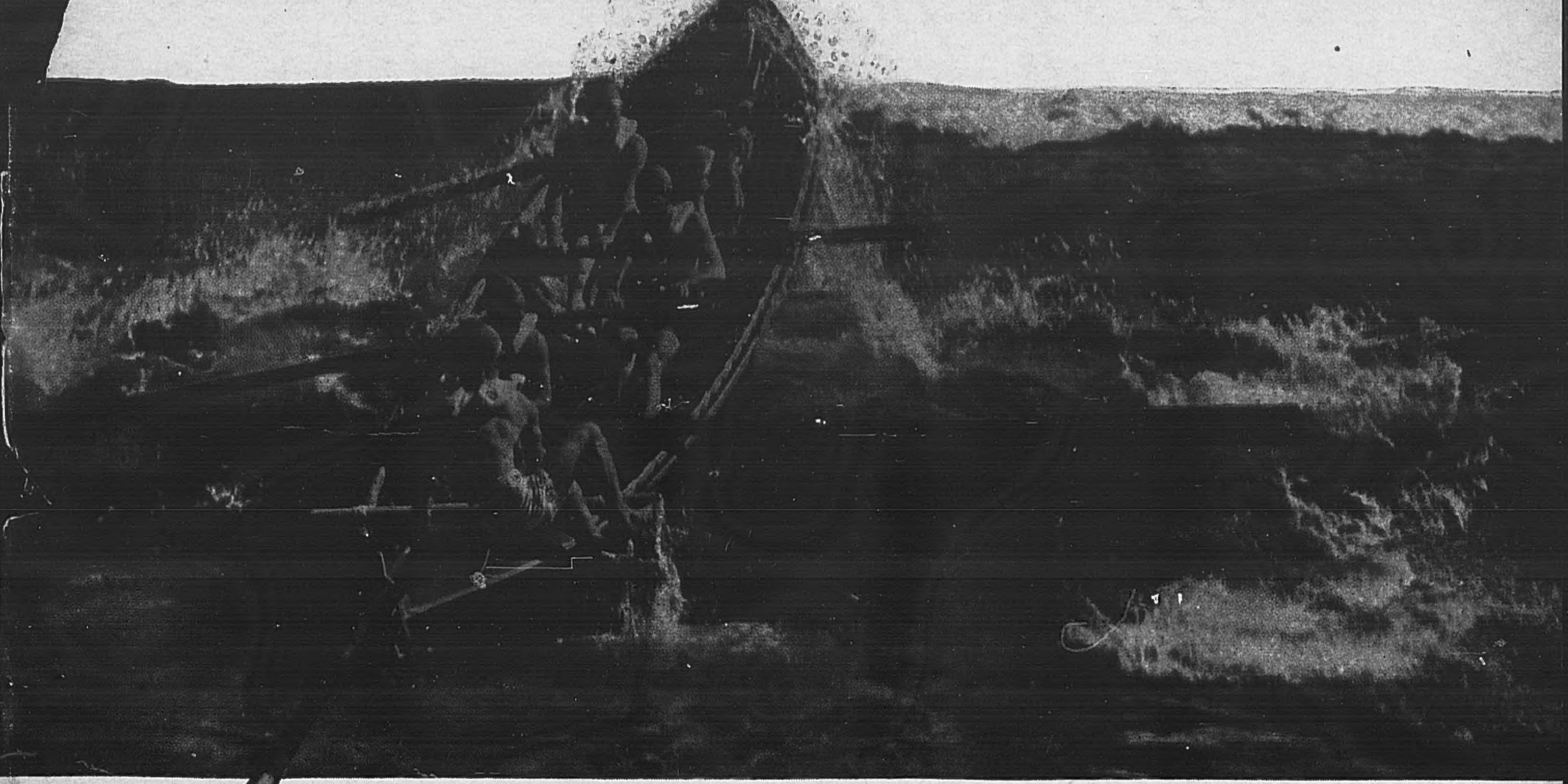
In the fourth place, it's undemocratic. It proposes to use the power of the people represented by government to foster and protect the interests of a small organized group. If such a maneuver were to succeed, it would be a flagrant example of government by pressure. Constitutional democracy would become only a memory.

The way for the United Mine Workers to keep Diesels off the railroads is to compete with them. If the union were to strive for maximum efficiency in mining operations and complete dependability in the coal supply, it might have a chance of turning the tables. Tactics such as announced above can impede progress temporarily, but obviously they solve no problems, even for the miners themselves.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
...THE PRESERVATION OF FREEDOM IS THIS MAGAZINE'S PURPOSE

SHARK-FIGHTING AUSSIE CREWS HAVE SAVED 56,000 LIVES



① **"A swimmer yelled 'Shark!'** and this crew tore into action," writes a friend of Canadian Club visiting Manly Beach, Australia. "Their light boat was tossed like a cork by the raging surf. But miraculous handling kept it speeding to the side of the swimmer. Hauling him aboard, they raced back.

② **"Must be a champion crew,** I thought, so I investigated. They told me *all* Australian crews are that fast. I watched them launch the boat again—5 men acting as a team. And these volunteer crews *pay* to battle sharks!

③ **"The steersman** balanced himself in the stern as the boat came roaring in. He controlled its wild tossing with a 20-foot sweep. A tough job, for this surf is rugged. No wonder these crews are proud of their record—56,000 lives saved in 40 years.

④ **"To train for racing against** sharks, the crews race each other ... 600 yards out to sea and back. The surf was so rough that in one race both boats were swamped. The winner was *pushed* across the finish line!

⑤ **"They were silent** on the subject of their own daring when I asked them to join me later. But they all spoke right up for Canadian Club when I ordered drinks. Beats me the way men in out-of-the-way places know Canadian Club as well as it's known in the best bars back home."

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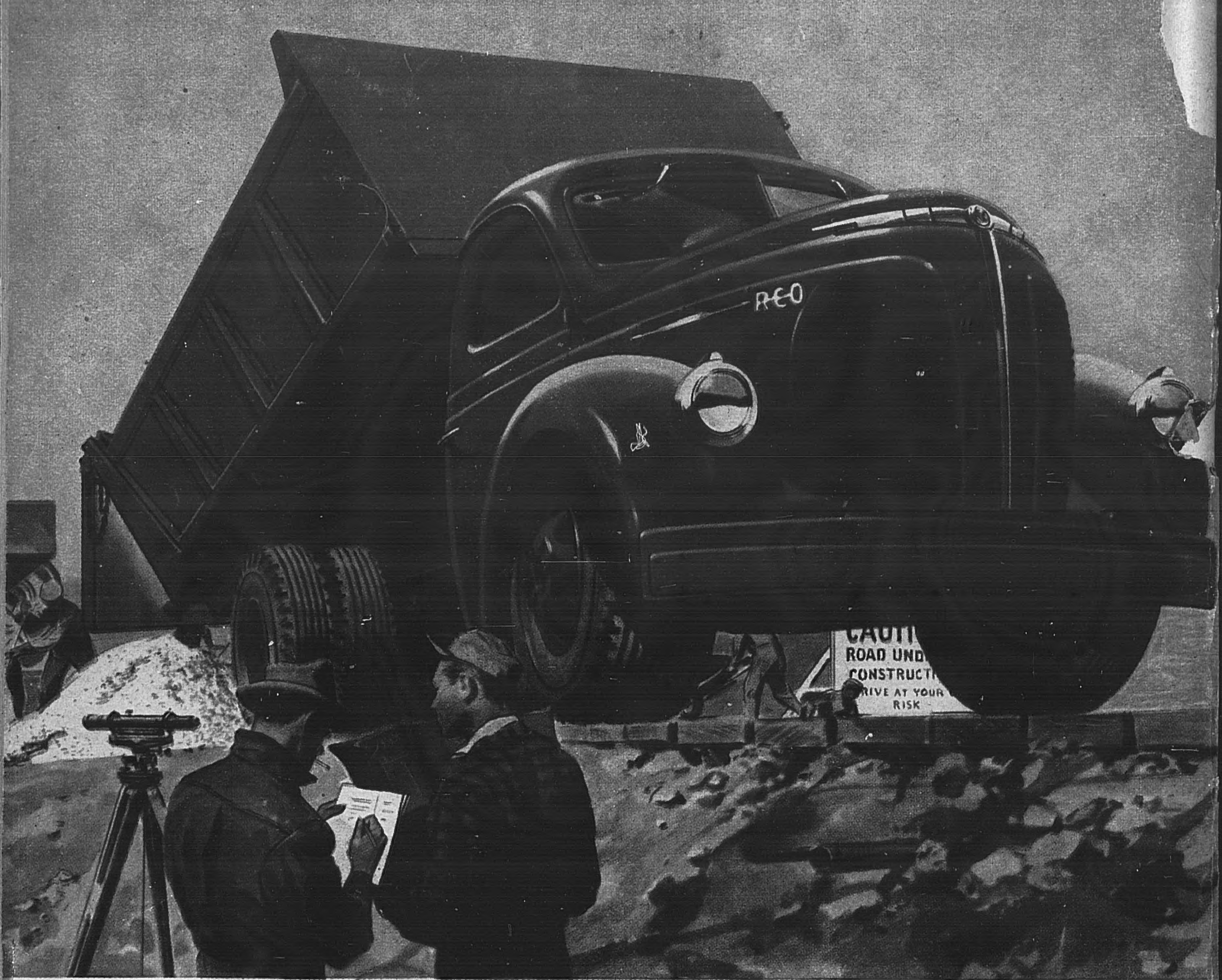

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